THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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Beginning

IN THE DAYS OF THE OLD LYCEUM

By Daniel Frohman

MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

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COUNTRY LIFE IN AMERICA

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The Career of Farthest North

MINNIE ALLEN'S EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

Minnie Had Burned the Pieces in the Kitchen Stove

ON THE editorial page of the Transcript we used to run a column called Snap Shots, made up of little sketches and anecdotes. Every reporter had to write three Snap Shots a week. Now and then an outsider submitted an item for the column. If it was accepted—which sometimes actually happened—he was paid at our regular space rate of five dollars a column. Over the signature of Francis North, however, we got several Snap Shots that were first-rate. After four or five of them had been printed the author called on City Editor Hackett to ask him for a job.

He had signed his real name, it appeared, and he already had a job—tending a soda fountain in a Wells Street drug store—but he was ambitious to be a journalist. Hackett thought he would do, put him on the regular staff at twelve dollars a week and let him try his hand covering West Side police, where the novices usually began. He was a mere youngster—hardly twenty-one—and of pleasing appearance. His regular features were rather effeminate and he had large, soft, dark eyes; also fluffy dark hair which he wore uncommonly long. He affected broad, turn-down collars and very big, limp bow ties—which, with his long hair and delicate features, gave him a poetic cast. The tips of his slim forefinger and thumb, on the right hand, were yellow from handling cigarettes; but he was a very nice, quiet, companionable chap. He had a way, when sitting in one of the big wooden office chairs, of curling his slender legs under him and tipping his head a bit to one side, holding his cigarette very gingerly between thumb and forefinger as he talked. The younger reporters, with whom he was soon on friendly terms, dubbed him "Farthest" North. But for a good while I didn't know why.

He had been on the paper two or three months when he wrote a Shap Shot about Inspector Mullaney, who was in command of the police on the West Side. Farthest intended it to be humorous; but the inspector, who had a proper sense of official dignity, didn't appreciate the joke. So Farthest got a dressing down the next time he visited the Desplaines Street police station.

Inspector Mullaney was an ample, brick-red man, with small and vinous blue eyes. Sparse, dusty-looking hair stood up belligerently over his bullet head. Sliding down to an easy position in the office chair and clasping his large red hands across his chest he eyed the slight figure of the reporter on the opposite side of the table quite ill-naturedly.

"You reporters," he grumbled, "give the police more trouble than porch-climbers. We can put our finger on a porch-climber, if we want to; but you can't never put your finger on a reporter. For instance," he went on gloomily, "you come over here tryin' to learn your business, and I help you out all I can. Then, some day, you're settin' in the poker game over at the Eucalyptus Hotel or shootin' craps at Hikie's, and the Star man scoops you on a piece of news. Then you go and roast me for it—say I'm standin' in with the gams or any rotten lie you like. If I should go over to the Transcript office and make a holler they'd dig up some scand'lous libel the papers had printed about me ten years ago and print it all over again. Or," he added impartially, "if I took you to the front steps and give you a swift kick the papers would yell it for a month. A man ain't got any recourse aginst the press."

The novice blushed with embarrassment and murmured again that he was very sorry.

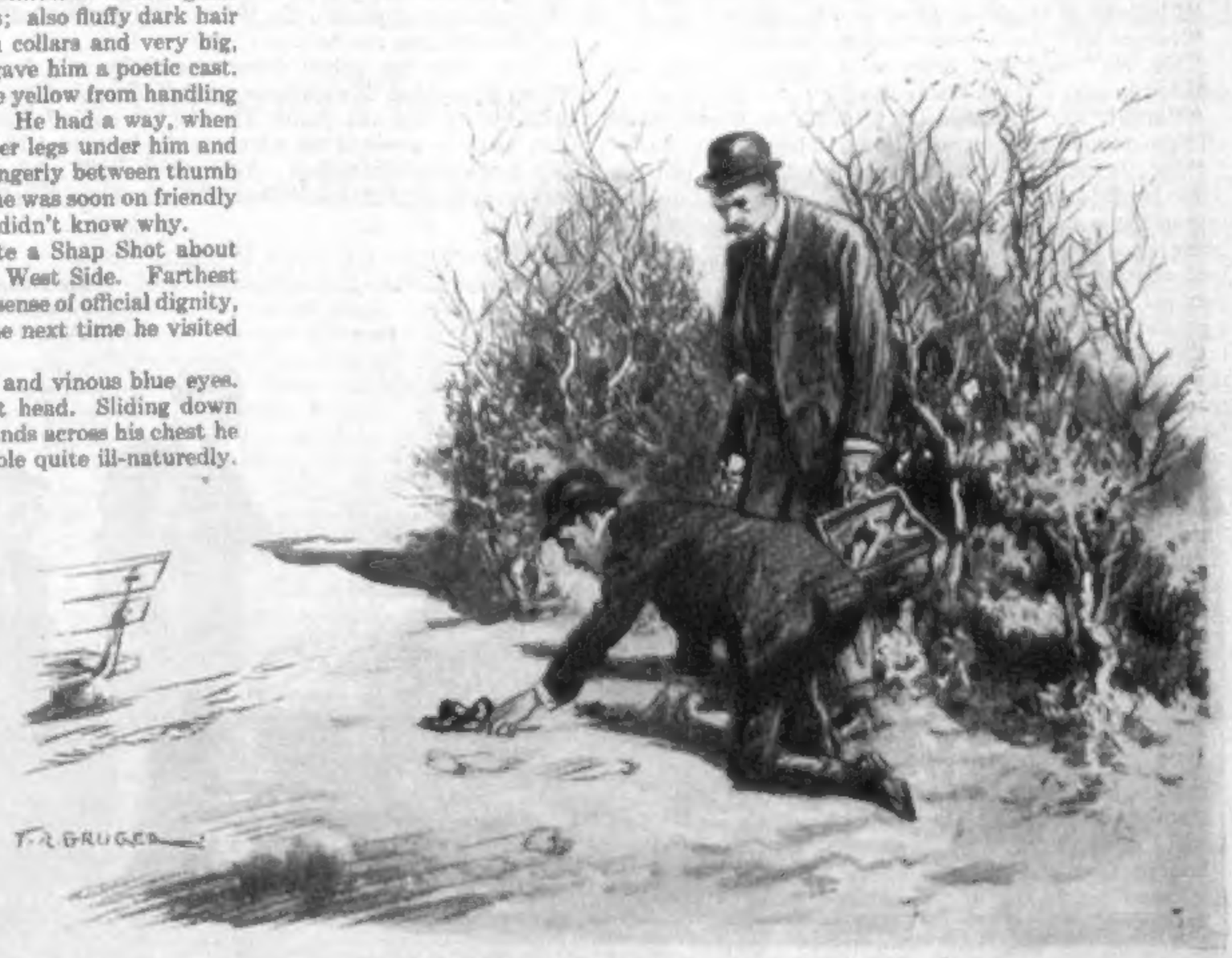
But the inspector's dignity was still ruffled. "Most of the cub reporters that come over here," he observed impersonally, "don't know anything. Once in a while there's one"—he let his thoughts drift backward a moment; then brightened a bit—"now, there was Jack Considine; the best reporter that ever struck this town. He was a crackerjack." Thinking about it, the inspector smiled slightly. "That was a good fifteen years ago. I was a lieutenant then in charge of the Bellaire Avenue station—out by the dump, among the cabbage patches, at the end of nowhere. Well, sir, two dagoes was stabbed in their beds and robbed. Of course, bein' dagoes, it didn't look like much. But Jack Considine——" The inspector's broad face mellowed into a benevolent smile; he rubbed his hands together gently.

"Jack, you see—there's where brains and education comes in. Jack, he'd read something or other about the Mafia and the Black Hand. So he goes over to the library and gets some books and reads some corkin' stories about them dago murder societies. You bet he got some corkers—about the Mafia chuckin' some noble old guy over in Italy up his own chimney and settin' fire to him, or cuttin' his throat before his family's eyes. And he works 'em in, y' see, in the form of interviews with me, as though they had somethin' to do with our two dagoes. As luck would have it, another dago was run over by the train at Pullman just that time. He had a letter from home in his pocket that looked as though he might have been mixed up in a stabbin' match. Jack worked that in—Mafia threw him in front of the train, y' see. Of course the other papers took it up, as they always will if the stuff's hot enough. By-'n'-by the town was all stirred up. Two Eyetalians was convicted of the murder and hanged the same day. Jack got a Mafia confession out of one of 'em that couldn't read or write, for two hundred and fifty dollars paid to his widow. Well, sir, without any trouble at all we got an ordinance through the Council raisin' policemen's salaries ten per cent, and a good appropriation for the police pension fund. Everybody was rattled about the Mafia and the Black Hand, d' y' see? And that shows you," the inspector added impressively, "what a good reporter, that's got the right stuff in him, can do if he's a mind to."

The novice, deeply impressed, was about to ask a question, but at this point the door, already slightly ajar, was pushed open cautiously and a citizen stepped in. The citizen was a bald, stocky person in middle life, clean-shaven except for a stubby red mustache, and neatly dressed. In his left hand he held a derby hat and in the right a calling card. He was deeply embarrassed and anxiously surveyed the two figures at the battered table.

"Inspector Mullaney?" he inquired, addressing the uniformed figure deferentially.

"That's me," said the inspector promptly.



A Pair of Minnie's Shoes Exactly Fitted These Prints

The citizen advanced nervously to the table and laid the card upon it, turning his back to the reporter. "I'm on the Board of Trade, Inspector," he began nervously; "office in the Rialto Building. The firm is Johnson & Allen." He lowered his voice, which, indeed, shook slightly. "Alderman Sheffield is a friend of mine."

"Well?" the inspector demanded harshly. For the citizen had made a fatal mistake. In the first place, mentioning the alderman would suggest to the reporter that Inspector Mullaney was cravenly amenable to political influence. In the next place, Alderman Sheffield was no friend of the inspector, and if the citizen didn't know that he certainly didn't know anything about West Side politics and was entitled to no consideration.

Unaware of his blunder the citizen reddened, while his stocky back seemed fairly to bristle with hostile suspicions of the slight figure on the other side of the table. "I wished to see you—to see you," he stammered, "about a private matter; a matter that—I don't want to get into the newspapers."

"Mr.—er—Allen," said the inspector severely, referring to the card, "our records are public property. We can't keep the newspapers from looking at them."

"But I don't want this to go on record," Mr. Allen declared, red as a beet.

"Very well, then; just as you say," replied the inspector, as though that settled it.

Mr. Allen drew a handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed the beads of sweat from his bald brow. "I want to know," he began, with an appearance of anxiety, "whether there have been any street accidents—street-car collisions, or anything of that sort—somebody run down, or anything—involving a young lady."

The inspector looked at him pityingly and nodded to the door, as one brushing aside a trivial matter. "Ask the desk sergeant," he said coldly.

Mr. Allen turned redder than ever and shifted his weight to the other foot. "Why—er—I have asked the desk sergeant," he confessed miserably; "but I didn't know—you being higher in command, you see ——" Evidently he felt that he was getting himself tied in a hard knot, and he blurted out helplessly, "My daughter has disappeared from home; that is," he corrected hastily, "she hasn't come home."

Now that it was out the citizen seemed more embarrassed than ever. His story, told with infinite circumlocution, and with a leading question here and there from the inspector, was that the girl, aged nineteen—a girl who was never out of evenings without her parents' consent, who kept only the very best of company—had left home Monday forenoon and hadn't been seen since. This was Tuesday forenoon. Consequently she had been gone twenty-four hours. The inspector brought out that Mrs. Allen was really the girl's stepmother; that she and Minnie differed regarding a young man who was paying court to the girl. Mrs. Allen favored the young man very much, but Minnie didn't. In fact, they had quarreled about him Monday morning before Minnie left home.

"Have any money with her?" the inspector asked.

"I believe—I think—she had twenty dollars."

"Swiped it?" the inspector asked cheerfully.

"No, sir," said Mr. Allen with dignity. "She was entitled to take it if she wanted to."

"Umph!" said the inspector. "Well, she'll come home all right as soon's the money's gone. They usually do."

"But, Inspector," Mr. Allen protested, almost in tears, "this is no 'usually' case." He told all over again how exemplary a girl Minnie was, never being out of evenings, keeping only the best of company. "You can see for yourself, Inspector," he pleaded, "with a girl like that, of her social standing—if this should get into the newspapers it would be terrible—making a vulgar scandal of it. And the fact is—the fact is, Mrs. Allen doesn't know I've come to you." Visibly cooking in his own blushes, he explained that Mrs. Allen refused to take her stepdaughter's disappearance very seriously; thought the girl was just hiding to scare them and would soon come home. But he couldn't rest; was afraid she had met with some accident; wanted the inspector to have her name and description at least, so that if any accident should happen to her ——

"Sure! Sure!" said the inspector soothingly; and finally succeeded in shooing the distracted and loquacious citizen out of the dingy office. When he had disappeared, wiping the perspiration from his brow, Inspector Mullaney picked up the carefully-written description of Minnie which he had left on the table and chuckled fatly. "There's a free American citizen, me b'y," he gurgled, "that eats under the kitchen table and sets up and barks when the missus says, 'Speak, sir!' If the missus knew he'd come here, now ——" the inspector gently rubbed his hands together, gurgling as he considered what would probably happen in that case.

But the novice uncurled his slim legs, threw away his cigarette and sat up alertly. "Say!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "I can make a good story of this. Stern parents forcing suitor on unwilling maiden. See? She loves poor youth; but they want her to marry for money, so she leaves home. Sure! I can make a bully story out of it!" he pleaded earnestly.

Inspector Mullaney frowned forbiddingly. "Aw, ye'd go and git me all mixed up in it," he said.

"No, I wouldn't! Not at all!" the novice urged. "I'll go over and interview the stepmother. See? I'll tell her somebody telephoned the Transcript that her daughter eloped with a messenger boy. That'll set her talking. She won't know her husband's been here. It won't mix you up at all."

"Yer sure, now?" the inspector growled warningly.

"Oh, sure!" the reporter repeated. Whereupon the inspector merely looked out of the window, while Farthest hastily took down the house number and tripped out, his brain in a turmoil of pleasant anticipation.

The house proved to be a modest two-story brick affair, with a box of flowers in the first floor window and iron steps leading up to the front door—very much like all the other houses in the block. As North approached it, with lithe step and sparkling eyes, a prolonged, melodious and mournful cry fell upon his ears.

The words of the cry were, "Bo-o-nano-o-s! O-o-oran-g-e-s! Nice-a, fresh bo-o-o-nan-o-o-s! Fine-a o-o-o-ran-g-e-s!" Standing at the curb in front of the house, beside a fruit-laden pushcart, was a slender and swarthy man. He looked about fifty years old. His faded and shapeless trousers were sadly frayed. He wore a flannel shirt, with a red handkerchief tucked about his tanned and stringy neck. His lean face was stubbled over with a two-days' growth of grizzled beard, and a tattered felt hat, pushed to the back of his head, showed that he was partly bald.

The pedler fixed a pair of dark, soulful eyes upon the first-floor window and repeated his mournful cry, "Bo-o-nan-o-o-s! O-o-o-ran-g-e-s!"

Farthest abruptly abated his swift stride, watching the man. As there was no response from the house, the pedler put his gnarled hands to the pushcart and trudged on. Then Farthest noticed an angry red scar an inch above the right wrist. The two passed, one on the flagging, the other in the gutter; and the reporter astonished the simple alien by bestowing upon him a brilliant, fairly affectionate smile.

The novice tripped up the iron steps and rang the bell. Presently a tousled maid of all work, in a kitchen apron, opened the door a cautious foot. Farthest threw back the right lapel of his coat, thrust his thumb through the armhole of his vest and drew out a bit of his suspender upon which was pinned a bright German-silver reporter's star. Giving the maid only a glimpse of that emblem of authority, he promptly pushed the door out of her palsied hand and stepped into the hall.

"I'm from the police department," he said briskly. "Tell Mrs. Allen I wish to see her." He then stepped comfortably into the parlor, leaving the gaping maid to drift away in awestricken silence while he seated himself in a large plush armchair—from which, with a pleasant smile and nod, he greeted Mrs. Allen a moment later.

She came in rather breathlessly—a ruddy and ponderous lady with a flat face, her sorrel hair drawn uncompromisingly back from her round brow and gathered into a small, intellectual-looking doorknob at the top of her head. The reporter took her measure instantly.

Without waiting for her to speak he plumped out, like a man with no time for non-essentials: "Mrs. Allen, did your daughter speak Italian?"

"Why—no—no," the surprised matron answered. "Minnie studied French, though," she recollected. "Her teacher said she had a fine accent."

"Ah, French!" said Farthest, as though that might explain it. "Now, Mrs. Allen"—he looked the flustered lady firmly in the eye—"among your daughter's men friends or acquaintances—men who have called here or that you've seen her in company with during the last three months—have you noticed anybody that looked to you like an Italian?" He paused a moment while Mrs. Allen strove to collect her wits, then he added slowly: "A slender, wiry man, smooth-shaven, with dark hair and eyes."

In a bewildered effort to think, Mrs. Allen sank slowly into the chair by which she had been standing.

The novice continued anxiously: "If you had ever seen him when he was playing golf or tennis or in a bathing suit probably you would remember him." He held up his right hand and laid a finger just below the wrist. "There is a deep red scar here; but it doesn't show when he is wearing a cuff."

Mrs. Allen looked startled, and helplessly shook her head. "I can't remember—any such man," she gasped.

"But he has been seen repeatedly in this neighborhood," Farthest affirmed, as though urging her to think again. "He has been seen watching this very house. He was near here yesterday morning—before Minnie disappeared."

Mrs. Allen lost her breath again. "But who—what—how do you know this?" she panted, struggling, so to speak, to get on her legs.

The novice smiled darkly. "The Italians are a peculiar people, Mrs. Allen," he said. "Your American police don't know how to handle them at all. I have been in this country nearly a year looking for a certain man. The other day I succeeded in tracing him to your door, as I may say. I learned that you had a young and beautiful daughter; but"—he was wondering just how vexed the stepmother really was with Minnie—"but rather headstrong; perhaps with a good many romantic ideas. Today I learned that your daughter hadn't been seen here since about eleven o'clock yesterday morning. Nor has my man been seen since ten o'clock yesterday morning."

Mrs. Allen turned almost pale, her eyes starting from her head.

"You know," said the reporter sympathetically, "American girls don't understand foreigners either. They are used to meeting young men of their own nationality freely. They are headstrong and full of romantic ideas. They resent restraint or advice from older and wiser people—even from their mothers. Only the other day a lady was saying to me—one of the most intellectual and cultured ladies I've met in the United States—she was saying to me: 'Do you know, Signor Ripoletto ——?'"

Discoursing sympathetically in his soft voice upon the great trials of American mothers—or stepmothers, as the case might be—especially of intellectual mothers, he presently had Mrs. Allen talking loquaciously. Under his questioning she confessed that Minnie was engaged to a most estimable young man, of fine family, with splendid business prospects; but the foolish girl had somehow turned against him of late—much to Mrs. Allen's distress. She admitted that for several weeks Minnie had not seemed herself at all; had been nervous, peevish, unstrung and altogether unreasonable.

"Of course! Of course!" said Farthest sympathetically, nodding his poetic head with energy. "Now, my dear Mrs. Allen, suppose this beautiful, headstrong, romantic girl happened in some way to meet a handsome foreigner; a man different from any she had met before; a man who could tell her of strange places and experiences; a man who has a right in his own country to wear a coat of arms and an aristocratic title. He would interest her, you see. I know he has some hypnotic powers. Suppose, as you Americans say, she flirted with him, not meaning any harm, and not understanding that men of his race will stick at nothing when they are in love!" The novice was sitting on the edge of the chair, his eyes shining with excitement. "She really loves this estimable, worthy young man that she's engaged to. But the

"My Daughter Has Disappeared From Home; That Is, She Hasn't Come Home"

count becomes infatuated with her. When she wishes to break off he frightens her; probably threatens to kill the young man. Mrs. Allen"—he seemed solemnly in earnest—"did your daughter receive a letter before she left home?" As a matter of fact, Mr. Allen had mentioned that she did.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Allen breathlessly, quite as excited as the questioner. "She did get a letter yesterday morning, and tore it up. I thought it was from Frank. We had—a conversation about it. In fact, Signor Ripoletto, I reproved her. Soon after she left home."

Signor Ripoletto struck the arm of his chair. "It was a threatening letter; a letter threatening Frank's life. I'm sure of it!" he declared.

Unfortunately, however, no bit of the letter remained. Minnie had burned the pieces in the kitchen stove. After some further sympathetic and rather intimate conversation, the novice had no trouble in getting Mrs. Allen to give him one of Minnie's photographs. He wished to show it to his men, he said, for purposes of identification.

Leaving the house, he tucked the photograph into his pocket and as soon as he was around the corner he ran at top speed in order to catch a car which would land him at the Transcript office in time to have the picture reproduced for the five o'clock edition.

When he tripped into the office Hackett, the obese city editor, greeted him unkindly. "Where the devil you been?" he growled. "I've called the police station for you twice."

"Been out on a good story," the novice replied confidently. "West Side society girl—got her picture; father's a prominent Board of Trade operator. She was engaged to a neighbor's son; family well off. Then an alleged Italian count butted in; hung around the house; wrote the girl threatening letters; scared the life out of her. She bolted, ran away, hid herself; nobody knows where she is. They say the fellow's a hypnotist."

Hypnotism was a popular card then. "Sounds all right," the city editor commented, somewhat grudgingly. "Write it up."

In North's account, which was published on the front page of the five o'clock edition, Mr. Allen figured as a millionaire Board of Trade operator, and Mrs. Allen as a well-known society leader and clubwoman. Their little cottage at Fox Lake, which she had chanced to mention, was magnified into an extensive country estate, while Minnie was endowed with all the flattering adjectives the reporter could think of. But no hint was given as to how the story reached the newspaper.

Now Mrs. Allen was really uncertain as to whether Signor Ripoletto had betrayed her confidences to some reporter, or whether the Transcript had obtained its

She Came in Rather Breathlessly

information and the photograph in another and wholly mysterious way. At any rate she didn't care to tell Mr. Allen that she had been chatting of family affairs to a stranger. Mr. Allen dared not tell his wife he had been to the police. Neither of them felt called upon to deny that they were one of the leading families of the West Side, or that Minnie was widely celebrated for her beauty, wit, grace, learning and amiability. Besides, Farthest had treated Minnie very nicely, making it appear that she had gone into hiding in order to shield her loved ones from the dark stranger's vengeance and placing her altogether in a most romantic situation. So the story went uncontradicted. The morning papers reproduced it in brief and two of them reprinted Minnie's picture. Inspector Mullaney, observing that the case was attracting much newspaper attention, gave instructions to look out for the girl.

Entering the Transcript office at eight o'clock next morning the fat city editor slowly removed his hat, coat, collar, necktie and cuffs and put them in the locker. Then in the hearing of the assembled staff he pronounced judgment: "That was a good story, North."

The novice's nerves tingled pleasantly. He felt that he had planted a foot on the ladder of success. As he skipped lightly into the dingy Desplaines Street police station, half an hour later, the desk sergeant hailed him.

"We've found that girl of yours, young man," he said.

Minnie, it appeared, upon leaving home had gone to a cheap but eminently respectable boarding-house near Milwaukee Avenue and there secluded herself. The honest landlady had recognized her picture in the evening Transcript, and after thinking about it overnight had resolved to tell the first policeman that came by. The policeman had reported to the station, and the desk sergeant was awaiting instructions from Inspector Mullaney. The novice promptly set out for the boarding-house. There was, at least, sufficient excuse for an interview with a good-looking girl in a romantic position.

He returned to the newspaper office with another excellent story. It recited that Minnie Allen had gone to the boarding-house at 837 Peters Street, kept by Mrs. Jan Larsen, a widow well and favorably known in that neighborhood. She had hardly left her room except for meals, and once, in the afternoon, when she had come down and talked with Mrs. Larsen about the prospect of finding employment by which she could support herself. Mrs. Larsen saw at once that the girl had no experience in breadwinning. That evening the landlady recognized her new boarder's likeness in the Transcript; about half past seven in the morning she told Patrolman Jansen about it. Somewhat later a slim, dark stranger appeared at the boarding-house and introduced himself as a friend of Minnie and of her family. Mrs. Larsen went up to Minnie's room with the message. The girl hesitated for some time, but finally consented to come down. Mrs. Larsen had left the two together in her small parlor and gone about her many household duties. Passing the parlor door half an hour or so afterward she heard them talking

(Continued on Page 44)

In the Days of the Old Lyceum

Some Reminiscences of a Famous Playhouse and Some Players

By DANIEL FROHMAN

I USED to come to New York once or twice a season from my youthful wanderings about America as advance agent of a "one-night-stand" show. Theatrical people are always fond of the theater. With me, the delights of the play were always keen; so, on these home-comings, I usually spent my evenings in watching the splendid performances of Palmer's Company at the Union Square Theater, and those of Lester Wallack's Company, then at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. It was always a sad day when I had to quit these alluring experiences and go back again into the provinces to boom the show that I represented; but I had a dream that some time I might have a theater and a company of my own, when I too could produce plays, engage actors and add to the dramatic gayety of the city. On one of these occasions, when the lure of the city and its prospects was strong within me, I found myself in Philadelphia. William Gillette was there, playing a part in a play not his own. One night he, Mr. Bradford Merrill, then a theatrical reporter on the Philadelphia Press, and I walked about the streets and talked of our several ambitions. Each of us expressed the desire that lay within us. Gillette said his ambition was to be an actor in his own plays. Merrill hoped some time to rise to the dignity of becoming the managing editor of a metropolitan newspaper. My ambition has already been expressed. Some years later we three met again. Each had accomplished his wish.

In 1886 I organized the Lyceum Theater Stock Company, which not only made history for the little playhouse at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street but became—as some one aptly remarked—"a star factory." I hoped there to tempt fortune with plays that might repeat or at least continue the prestige that had been reflected from the older houses that had passed away, for the old order had begun to change. The splendid career of the Wallack Company, with its remarkable artists and its repertoire of old comedies, had ceased. Palmer's Union Square Company was no more, though Mr. Palmer, with his brilliant record, had now assumed the management of the Madison Square Theater, and afterward, for a time, of Wallack's uptown house. Augustin Daly continued to delight theatergoers with his superb organization.

At the Lyceum Theater I came into the field to produce modern dramas. When it was first understood that a pretentious stock company was to find a home at the Lyceum a number of my brother managers on Broadway disparaged the idea, and said I was too far over on the East Side for such a venture; that Broadway was the only place for a first-class theater. But, during the run of my first play, when it chanced to prove a very great success and people were turned away from every performance, I had occasion to remind some of my brother managers, who were then playing to empty houses on the Great White Way, of their criticism. I told them that I felt that they were on the wrong street. Over on the East Side, on Fourth Avenue, was the place for business!

The Lyceum Theater was originally the inspiration of the late Steele Mackaye, whose Hazel Kirke had already made the fortune of the little Madison Square Theater. The first play—in 1885—at the Lyceum had been Mackaye's Dakolar. In the cast were Robert Mantell, John Mason and Viola Allen. This management continued until the following season, when Miss Helen Dauvray undertook the direction of that house, with a new play by Bronson Howard, called One of Our Girls. I succeeded Miss Dauvray's first season as manager of this theater, but rented her the house for a short period of my term.

In her company was E. H. Sothern. I had known Mr. Sothern some years. He first called upon me as a youth in the earlier days at the Madison Square Theater. The first time he called he came with his sister, a young girl. They both desired engagements. I had seen his father act and was interested in the son of so distinguished an actor. But unfortunately we had no work. I told him possibly there would be a chance in the near future. He came several times, not knowing exactly what period of time was covered by my answer; but we had long runs at this house, and I had then no opportunity for him. I little thought then that I should, at a later time, be paying him a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year, and that he would still later receive, as he did from Charles Frohman, a salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year for two years.

Sothern was always a hard worker, ambitious and conscientious—the first man in the theater and the last one out of it. Rehearsals, then as now, were his delight. No hours were too short for him when away from the theater, and no days too long when at work rehearsing. His capacity for work was prodigious. Every movement, gesture and accent of his part, and the parts of his company, were always carefully considered and worked out. In those days David Belasco was my stage manager. Later

he was succeeded by Fred Williams, the father of Fritz Williams, the actor. From these clever experts Mr. Sothern soon learned to become his own stage manager, and I regard him as one of the keenest and most expert I have ever seen.

In watching Mr. Sothern's work while in the Dauvray Company at the Lyceum, I soon discovered that he was not only exceedingly popular with the audiences but that he was constantly the chief actor of interest. So I arranged with him to appear in a special play at the end of Miss Dauvray's season.

On looking over some manuscripts he owned, which had been left by his father, I found one that appeared attractive. It was called Trade. It was a story about a rich young auctioneer and his love for a titled young lady and, as in most English plays up to the period, "caste" was the dramatic theme. I changed the title of the play to The Highest Bidder, and produced it at the end of Miss Dauvray's season, hoping to keep the theater open a few weeks longer before the summer closing.

I had engaged Mr. Belasco at an earlier period to become the stage manager of the Madison Square Theater, where I had been the business director, and I brought him over to the Lyceum with me.

Mr. Belasco at the Lyceum

MR. BELASCO, up to the time I engaged him, had been in San Francisco where, at the Baldwin Theater, he was prompter, actor, stage manager and author. It has been said of him that he could make a play out of a "synopsis of scenes" from playbills. In his work he showed the same intense earnestness that he does now. He was young, ambitious, always industrious, and very hot-tempered. Once, in a fit of rage, he brought his fist down with much violence on an iron safe. He rehearsed with one hand for some weeks afterward. He had always a keen instinct for discovering the dramatic sense of a story or a manuscript.

At the Lyceum, Belasco went zealously to work to get The Highest Bidder ready for rehearsals. The rehearsals did not seem to promise well, but the first night removed all our doubts. It leaped into instant favor, as the showbills say. Sothern was then, as now, fond of rehearsals. At his request I used to sit, at night after the regular performance, in the silent auditorium and watch his effects on the stage. His development of a character was made up of a large number of little artistic details. He never trusted to chance. Every effect was carefully considered and rehearsed. During the first week of our play we watched carefully the performances and the business at the box-office.

One evening during that week we were dining at the old Ashland House, which was located just across from the theater. Sothern looked across at the playhouse and pointing excitedly said: "Look! Isn't it bully? There's a speculator in front!" Sure enough, there was a "hawker" intercepting buyers with his offers. It was a significant sign. We felt that success was sure. These birds of prey always anticipated theatrical successes then, as they do sometimes now. A few weeks later, when we were playing to crowded houses, Sothern asked, one night: "Can anything be done to stop those infernal speculators?"

Mr. Daniel Frohman

I hope I may be pardoned if I dilate a little on this, my first play. When I first read the work I was delighted with it. Then began rehearsals, revisions and alterations. Plays, you know, as we have been told, are "not written, but rewritten." As the rehearsals became more and more thorough, however, I felt apprehensive. The end of an important act, the third, seemed ineffective. So, at the dress rehearsal, I invited about a dozen intimate friends to be present, hoping to secure a little comfort from their approval. The play was acted at this rehearsal with much animation before the gloomy, darkened auditorium. Belasco had goaded the actors into giving a spirited performance. But the results appeared tame. Nor could I glean a ray of comfort out of this oppressive gloom from my friends. They sat unmoved and, though apparently interested, they remained unaffected by the comedy situations. I concealed my chagrin from Sothern and the company. I felt that a first-night failure was impending, and so I approached the event with becoming fortitude. On the opening night the strains of the orchestra, before the curtain rose, seemed in my ears our funeral dirge. There was a large and an expectant audience. The curtain rose. The play proceeded. Sothern and the favorite LeMoyne received a cordial welcome. Their scenes—in fact, all the scenes in the first three acts—were received with delight. "But," I thought, "wait until we fall down at the end of our third-act climax!" I watched from an unobserved corner. The act proceeded, and when Sothern came forward in the well-developed series of incidents that led to the crowning situation, and answered LeMoyne's vociferous question, "Then who has bought The Larches?" with two words, "I did!" the applause was deafening. There were seven genuine curtain calls; and seven calls in that little house meant more than the frantic excitement evoked nowadays when thirty calls are supposed to gauge conviction from the pent-up excitement of an audience. And this had been the climax about which I had felt uncertain! But, as I explained the matter to myself afterward, I had become accustomed to the scene at rehearsals; and my little improvised audience in a darkened auditorium, self-conscious and not seated among an eager, throbbing crowd, was unable to feel or judge under such dispiriting conditions, and so was rendered undemonstrative.

Since that day I have never invited an audience to a dress rehearsal. In judging a play a manager should remember his first impression of a manuscript and stick to it. His second reading and the repetition of the scenes at rehearsals have removed from his sense the elements of surprise, suspense and anticipation. Yet no one manager's opinion of a manuscript represents any general standard of a play's merits or demerits. It is purely a personal predilection. What one man may decline another may fancy. I have at times been accused of declining several "successes." Many such plays, declined at first and subsequently produced by some one else, carry with them a tale of revisions, of fundamental and organic alterations and improvements that, owing to these declinations and the reasons therefor, have changed sometimes the entire ethical and dramatic aspect of the works. The play thus finally produced is a far different proposition from the defective work first offered.

To return to the Lyceum: we felt very proud over the success of our first theatrical venture. Mr. Sothern was, however, unfortunately for me, engaged for the following season to Miss Dauvray, who refused to release him. On the payment of a handsome bonus she agreed to cancel his contract and I secured him. Our play ran far into the hot weather and his road tour was arranged. In preparing the printing I made ample display of the name of my young star. One afternoon he came rushing to my office. He had seen his name in large letters on a fence on Broadway.

"I say, D. F.," he said, "you know I'll never be able to live up to those big letters." I assured him, that the letters were not too large, and if he thought they were he'd have to work up to them and make the public agree with my view. That tour was a great success. Sothern continued under my management for many years.

When we approached our fiftieth night at the Lyceum with The Highest Bidder I felt we ought to have a souvenir. These offerings were then in vogue for long runs. We felt that fifty nights in the summer was a long run—for us. Mr. Sothern had begun life as a draftsman; so he agreed to make the drawings of the characters in our play, and they were embodied in a neat *brochure* and presented to the audience. In addition to this, we thought it would be a good scheme—so elated were we young fellows—to send a copy to each of the prominent actor-folk in London.

The Messenger Boy's Long Errand

AT THAT time the messenger-boy service was in its infancy. I called up the head of the district office and requested him to send me a reliable boy who could be trusted with a mission to London by the next day's steamer. They sent me one of their young superintendents, Eugene B. Sanger. I gave him his instructions, which were to deliver fifty addressed souvenirs and bring back by the same steamer the autographed receipts for each. These included Henry Irving, Forbes Robertson, Mary Anderson, Madge and W. H. Kendal, George Alexander, Beerbohm Tree, Buffalo Bill and others. The messenger afterward, possibly inoculated by a theatrical germ acquired from this experience, became an actor and was added to the cast of The Highest Bidder. He is now a prominent stage manager. Buffalo

The Old Lyceum. Fourth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street

New Lyceum Theater, New York

Bill treated our boy very well. He assembled his entire Wild West Show of several hundred people and had the boy photographed seated in the center of this picturesque group, with himself on one side and his *fidus* Achates, Major Burke, on the other. These pictures were reproduced in various papers, and the entire enterprise, owing to its novelty, received a large amount of press attention.

It is needless to say that all this contributed to the public interest in our play. Even in those days there was unique publicity. Here is another sample: One of the members of the company, an Englishman named J. W. Pigott, was an athlete and a sturdy swimmer. From a boat near the Atlantic Highlands he swam out toward an ocean liner. An officer, thinking he was exhausted, threw him a line to which was attached a life-preserver. He pushed it from him.

"What do you want?" asked the officer as the passengers gathered around.

"I want to know if you have seen The Highest Bidder." Then he dived and made for his boat in the distance.

Edwin Booth, who had been a great friend of the elder Sothern, came one night to the Lyceum at my invitation to see the young actor after he had become a full-fledged star. After the performance, Mr. Booth, Mr. Sothern and I supped together at the Players' Club, and the great actor told us of many incidents in the career of Mr. Sothern's father. He informed us that it was due to him, Booth, that young Sothern was christened "Edward."

"It came about this way," said Mr. Booth. "When you"—addressing young Sothern—"were born in New Orleans your father telegraphed me to become your godfather, and that you were to be named Edwin—after me. Your father was a splendid and brilliant man, but rather wild in his tendencies at times, and I was a little afraid to assume the responsibility of godfather to his son; so I declined. I am sorry now. But that is why you are called Edward instead of Edwin."

At Honolulu

ANOTHER amusing story that Mr. Booth told us that evening, which I have never seen in print, was one referring to an experience of his own when he made his first trip to Australia. He was then a young man. With five members of his company he sailed from San Francisco for Melbourne, where he expected to make up the rest of his support from among the local companies. When they arrived at Honolulu it was found that the steamer would be required to remain there several days. The presence of the distinguished American actor became instantly known, and a royal command was received from King Kamehameha to give a performance of Richard III on the following evening. Mr. Booth agreed to this, but found difficulty in assembling a supporting company. Having been told that he could secure local amateur talent, he soon had a company assembled. The best he could do, without jeopardizing the other parts, for the rôle of Queen Elizabeth was to assign that part to a Dutchman, short in stature and rather uncertain from the histrionic point of view. Mr. Booth thought that any defects in the man's capacity would be more apparent to his own company than to his audience, and the rehearsals proceeded industriously. Mr. Booth managed everything, from the stage to the business "in front." He sent a number of natives about the streets to stick up posters, furnishing them with a local product called "poi," to be used as paste. To his amazement, however, the next morning he found that not a poster had been put out. The "poi" being an article of food, the people had absconded with the concoction and eaten it; so that the great actor started out himself, with some assistants, and put up his own printing.

On the night of the performance the little theater was crowded. The King, however, sat in royal state in the "first entrance"—on the stage—on a royal chair which had been obtained from his palace. Though the native performers afforded much amusement to Mr. Booth, the audience was held in rapt attention through the progress of the play. For the throne scene, Mr. Booth was able to borrow the royal chair in which King Kamehameha sat, a courtesy that His Royal Highness readily accorded. This lent local color and great effect to the scene. At the conclusion of the performance word was sent to Mr. Booth that the King wished to see him. Mr. Booth, modest and retiring, knowing that he could not speak the local language, approached His Majesty timidly and respectfully. When he reached the King's side His Royal Highness slapped him heartily on the shoulder and said in good English:

"Booth, it was a splendid performance; I saw your father play the part twenty years ago."

It was in Lord Chumley, Sothern's second play at the Lyceum, that a famous comedian, Charles B. Bishop, appeared under my management, and during his engagement he came to his end, in the rôle of the comic old father. His last words on the stage were, "O Lord!"—a part of the text. He went to his dressing-room and there the splendid old actor expired. Bishop had been in his day a very popular comedian, both as a star in modern plays and as a comedian in support of Edwin Booth and other Shaksperean stars.

He told me once of a humorous incident in his life when playing in a stock company in Baltimore, in which he was a popular favorite. In the same company was a Miss Josephine Parker, the soubrette of the company, who was also greatly liked by her audiences. Bishop married her one day, and the news soon spread about the city. Many letters and telegrams came to the happy couple at the theater. The manager of the company gave them the day off to celebrate their nuptials. The next evening they were to appear again, in a play—it was the day of repertoire—called, I believe, The Death of Rollo. In this drama the hero was locked in a cell for a political crime. He was supposed to be a married man, having a wife he loved and several children. His dearest friend comes to the jail in the hope of seeing him. The jailer, however, had strict orders to admit no one. The part of the jailer was played by Bishop. The friend pleads with the jailer in the name of humanity, but without avail. Then the dialogue ran something as follows:

FRIEND: Are you married?

JAILER: Yes! (A shout of laughter from the audience.)

FRIEND: Any children?

JAILER: Yes; two lovely boys.

FRIEND: Then, in the name of your wife and those children ——

The rest of the dialogue was not heard amid the tumult of laughter and applause that the significantly personal lines unconsciously called forth.

Early Triumphs

IN THE early days referred to in my opening paragraph Mr. Gillette was a young, quiet, thoughtful man, with a gentle manner in which lurked a constant sense of quaint and furtive humor. He had been a member of a stock company at Wood's Theater, Cincinnati, with much work to do and very small pay. He came to the Madison Square Theater one day in 1881, where I had made my own metropolitan début as business manager. He had met the owners of the theater, the Mallory Brothers. He was engaged to go on tour in Bronson Howard's Young Mrs. Winthrop. He had also written a comedy called The Professor, which the Mallory Brothers afterward agreed to produce at their little playhouse, with himself in the title rôle. The play was a success, and it was then my duty to send him on tour as a star in the company. Then a second company was formed and also sent on tour; in fact we had so many successes at the Madison Square Theater, beginning with the famous Hazel Kirke, that many duplicate companies were formed. This was the beginning of that system of number two, three and four companies which has to this day been found popular and profitable—the companies being adapted to the section of the country and the character of the towns they had to visit. This period in Mr. Gillette's career was the beginning of a series of popular and successful plays he wrote which, as the years went on, included adaptations like Mr. Wilkinson's Widows, Too Much Johnson, She, and original plays like

(Continued on Page 53)

A Distinguished Group of Mr. Frohman's Old-Time Stars

Elopement—Personally Conducted

Ole Reliable Has a New Wife Thrust Upon Him

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

Like a Long-Necked Goose in Breeches Bowing His Head Under a Clothes-Line

OLE RELIABLE suffered with an acute attack of hookworm hustle—nothing did him any good except the rest cure. He found complete relief sitting beside a stove in the eating house, arguing Scripture. The proprietor of the Hot Cat maintained two stoves of equal prestige. Upon that in the rear, big and flat-topped, Aunt Fanny fried her catfish and boiled her cabbage. This satisfied cravings of the flesh. Those who had spiritual aspirations gathered around the little shrine in front, no bigger than a good-sized coffee-pot, perched upon its pedestal of brick and clay. Its grateful glow inspired them to spit into the box of sawdust and adjust national affairs. Ole Reliable was always the first to arrive. His attendance averaged 100 with no tardy marks. That gave him the choice of seats with the right to open and close all debates. Between the opening and closing if an interloper wished to inject a remark he began with the poker, drowned Zack's voice by rattling on the stove, quit suddenly and shot quick.

Uncle Eli was rattling; Zack stood with his mouth open waiting to resume. Being quick on the trigger, he shot first and got ahead of Eli: "You niggers makes me tired; jes 'cause dat comic star come along you-all scattered like a flock o' blackbirds, some aprayin' an' some huntin' fer a hole in de groun'. Dat comic star ain't payin' you no min'—no more'n a steamboat studies 'bout a redbug on de river bank. Hit's got a tail more'n a hundred miles long, an' comic stars can't be switchin' all dat tail jes fer de fun o' scrapin' a two-bit nigger off de earth. Huh! dere's Uncle Eli, what rigged up a flagstaff wid a sheet 'cause a hoodoo doctor specify dat would skeer de comic."

"I wus skeert," remarked Uncle Eli.

Ole Reliable rose up, in language and in gesture: "Skeert ain't kilt nobody yit!"

All of a sudden, without warning, that part of his audience that faced the front door got up unanimously and moved. This was contrary to precedent, it being too early for a sidewalk adjournment where they would sit against the wall in the sunshine and wait for dinner. Zack glanced around and saw Selina—an explanation that explained. Selina came bulging in at the front door with her hat slanting like a lateen sail and a bandage around her jaw—a Willie Grace bandage for the pain in her face. Her unannounced appearance at the Hot Cat always caused an exodus—Zack being the most expeditious exoduster. This time he didn't dust quick enough. His wife reached out the hand that wasn't busy with her jaw. "I knowed I'd ketch you here. Didn't I tell you to go to de river to make some shingles? Here I is got de toofache an' ain't worked fer two weeks, an' nuthin' to eat in de house."

Zack knew Selina to be techy, but never dreamed she would humble the family pride by such an admission of poverty. Aunt Fanny came waddling forward: "What's de matter, Mrs. Foster?"

"Dis triflin' nigger had a job drawin' shingles an' quit, he say bendin' over give him backache; quit drivin' a dray, he say de mule pulled too hard on his shoulder; quit workin' at de sto', he say liftin' boxes gave him a mis'ry in his side." She held Zack firmly by the neck and called: "Unc' Eli, han' me dat barrel stave; I'll give him a mis'ry whar he won't mention."

Eli didn't hand it; he footed it promptly to the sidewalk. Zack tore loose, dodged between the tables and opened the back door. He looked down the long flight of stairs and thought of climbing up again for nothing; so he stood and listened to Selina: "You hear me, nigger; git a job an' bring some money home dis very night—or you'll think I'm a wild woman."

Zack spoke gently, pacifically: "Don't git mad, Seliny; ain't I got a job waitin' on Cunnel Spot'swoode's dinner tonight? Dem gent'men will gimme two bits an' some of 'em fo' bits."

"Dat's jes it," snorted Selina; "dey laughs at yo' rigomaroles an' turns you a plumb fool. Ain't got nuthin' but scrambled brains in yo' head nohow."

Selina kicked her way out of the circle of chairs and started for the door. There she turned and her last shot got him: "Ef you don't fetch some money home dis night I'll grease yo' head an' pin yo' ears back an' swaller you whole."

Nobody smiled. Zack righted his overturned chair and sat down. Sandy and Eli came back again like cautious rats. Having troubles of their own nobody alluded to the family flurry. Sandy seized his chance to talk in a reverent undertone.

Things were almighty quiet in the Hot Cat when Nathan Hooter stepped in. This gangling old negro with the stovepipe hat stooped through the front door like a long-necked goose in breeches bowing his head under a clothes-line. Nathan carried an alcove at his middle where the rotunda should have grown; and two spikes of kinky beard flared out from the corners of his chin like the forks of a swallow's tail. With his cane and hand-satchel Nathan Hooter was an object to be looked at. Nathan was a man to be more than looked at—he was a man to be watched. People who dealt with him had to keep both eyes and one hand on Nathan Hooter.

He walked briskly, being busy. He said nothing, for he never talked about his business—and never attended to anything else. Nathan came nearly to the stove, looked over the group, glanced at the empty tables and turned to go. Then his eye lighted on Ole Reliable. He stopped and thought a moment; Nathan always squinted over the fence before he jumped—which accounted for his being at large.

"Brudder Foster, would you step aside wid me fer a little civil conversation?"

"No trouble; don't mention it," responded Zack.

The labor agent led Zack into a corner far from the straining ears around the stove. "Brudder Foster, do you want to make two dollars?"

"How?" inquired Zack, with the precaution that distinguished him.

"'Tain't no work whatever; jes a little figurin'."

"What kind o' figurin'? Less set down whilst we talk."

"No time to set down. Got to deliver fifty families in two squads—twenty families on de 'leben o'clock train an' thirty on de fo' o'clock train. Can't you go on de 'leben, den double back an' go out agin on de fo'—jes to fill in?"

"You wants me to take dem niggers to de plantation?"

"I wants you to go along wid 'em."

"I can't go to no plantation. I got a mis'ry."

Zack retreated toward the stove; this sort of talk made his side hurt.

"Hole on, Brudder Foster; I don't aim fer you to go sho' nuff—jes to start, fill in. After I gits my money fer dem families at de train, 'tain't nuthin' to me ef dey jumps off. You understands dat."

Zack began to see through the figurin' proposition, while Nathan rapidly explained: "I fotched twenty-one families over from Alabama dis mawnin', but 'tain't enough. Dem two white men from de North what's pardners on Burntwood Plantation is got to have twenty families; an' Mr. Julian Gerard is got to have thirty fer Stillriver Plantation. Dey pays me extry ef I gits a full squad to de train. I figures to give Burntwood eight Alabama families, and fill in wid twelve from town; den give Mr. Gerard thirteen Alabama families, an' fill in wid sebenteen from town. Dat's fair, ain't it?"

This seemed equitable to Zack, but—"How you gwine to git twenty-nine families o' niggers frum dis town?"

A spasm of pain flitted across Nathan Hooter's face. Here was a Vicksburg negro innocent of the gentle art of

Like Cotillon Dancers in a Chance Figure They Fell in Two by Two

"filling in." "No; I ain't got to do no sech thing—dese Vicksburg niggers dey jes fills in. I counts 'em on to de train, gits my money, an' dey jumps off as de train goes 'long. Dat gives 'em a chance to git back to Vicksburg an' make de fo' o'clock train wid de udder white man."

"Which train is I goin' on?" Zack inquired.

"You goes on bofe of 'em. I can't place no 'pendence in none o' dese town niggers. Every one of 'em might jump off at de cemetery an' give me plumb away. Dey ain't honest. I wants you to go 'long an' make 'em git off gradual."

While Zack was trying to fathom the mysteries of filling in, Nathan looked at his watch. "Eight o'clock; I got to git twelve men an' twelve women to ketch dat 'leben o'clock train; den five mo' couples added to dat to ketch de fo' o'clock train."

All this figuring gave Zack a headache; he couldn't understand how Nathan expected to get twelve couples of working negroes in a space of three hours. The conundrum was manifestly unguessable – Zack gave it up. "Dat's tore out o' my book," he remarked wearily, and turned his eyes longingly to the stove. Nathan grabbed his arm. "Come 'long; I kin git de biggest part o' dem niggers in ten minutes—dey fills in fer me reg'lar."

Ole Reliable balked again. "I got to wait on de table fer Cunnel Spot'swoode tonight."

"Dat ain't hinderin' you; on de second trip you jumps off at de National Cemetery an' comes right back."

"All right; lemme go git my good clo'es."

"Res' easy 'bout clo'es; I furnishes dem—an' I sho' got aplenty."

Nathan hurried Zack up the street with a distinct objective point. Zack began to grumble.

"Hold up, Brudder Hooter; lemme ketch my bref. I sho' will deserve dat two dollars ef I keeps up wid you."

Zack's little life was kept in equipoise by opposite attractions. Two dollars dangled before him as a wisp of hay dangles before a donkey, and kept him moving. But he hated to move so fast.

Hop Meyers displayed his sign at the other end of Washington Street—a big square glass sign with a light behind it: "Pool for Colored, 2½ c. a cue." At night this was the lick-log for assorted negroes – workingmen with money, and gamblers who came there to get it; and women. A hard crowd, but the drinks were supposed to be soft.

At this hour in the morning the crowd was unmixed, gamblers and loafers all. A dozen were sleeping in the chairs; four squabbled over a game. Others looked on stupidly.

Hooter strode to the middle of the floor.

"Dink!" He stopped a sporty, middle-aged negro who was just mak ing a shot, and took him aside. "How many fellers kin you git to make dat 'leben o'clock train?"

Dink glanced down the line. "Dere's seben of 'em in here an' I knows whar dere's fo' mo'."

"How many women?"

"Family job?" Dink asked.

Hooter nodded and Dink thought a moment. "I kin git five."

"I needs twelve."

"Den we got to hustle." Dink roused the chair-boarders, whispered a word to each, and they shuffled out, walking in their sleep.

This was all Greek to Ole Reliable, but he tried to listen two dollars' worth while the men divided up their list of eligible women. "Send 'em to my shop quick. Come 'long, Brudder Foster; we got to make de city cote."

Among the rabble at the city court four variously colored women faced the judge for fighting, and their facial appearance proved it. Each one said the other three were to blame. The Judge's verdict was, "One dollar apiece."

Nathan Hooter's experienced eye took in the situation. "Dere's Fightin' Jinsy. She's a reg'lar filler." He pointed to a yellow woman in the shady forties, which wasn't a circumstance to her reputation. Jinsy had a black eye and a cut in her lip. She also had a grouch. The dollarless quartet took their seats on the bench, waiting for an officer to put 'em in the jug. Jinsy caught sight of Nathan and gave the grand hailing sign of distress. Nathan responded nobly. The police were glad enough, for they would rather have the dollar than another dose of Jinsy.

Nathan stepped up to the desk, paid the fines and shoved the women out. "Git to my shop—quick."

Then he pulled Zack away from the courthouse and they started down the street. "Now, Brudder Foster, you best walk in de lead. I got to stop by de hotel an' pacify dem white men. Don't let 'em see you wid me."

Zack sauntered carelessly ahead. Not so carelessly, however, that he failed to keep his eyes peeled for Selina. In front of the hotel two men halted Nathan.

"Mornin', Marse Wigmo' – an' Marse Bland." Nathan took off his hat and bent double in an exaggerated ante-bellum bow. Zack grinned to hear Nathan making a plantation negro of himself – but Nathan played the game.

When the first white man spoke his first word Ole Reliable knew them for strangers with a twang, instead of natives with a slur. "Well, old man, have you got our colored people all together?"

"Yas, suh, ole Marster."

"How many families?"

"Twenty, jes same as I had at Meridian las' night."

"None of them got away?"

"Lordy, ole Marster, my niggers don't want to git away from me. You couldn't drive 'em off wid a club."

"They are all plantation negroes?"

"You Zack, Come Out o' Dere! Traipsin' Roun' Wid Dat Jinsy Woman, Callin' Her Yo' Wife! Git Off Dat Train"

"Dese niggers don't know nuthin' 'cept cotton an' corn. Unc' Paul an' Unc' Cæsar an' Aunt Dinah an' Aunt Jemimy, ole-time befo'-de-war niggers. Dey's crazy to git out o' town. Dis here town scent makes 'em sick. Dey don't love nuthin' but good ole country breeze. Dem's de kin' o' niggers ole Marster loves."

Both the strangers laughed and congratulated themselves. "Did you have much trouble getting them?"

"Sho' did; when you moves dat kind o' niggers away from anybody's plantation you got to move 'em in de dark. Can't even git 'em away by moonshine. Ole Marster sho' will see you on yo' way to de train. Dey made three shots at me, but I kept dodgin' aroun' de bushes nigh on to two weeks till I got my niggers."

"Tell us about it!" Both the Northern men drew close with eager curiosity, but Nathan sagaciously sidestepped all frivolous gossip. "Is you got de transportation ready?"

"How many tickets do you need?"

"Forty whole tickets an' fo'teen half tickets."

"Is that all the children they've got?"

"Yas, suh; some of 'em is young niggers an' ain't got no chillun yit. Dey growed up aroun' deir mammy and pappy, got married an' come 'long wid 'em. Us better feed 'em some dinner befo' de train leaves."

"Yes, I guess so. How much will that cost?"

"Two bits a head."

Wigmore and Bland looked helplessly at each other. "Two bits? Tell us again, old man, how much is that?"

"Two bits is jes de reg'lar name fer a quarter, ole Marster—us niggers sez two bits."

"We'll have to figure on that. Fifty-four quarters is same price for the children."

"Yas, suh, same price. Some o' dem chillun eats more'n deir daddy. Big, strappin' chillun. Dey'll pick plenty cotton dis fall. 'Twon't be long, ole Marster, befo' yo' plantation will be chock full o' young niggers, same as a canebrake full o' young rabbits."

Nathan was an artist in the way of spreading joy. He succeeded in making Jared Wigmore smile as he separated himself from the coin. Jared generally took ether. "Here's thirteen dollars and a half; is that right?"

"What you say, ole Marster; I can't figure dat high."

Nathan hurried down the street and left the strangers gazing after him. "No wonder these old colored people are so poor," observed Jared Wigmore; "everybody must cheat them."

Before Nathan caught up with Ole Reliable he had performed a swift operation in mental arithmetic. "Two bits fer lunch? Huh! dat'll give dem country niggers de lockjaw. Feed 'em fer a dime." He counted the actual mouths that he had to feed—"Sixteen grown folks an' fo'teen chillun—even money."

He transferred three dollars to one pocket for "nigger feed," and ten-fifty to the other pocket for Nathan.

Nathan Hooter was supposed to run a barber shop in the front part of what had once been a store. Behind a partition was a vacant room where the shelving had been left. His regular fillers could enter through the shop, through a hallway on the side or from the rear, according as necessity required.

When Nathan led him into this big room Ole Reliable stopped and looked. "Huh! dem niggers is in some kind of a humbug." There were upward of twenty people in the room, men and women, gathered like rag-pickers around a trash heap, snatching, tearing and wrangling. Zack looked closer and saw that it was a pile of clothes – the very worst clothes he had ever seen. Each man grabbed what he could—shoes, hat, coat, shirt and pants—then went over in the corner and put them on. The sporty Dink stripped off those joyful trousers, folded them to preserve the creases, and stuck his legs into a pair of brown jeans, patched in the seat and open at the knees. Dink laid his derby on the shelf and pulled a flop-brimmed hat over his eyes. Every other man was doing the same thing. The women were putting on ginghams and calicoes, binding up their heads, and lacing their shoes with cotton strings. In the corner Ole Reliable heard Fightin' Jinsy mouthing to herself: "I ain't gwine to wear dis tore dress; 'tain't 'spectable. I wore dat dress las' trip. Maud, it's yo' time to wear it." She went on grumbling as she wound a dirty bandanna round her head.

It was a comical masquerade, and Zack laughed; but he was the only one. The others were in dead earnest. Nathan shoved Zack toward the ragpile. "Hurry up, Brudder Foster, an' git on yo' clo'es."

Nathan was kind enough to select Zack's costume—blue overall breeches, hickory shirt, brogans, and a relic of headgear that had once passed for a cap.

"Hurry up; git into this."

Everybody else was getting into something, and Zack honored the custom.

Hooter – the property man – went rummaging on the shelves, slinging out battered coffee-pots, bundles tied in sacks, quilts strapped together – something for every one to tote. To Zack he handed an old musket. "You looks like a hunter – tote dis. Now, den, all you niggers pair off!"

Like cotillon dancers in a chance figure they fell in two by two, a man and a woman, just as they happened. Jinsy slouched over and took her place beside Ole Reliable.

"How 'tis?" he asked.

"Family," explained Nathan. "You-all is man an' wife." Zack couldn't afford to act green, so he let it go at

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THE BEAUTY EDITOR

Common-Sense Versus Cosmetics—By Claire Wrenn

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

THERE is a new madness among women today. It is the quest for beauty. Yet, in one way, this quest is world-old. I say new, because only yesterday the women who permitted themselves the luxury of the hairdresser and the masseuse were comparatively few; but today the madness is so far-reaching that it touches the loneliest soul on a Western ranch and strikes deep into the apathetic heart of the farmer's wife.

The departments in women's magazines and Sunday papers devoted to beauty culture are already bearing fruit and reaping a superabundant harvest of letters from all parts of the country. Every autumn and spring streams of women pour into New York from the West and the South. They make for one goal, like pilgrims to a sacred shrine—all in pursuit of beauty.

Here is a Defect That Nothing Short of a Railway Wreck Can Change

There is to me something pathetically insistent about many of these women. At any cost they must preserve their fleeting youth, catch it and hold it before it is too late. Most of them are fairly dazzled at the thought.

Women who have grown up from a plain youth to a plainer middle age have suddenly a golden dream of beauty. Cosmetics will give them what Nature has denied. Unclaimed flowers of uncertain ages are obsessed with the thought that perhaps matters may be righted after all. Morbid young girls who are discontented with the shapes of their noses, or the sizes of their mouths, hasten to consult the beauty doctor. Women who have been cherishing all their lives a secret grievance against their appearance seek him out and shyly unburden their souls.

Infrequent Bathers and Bad-Air Breathers

MUCH more powerful and far-reaching is the influence of the beauty editor. The letters that pour into her office are more often than not cries from the wilderness for help. The moment a woman ceases to care for her looks, she has given up, let go and lapsed into a passive state, which bodes ill for her future happiness. If a word dropped by the writers on beauty and hygiene can stir her into activity again it should receive its due commendation.

The average person does not realize the extent of the beauty editor's mail. Some days I have received as many as sixty letters touching every stage of feminine physical ambition. They come from all sections and all classes.

A lonely woman who lives on a ranch in the uttermost parts of the Northwest has succumbed to the monotony of existence. Indifference and inactivity of mind have furrowed her face with wrinkles and parched the freshness from her skin. By chance, she comes into possession of an old magazine and her eye lights upon the advice to beauty seekers. At once the spark is kindled. She gets into communication with the writer, finally has a lotion or a face cream made up by the druggist in the nearest village and begins to take interest again.

I have received countless letters of thanks from such women as this; but, to confess a long-cherished secret, I believe the improvement in their looks was due as much to a circulation quickened by renewed interest as to the simple face cream I suggested. Some of these letters breathe an ignorance of the commonest laws of hygiene that is startling. A woman from a small town in Indiana writes:

"Why should the window be up at night when the room is well aired every morning?"

Another, hailing from Kansas, asks:

"Is it really necessary to bathe so often? Hot water is scarce here."

A woman living in the most densely populated section of the city of New York sends me a letter that tells its own tale of struggling poverty and ignorance.

"I will," she writes, "keep the windows open as you suggest; but the rooms are dark anyhow and the air from the shaft outside is not any better than the air inside. The baby gets some sunshine in the front room for a while in the morning. Her skin is very dark. What will whiten it?"

I may say here that these are the most difficult letters of all for the beauty editor to answer, but she does answer them and sometimes with good results.

On the subject of children the letter writers are often especially ignorant. A young mother from Brooklyn informs me that her baby's hair is growing darker. Will I please advise her quickly what measures to use to keep it light? A correspondent in a Western village once wrote me a frantic letter something in this wise:

"Dear madam, my baby is nearly ten months old and scarcely has any hair at all. Will you please give me a tonic that will make its hair grow in quickly, long, golden and curly?"

Here the beauty editor is certainly a power for good, if she can enlighten such people as these, who appear to have grown up somehow, somewhere, without any instruction on subjects that most women know instinctively.

Sometimes these letters have a note of real tragedy in them.

"I am growing old," a woman writes. "I found out one day that my hair was streaked with gray and there were crow's-feet around my eyes. For the love of Heaven, help me! My husband is still a young man. I am afraid of growing old before he does."

Nothing is more pitiful than such an appeal as this. A woman fears lest her husband may seek a younger and prettier wife when her own wrinkles begin to show. Often she unburdens her soul and discloses the bitter secret.

"I make a last desperate appeal to you," she says. "Show me what to do to smooth out my wrinkles. My husband is growing cold to me."

Now you can see what the responsibilities of the beauty editor are. Through her, men are to be lured back to the family fold and waning affections renewed by means of a pot of cold cream or a package of hair-dye. It would appear that these are the love potions of the new century.

Remember that always with the rules for massage go also a few words of sound, sage advice; and advice and cold cream in combination may smooth out the troublous way of many a woman who wakes up some morning to find herself grown middle-aged.

Good Looks as a Business Asset

THE letters from beauty seekers range themselves in my mind in varying degrees of importance. Instinctively I feel that to strike a spark of interest in the mind of a lonely woman is not to be regarded as utterly futile. Next in consequence come the letters of women engaged in business. These letters, as every writer on this subject knows, have been the cause of endless argument and discussion. They generally run in this wise:

"Unless I am young and pretty I cannot hold my position. My work is hard and I am beginning to look tired. Lines are appearing on my face and my hair is turning gray. What shall I do to hide the ravages of time, so that I can still make a living?"

Personally I do not believe that a woman who works faithfully will ever be dismissed for wrinkles. It is undoubtedly true, however, that it is much easier for a pretty young girl to secure a new position than it is for a woman whose face shows the touch of middle age; but, in the long run, good work outweighs in the balance and beauty rarely wins.

The beauty editor receives hundreds of such appeals, however. Sometimes they are sensible, straightforward letters, which go right to the point—a cloak model needs her looks as her capital, a hotel stenographer, a clerk at the cosmetic counter, and so on. The beauty editor must give ear to their troubles and advise to the best of her knowledge; but she knows that these women are in deadly earnest and will follow her directions to the letter. She must give careful attention to the very small material she has to work on and read between the lines for character and temperament. By-and-by she becomes expert, and can judge from words dropped here and there whether the correspondent has a bad circulation, with tendencies to worry and insomnia, or whether she is too fond of the fleshpots and keeps late hours. The advice she gives regarding baths and ventilation, sleeping and eating, may fall on fallow ground. No doubt it often does. If one person is helped there is rejoicing in the beauty editor's office, especially—and this may appear to be rank heresy—if it is hygiene that has done the work rather than face creams and astringents; although the subject, like enough, thinks it's the latter.

Girls Who Write for New Faces

IT IS, however, letters like the following that deluge the distracted beauty editor and sometimes drive her to use expressions of bitterness:

"Dear madam, I am a young lady of eighteen and am considered rather pretty by my friends. My face has only one fault: my nose is too large. I would be perfect if it were not for my nose. Dear madam, tell me something that will shrink it. I think of nothing else night and day, and whenever I am in company my nose turns perfectly red."

It is necessary, then, to say that large noses are indicative of character; Napoleon, that great judge of men, never engaged a man with a small nose. The correspondent is advised to wear her hair puffed around her face. It is suggested that she try to gain flesh. With plump cheeks the nose looks smaller; and she is told finally to take her mind off the protruding feature and think of other things.

A letter like the following also disturbs the candid mind of the beauty editor:

"Dear madam, during the last six months I have tried eight hair-tonics; in fact, every one I have seen advertised. But my hair is falling out so fast I shall soon be bald if you can do nothing for me."

Eight hair-tonics in six months! What a record! The sensitive soul of the editor is touched by the ravages perpetrated on the correspondent's scalp, which must have been burned and tortured, dried and oiled, alternately.

A young woman who lives in British Columbia writes: "Tell me what to do to make my eyes larger and blue. They are much too small and are light brown. Send me something that will make my lashes grow in thick and dark. Could a mouth be made smaller?"

It seems a shame to blast the hopes of those who wish an entire set of new features, but common-sense is the keynote to all answers of such letters.

It is hair, more than anything else, that is the subject of eternal discontent and endless questionings. Apparently nobody is ever satisfied. Even those thrice-blest souls who have curly hair grieve because it is hard to untangle; blondes wish to be changed to brunettes, and brunettes to blondes, although golden hair still takes the lead in the race. And so on.

"If you want to make me a perfectly happy girl," writes one—they seldom call themselves women; always girls or ladies—"tell me how I can make my hair long, golden and curly. It is at present short, dark and straight."

Girls with red hair are never pleased. It is vain to try to show them how specially favored by Providence they are. They stubbornly decline to listen to words of

"Dear Madam, During the Last Six Months I Have Tried Eight Hair-Tonics"

wisdom. "We are the butt of our friends," is their complaint; "the object of derision and remarks from the small boy." They cannot rest; there is no pleasure in life for them until their locks are changed to brown, black or gold, as the case may be.

Extravagant terms are not unusual in these letters. "I never go on the street unless closely veiled," "I would prefer death," "My life is ruined because my eyebrows are white," or "My hair is dull brown," and so forth, are all favorite expressions and assertions sent to the beauty editor of the daily newspaper.

On the other hand, the possessors of brown, black or golden hair write with a firm pen demanding red.

Thus are the "things of life divested," and the beauty editor comes at length to have a mental picture of an Inferno of women struggling and fighting together for exactly the gifts Providence has denied them. The battle-cry is: "Make me over!"

Opposed to these dissatisfied souls are the victims of the peroxide bottle and henna tea. The peroxidians are especially wretched and sensitive. They are dazzled at first by the magic change. Their locks have been dipped in a fairy elixir and turned to pure gold. Gradually the gold diminishes to a greenish lemon color and no amount of piety and wit can lure it back to its former glory of summer sunshine. The peroxidian begins to feel herself a mark for knowing glances. She is tortured with the conviction that her hair is never the same: it was lighter yesterday than it is today; a sickening shadow creeps into the roots, while the ends fade into insignificant paleness. Then, at last, with her soul on the rack with anguish, she writes to that amiable and inventive individual, the beauty editor, and pours her troubles into the listening ear. The answer, it must be owned, is not reassuring. Time only can cure the ravages of peroxide, or hair-dye hide them for a space.

Much quicker and more precipitate are the woes of those who plunge their heads recklessly into henna tea.

"My hair is a bright, vivid crimson," writes a woman from Iowa. "What shall I do? If you will only help me I will pray for your happiness all my life."

She also, like her peroxide sister, generally resorts to the dyes of the hairdresser until the henna wears away.

And so the scales go up and down—red heads and brown heads, golden heads and black, all clamoring to be bleached and dyed and stained according to their notions of beauty, and then clamoring to be changed back again by the magic wand of the beauty editor. I doubt if the oracle at Delphi was called upon oftener for words of wisdom than the high priestess at the altar of beauty.

The Fly in the Wichita Beauty's Ointment

BUT hair is only one of the many subjects in the category of long-suffering womanly afflictions. "Rosebud," who lives in Fargo, North Dakota, writes to know if she would look well in long pearl earrings. The answer to "Rosebud" is quickly dispatched. Nobody looks really well in these barbaric pendants; therefore I say to Rosebud: "Desist, and save your earnings for better things."

"I Found Out One Day That My Hair Was Streaked With Gray and There Were Crow's-Feet Around My Eyes"

Sometimes vanity, confessed and unashamed, steps forth from the pages of these letters.

"I am a beautiful young lady," says one—she lives in Wichita, Kansas—"with a number of admirers. I am tall and slender, with a tiny waist, but ——" And then comes the fly in the ointment: she has a protruding chin, and she makes the cool request to have it made right without a moment's delay. Here is a defect that nothing short of a railway wreck can change.

Another letter makes this simple demand:

"I am told," it states, "that, had I dimples, my style of beauty would be complete—not only dimples on the cheeks, but dimples on the hands. Also give a remedy for making my face smaller and narrower than my forehead. My face is stout."

She signed herself "Worried and Perplexed," a title that might have expressed eloquently my own state of mind if my soul's peace had depended on remoulding the shape of her face to match her forehead. However, Miss Worried and Perplexed is answered patiently. Massage is offered to her for reducing her face, but the hope of dimples is not held out.

Noses, it would seem, are also an agitating subject.

"What is the best way," asks a correspondent, "to narrow a side-extended nose that is too wide?"

Only Heaven could help her, I fear; or another one, who writes to inform me that "There are too many vertebræ in my nose. Could some of them be removed? Perhaps one or two."

A woman notifies me that her baby's nose is too small and shapeless. Will it ever grow to resemble the nose of a human being? From Louisiana I receive a letter demanding a cure for thick lips.

Those whose noses are too large are as unhappy as those whose noses are retroussé, or too small, or too fat. Beak noses are often a blot on the happiness of their owners. Noses, red from no known cause apparently, are the cause of incalculable misery.

Her "Hair Hung Down Her Pallid Cheeks Like Seaweed on a Clam"

But enough of noses. Here are some more samples of beauty letters:

"Kindly send me a lotion that will bleach a dark complexion and another that will straighten curly hair. Color, blond."

The answer to that would be hardly less difficult than a reply to this one:

"Is there a remedy for large feet?" To which I advise, in terms of regret, that my correspondent refrain from wearing yellow shoes.

More often, however, come letters of self-depreciation. I remember one that I received in the early days of my work in the West. It was written by a girl whose career has since been one of gradual but assured success, although when she wrote to me she was, as you will see when you read the letter, groping in the dark.

"I am," the letter ran, "too tall for my age. My feet and hands are overgrown. My face flushes when any one speaks to me. My eyes are too small, my nose too big; and so is my mouth. I have a muddy complexion and oily hair. Now, dear madam, will you tell me what to do to make my eyes larger? Could my nose be operated on? It is like a beak. Is there any cure for a big mouth? I hate my hair. I do so want light, curly hair. I want to be changed. Other girls are pretty and dainty. I am ugly. I know it and I hate myself. If nothing can be done for me I would prefer just to die, because I don't think I can stand this forever."

My heart went out in pity to this suffering child, for she was only sixteen, and I invited her to come and see me. She was touched, indeed, with a plainness that is lacerating to the feminine soul; but her small, beady black eyes flashed at me intelligently, and gleaming through the parted lips of her rather large, well-formed mouth were two rows of fine, strong teeth. It was a fact that her "hair hung down her pallid cheeks like seaweed on a clam," and her complexion was discouragingly sallow and eruptive. Her figure was gaunt, her feet and hands overgrown. She was, as some one once said, "of a paintable ugliness," and she had not one feature that would call for immature admiration; in short, she was the picture of neglect. Yet there was something indefinably interesting in the girl's appearance, a hint of future possibilities.

I do not wish to lay any flattering unction to my soul nor claim honors not my own, but the change that took place in the temperament of this morbid and unlovely child was as remarkable as it was complete. I do not say it would not have come at all if I had not had a hand in it, but I do say that it might have been less far-reaching, less mental than it has actually turned out to be. Undoubtedly it was her brooding, morbid and unhappy thoughts that tinged her face with yellow; an apathy of dullness hung about her like a mantle of drab. The sudden flare-up in her somber mind, which had induced her to write to me, might have died out forever if I had not answered her letter promptly and asked her to call at my office. Such natures, without encouragement and sympathy, which are as meat and drink to them, will soon shrivel into hopeless pessimism.

Courses in deep breathing and physical culture, warm baths, scrubbing brushes and shampoos, and a tactful hint regarding the right books to read, produced a lightning change of attitude in my ugly duckling, and the results, as time rolled on, have been gratifying in the extreme. It was then I realized that a beauty editor might be a factor for great good in her department, and for the first time I began to take my work seriously and to pursue it with whole-hearted interest. It must be owned that hitherto I had merely regarded it as "freak" newspaper work.

In the art of face skinning it was a woman who first made a success in this country. Her fame spread abroad so rapidly that her clientele of French and English women almost outnumbered her American patrons. Among these were several women of title from both countries, who came over the seas to New York to undergo this painful operation; for it is exceedingly painful and tedious to be skinned, requiring anywhere from ten days' to two weeks' complete retirement, and sometimes entailing suffering that deserves more than a passing mention.

Face skinning is "skinning" in two ways: it works both facially and financially, and often costs as much as twelve hundred dollars, to say nothing of the torture. A light skinning is not unlike a severe case of sunburn and might be taken as such by the casual passer-by. It consists merely in the application of a strong bleach, which peels off the outer skin. But the real skinning—the one that costs time, money and pain—is far deeper and more efficacious. In this process the face is either bandaged or a mask, with apertures for eyes, nostrils and mouth, is worn constantly during the patient's two weeks' imprisonment. The face is thus protected from the outer air while the preparation is doing its work. In severe cases it is often necessary for the patient to take liquid nourishment through a tube, and talking and even smiling are too painful to be indulged in.

A Three-Hundred-Dollar Laugh

FACE enameling is fortunately a thing of the past. Unhygienic and invariably discernible at first glance, it has only lasted until science provided a better process to take its place. A generation back, however, worn-out beauties took to this artificial expedient with as much eagerness as they now take to face skinning. Once a famous Kentucky beauty, who had just paid three hundred dollars for a fresh enameling, forgot herself so entirely as to laugh at a jest, and cracked the enamel on one cheek irreparably.

Wrinkles, another cause of much concern on the part of women, are more often than not the telltale imprint on the face of bad temper, worry, brooding and unhappiness; with a mind at ease the tendency to wrinkles is overcome. Happiness also leaves its marks; but laughing wrinkles are not unbeautiful like those left by dissatisfaction. If the beauty doctor, after smoothing out wrinkles, would only follow up the treatment with lessons in thought-control and mental poise, the cure would be complete; but the woman who seeks beauty is like the woman speculator in Wall Street—she is impatient for immediate results, and the slower mental process would not satisfy her.

Beauty surgery is still in its hazardous beginnings, although there have been some operations in this branch of the beauty business. There is the "tucking operation," which consists in taking a small tuck in the muscles just over the brows, thus lifting the face as it were and removing the lines running from nose to mouth. Puffs

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THE LONG ARM OF THE BOSS

By HENRY M. HYDE

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THIS is a highly improbable story. Nor, by way of excusing its lack of interest, shall the plea be made that it is true. Its hero, if one insists on a hero, is not at all the sort of man one would invite to dinner; a mere roughneck of a political beeler, whose only virtues were his willingness to perjure himself like a gentleman when the honor of the organization was concerned and a magnificent confidence in the omnipotence of Dan O'Shanon.

Dan O'Shanon was police inspector in the famous —— district, and J. Sullivan, the roughneck, was his wardman. For twelve years Sullivan had led a commonplace and uneventful life, performing regularly his humble duties in the way of collecting the monthly "rental" from pool rooms and gambling houses in the district and turning over every cent he collected to his chief. In so far as doing his work quietly and competently was concerned, he was a model citizen. He minded not at all the business of other people; he was blindly loyal to Dan O'Shanon. He could not be tempted to use his vocabulary of three hundred words in loose or indiscreet talk, and he did not need the advice of counsel to refuse to answer impertinent questions. He was loyal, honest, trustworthy, competent, discreet—a pattern employee, as any business man will testify. He lived over one of the saloons in which Inspector O'Shanon owned a half interest, and only went on two big sprees a year.

The Presidente and General Plexeto Embraced Vehemently

If by this time you are convinced that J. Sullivan is not a person whose further acquaintance you care to cultivate this is the best place to stop—unless you think you might be interested in the curious way in which he started a war scare, which blossomed on the front pages of great newspapers round the world and sent the Atlantic fleet of battleships rushing, under forced draft, across four hundred miles of very much surprised and dark blue ocean.

The trouble started when young Carter, the new district attorney, took hold over at the criminal court building. When Carter was selected as the organization's candidate he was thought to be entirely on the square. It was not even suspected that he had been bitten by the reform bug. But, alas! In these degenerate days one can never tell whom to trust—as Uncle Joe Cannon so feelingly remarks.

It seems that for six months before the election a certain reform organization had been conducting a secret investigation into police graft. It corrupted Carter. It offered him a bribe in the shape of its support for governor in the next campaign. Carter fell for it. Looking out from the top of the mountain of his ambition he decided to throw down the gang. First of all he secured an indictment against the keeper of a gambling house. Then he sent for the man and, after showing him that striped suits were not becoming to his type of beauty, advised him to shut up shop.

When J. Sullivan appeared to collect the next month's tribute from the gambling house, the secretary of the reform league was hidden under the faro table; a stenographer lay on the floor of the room above, with his eye to a hole, and a second man with a notebook was gasping for breath in a small closet.

"I haven't got the money," the keeper began.

"Then it's a case of pinch," J. Sullivan growled.

"Who'll pinch me?" the man asked.

The wardman glanced at him with instant suspicion. "You've owed me that money as long as I'll wait," he said; "and if you don't pay it now I'll have to do something else." As he stood up to go the proprietor produced a roll of bills from his pocket. "Here!" he cried. "But it's every cent I've got, and I want a receipt." Sullivan hesitated a moment. Then he thrust the roll into his pocket. "My word is good between you and me," he said. Three detectives from the office of the district attorney arrested him as he went down the steps. Ten minutes later the news of the arrest was flying on the police wires all over the city. Inspector O'Shanon got the word at his home on the boulevard. He called on the telephone a lawyer who is famous for his huge fees and for his marvelous ingenuity in finding holes in the net of the law.

"That bloody sneak Carter has just arrested Jim," he said.

"Well," said the lawyer hesitatingly, "we can get out a writ of habeas corpus tonight if you're afraid they can make him snitch."

O'Shanon laughed. It was his perfect tribute to the wardman's loyalty. "You don't know Jim Sullivan," he said. "But I want him out on bail tomorrow," he went on eagerly.

Revolving smoothly and swiftly, the law mill turned out J. Sullivan the next afternoon on bail fixed at ten thousand dollars, the bond being furnished by the surety company that happened just then to be enjoying the patronage of the city administration. The eminent attorney, who was a leading expert in international law, announced that the United States had no treaty with the Republic of San Cristóbal that would permit the extradition of gentlemen charged with conspiracy, and that Caramba, its capital city, would therefore be a most desirable abiding place for J. Sullivan during the next seven years. After that time the crime would be outlawed and Mr. Sullivan might safely come back to New York. A loyal soldier, as he had always been, Sullivan packed two suitcases, changed his name to Thomas Quinn and took the first boat for Central America.

Inspector O'Shanon told the reporters that, though he had no personal knowledge of Sullivan's whereabouts, he understood that the accused had gone to spend a couple of weeks at some quiet place in the country, his nerves having been badly shattered by the charges made against him. The name of the eminent lawyer was, of course, never mentioned in connection with the case. At the end of three months Mr. Sullivan's bailbond was declared forfeited, the surety company paid over ten thousand dollars in cash, the newspapers revived for a single issue the half-forgotten story, and Carter, the district attorney, deserted by the uplift association and thwarted in every move by the organization, found out for himself that the way of the reformer is a thorny and thankless one.

Meanwhile Thomas Quinn was living the life of a homesick schoolboy in the sleepy, dirty and beautiful capital of San Cristóbal. One of the first acquaintances he made was Anthony Barker, the United States consul-general to the republic. Knowing no word of Spanish, Mr. Quinn was driven by the pathetic necessity of talking to some one to call frequently at the consulate. Once, within a month of Mr. Quinn's arrival, Barker looked up to see him standing in the doorway, his fat, red face distorted by pangs of nostalgia. Barker felt a shamefaced twinge of sympathy.

"Come in, Quinn, and sit down," he said.

The former wardman dropped despondently into a chair. There was something suspiciously like tears in his little black eyes. "Say, consul," he began, "I hate to say how bum this town is. I been all over the dump and they ain't nothin' doin' but that wheel over Pedro's caffy on the corner of the plaza and two crooked monte layouts. They ain't a chance in the world for a live guy to start anything. I don't believe that all these ginks have got coin enough to support one good game, anyhow. The only decent graft in San Cristóbal is the national lottery, and the little piece of money that brings in is split fourteen ways. His jibs up there in the pink palace at the top of the Palisades, he gets half of it. The rest is divided between the commanding general of the army, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, the janitor, the chief of police and half a dozen more. There ain't one good, square man in the bunch."

Now Anthony Barker was fresh from the consular school and this was his first appointment. He felt the dignity of his position as official representative of the United States, and he also had a shrewd suspicion that Quinn was in some sort a fugitive from justice whom it might be his unpleasant duty to apprehend. But he was also a homesick and lonesome boy, and there were very few people from the United States in Caramba. Old Quinn was always amusing, and there was something refreshing in his crooked but unapologetic philosophy of life.

They were sitting out in front of the consulate in the brilliant tropical moonlight. Barker had been cursing the monotony of the tradewind that blew for twelve hours steadily from the west and then turned around to the east for the remainder of each day. Quinn lit a fresh cigar.

"Wouldn't it be great, consul," he said heavily, "to jump into a taxi and run up the Avenue and out to the Park? We'd come back through the white lights, stopping somewhere to mop up a couple of highballs. Then on down to the station to shake hands with Dan O'Shanon!"

"Who's Dan O'Shanon?" grinned Barker.

Quinn snorted. "And you from New York! Dan O'Shanon is a police inspector. The district leader is Dan's hired man, and he's got a pull that'd lift Brooklyn Bridge out by the roots. He's the man who owns New York. He's the biggest thing on the island and the squarest white man on earth. I used to work for him."

"Bully for him!" said Barker.

"When the next steamer gets in," Quinn went on, "there's a big bunch of freight coming for me. This is a two-cent country and I'm going to open up a two-cent game. Dan O'Shanon fixed it up for me."

"Slot machines?"

"Nothing like that. But you wait and see, consul. I want to surprise you and all the rest of them."

"Well, I can help you get the stuff through the custom house."

"No; I got that all fixed. The presidente and the general of the army and the chief of police—each one of them gets his bit regular. They're going to give me protection; so I won't be bothered by all these cheap smokes with fly-paper gloves on."

The day after the next steamer docked Barker joined the majority of the population of Caramba in watching with curiosity a great crowd of natives who worked, under the direction of Quinn and two men who came with the ship, in setting up a huge canvas tent on a high plateau back of the town. When that was completed a score of big crates and packing-cases were carried inside. After three days of mystery Quinn came down to the consulate to invite Barker to attend his grand opening that evening.

As Barker started to climb the hill, under the palm trees, he could see that it was already a success. The road was full of laughing, excited people climbing up. From within the tent came tremendous strains of music and shouts of delight. At the entrance, back of his ticket window, stood Quinn in his shirtsleeves, raking in the copper coins.

"Say, Consul, I Hate to Say How Bum This Town Is"

Barker took one glance inside, then stopped to laugh. Quinn was introducing the Latin-Americans to the joys of the merry-go-round. The tent was hung with flags and paper lanterns. In the center stood a steam piano bellowing the strains of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," while about it, revolving at different speeds and on different circles, spun the wooden horses. The horses were painted white and red and black. They had real leather saddles and bridles and long tails and manes of white hair. On them were seated the leading citizens of Caramba, shrieking with delight and urging on their respective steeds to greater efforts.

"I told you this was a kid country," Quinn whispered through the window. "Now they got a kid show that just suits 'em. Heh?"

For the first month or two Caramba gave itself up whole-heartedly to the enjoyment of the merry-go-round. Quinn reported that he regularly paid fifty dollars each to the three officials, and that they had played fair in protecting him from the rapacity of their subordinates. Every night the big tent was crowded, and Barker could hear the snorts of the steam piano and the shrill shouts of the riders on the hill. Quinn announced that his profits were better than the average from a back-room poker game on Sixth Avenue.

Then, late one afternoon, as the quick tropic dusk was falling, a barefooted black soldier crept up the back way to the consulate with a whispered message that Quinn was in prison and wanted to see the consul. The chief of police denied that he knew anything about Quinn's arrest; the general of the army was reported too ill to be disturbed. Only by making a direct demand at the presidential palace did Barker finally get the necessary permit. He found Quinn down in the underground cells, with a bandaged head and most of his clothes torn off.

"It was Piexeto," he said through the bars—"that little saddle-colored shine commanding the army. He was up yesterday to get his regular bit and fifty apiece for the chief and the presidente. I paid him, of course, and he makes one of them long, sloppy speeches. This morning he shows up again with the whole army—sixty of them—marching behind him. It was sixty different shades and sizes of coon and kinds of uniform. Piexeto lines up in front of the tent and makes a speech to 'em. They cheers. Then he talks to me. He's going to turn the army into cavalry, he says; and, since they ain't got their horses yet, he'd like to drill his men a little on my wooden horses and so get 'em used to fighting mounted.

"'Nix,' I told him. 'I'm payin' you and the lad higher up your regular bit for protection, and that don't mean no free passes for the whole blamed army.'

"Some of the soldiers understands a little English and they begins to growl. Piexeto makes another speech to them and then he tries to hug me. 'Señor,' he says, 'when danger threatens it is my heroic army that must defend the honor of the republic. As a patriot,' he says, 'you will not refuse my heroic soldiers the opportunity of drilling on horseback.'

"Well, finally I fell for it rather than have any trouble. He gets part of the army up on the horses, and Jimmy starts the engine. The steam piano begins to go it, General Piexeto waves his sword and hollers 'Charge!' and the army runs rings round itself and round the general, all whooping ferocious. When the first part of the army got dizzy, and fell off to let the others have their turn, I'm where I can watch 'em close. About half of them coons were trying to steal the bridles off my horses, and just in time I saw one gink who had actually got the whole saddle loose and was going out under the canvas with it. When I followed him out I run into half a dozen heroic soldiers who had pinched the real-hair tails out of my horses and were fastening them on to their helmets for plumes. Just then Piexeto come out of the main entrance. I turned to him and the first thing I saw was a lot of white hair sticking out of his pants pocket. As I grabbed it he hit me with his sword. Then, of course, I landed one. When I come to they had me all trussed up and six of them were bringing me down here. Jimmy and my other helper got theirs too. They are here in the cell with me. Now, git us out."

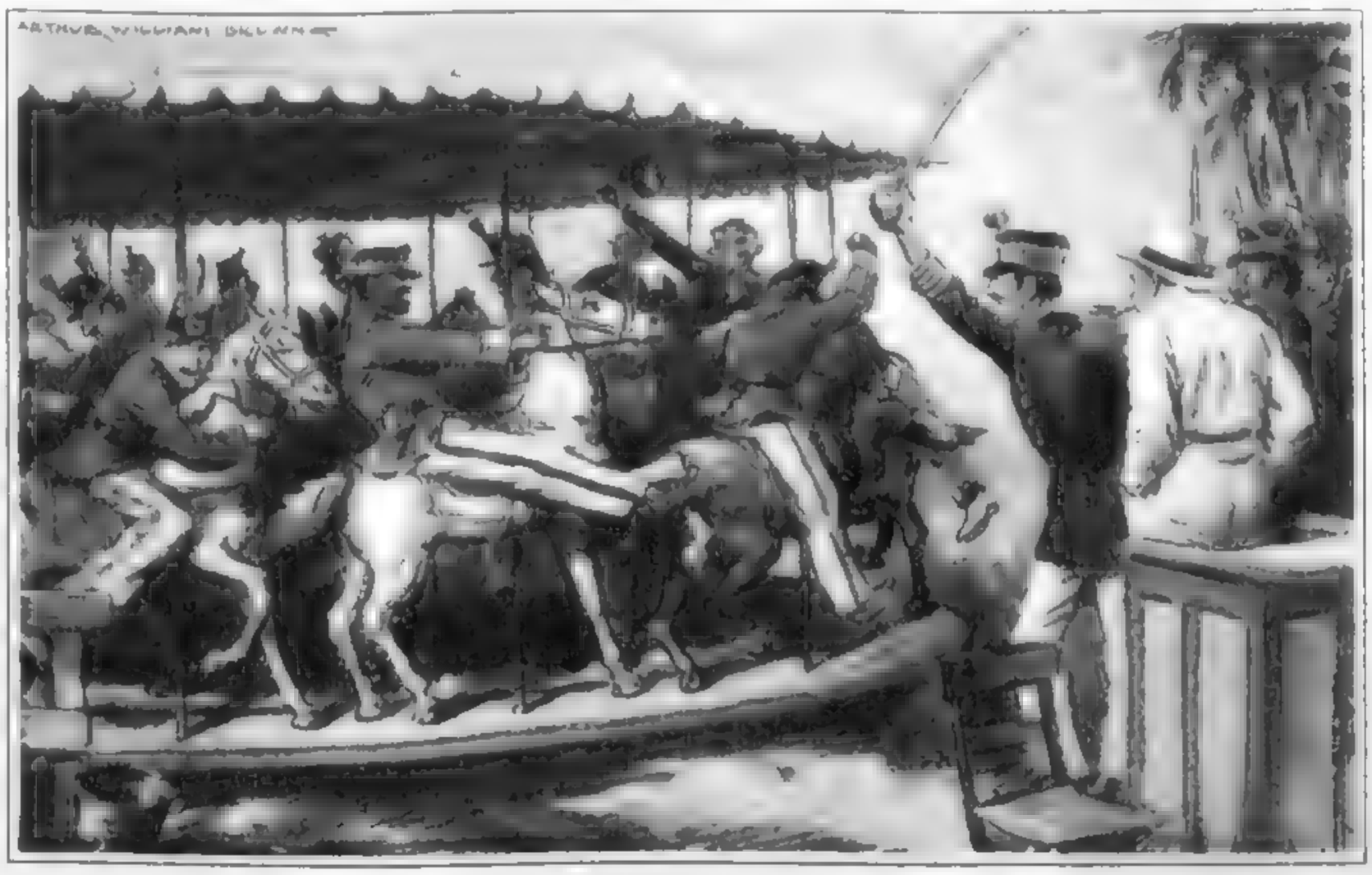
When Barker could conquer his laughter he tried to make Quinn see that his offense was serious.

"You've got to control your temper," he said. "Of course you had a right to protect your property, but you shouldn't have struck the commander-in-chief."

"Wasn't I payin' him fifty a month to be honest?" Quinn burst out. "And him takin' my money and then grafting off me! Why, he's a dirty crook!"

"I'll go up to the palace and see what I can do," Barker promised; "but I'm afraid it'll be a heavy fine."

Up at the long, pink palace in the palm garden on the hill the representative of the United States was coldly received. A secretary told him that the presidente was in a cabinet meeting and he would have to wait. For more than an hour he sat alone in the reception room. Then the secretary returned and led him across the hall to the cabinet room. The moment he entered he saw that the situation was critical. The presidente sat in a gilt armchair on an elevated platform. Beside him, with one eye badly discolored, stood General Piexeto, in full uniform. Close about were gathered half a dozen other members of the government. Barker was left standing, like a prisoner at the bar, outside the railing that shut off the platform from the rest of the room. The presidente rose as he came in and made a long speech.



"General Piexeto Waves His Sword and Hollers 'Charge!'"

He presumed the consul had come to apologize for the outrageous conduct of his countryman. The government of San Cristóbal was not disposed to make the incident a cause for war with the United States; but against the man Quinn they should enforce the full rigor of the law. The national honor had been vilely insulted. In the very presence of his heroic troops the general of the republican army had been struck down by a brutal blow. Death alone could wipe out the stain. On the following Friday morning at sunrise Thomas Quinn would pay the penalty of his crime. He would be shot by the troops who had witnessed the attack on their chief.

The horrified Barker made a strong protest against such hasty and barbarous action. He demanded that Quinn be at least given a full and fair trial. The presidente rose again and interrupted him with a wave of the hand. The supreme court had already approved the execution of Quinn. Three elderly gentlemen, standing behind the presidente, bowed in unison. And he himself had passed his word. The honor of his devoted and valorous army must be vindicated. Friday morning was the time set. There would be no delay. Who was the man Quinn anyhow? Was he not a fugitive from justice? The presidente had heard that since coming to Caramba he had attempted to corrupt some of the minor officials of the government. Bah! The presidente and General Piexeto embraced vehemently.

Barker hurried down to his office and sent a long cablegram of explanation and protest to the Secretary of State at Washington. Before noon the next day he had his answer—one message to be shown to the presidente; the other, in cipher, for his own official guidance. The President of the United States presented the presidente with considerations of his high esteem and expressed full confidence that no injustice would be done by the aforesaid gentleman's government to any citizen of the United States. The President would view with regret and apprehension the denial of full legal rights to any such citizen. Privately the consul was advised that it would be quite impossible to send a gunboat or otherwise forcibly to interfere with the execution.

Barker presented the cablegram at the palace and backed it with the most forcible protest and appeal he could make. He was received with great formality and informed that the message from the Secretary of State would be duly considered and answered by the foreign department; which was as much as to say that Quinn would be shot at the appointed hour. Feeling desperate and helpless Barker stopped on his way over to the prison at the little galvanized-iron cable station and sent another appeal for help.

Quinn received the news gravely, but without signs of fear. "Friday morning, eh?" he said. "That leaves us three days. Let's see what Washington says." The consul went on to apologize as Quinn ran over the cablegrams. "You see all these republics down here are very jealous of us," he said, "and the department is careful not to offend them needlessly. There are a whole lot of big business interests involved too. The presidente has about half promised to pay some big claims that have been hanging up for the last five years. We've all got instructions to avoid even the appearance of playing the bully and never to interfere in domestic affairs. But I'll do all I can, Quinn. I've sent another cable already."

Quinn looked up from the typewritten cablegrams with a snort. "So they'll view me gettin' shot with regret, will they? Give me a sheet of paper." For a moment he wrote. "Just put this on the wire, consul," he went on; "and don't you worry about it any more. Everything will come all right. I've sent word to the old man. Say, have the boy come over with a box of cigars for us, will you?"

Back at the consulate, Barker read Quinn's message with a wry smile. His confidence in Inspector Dan O'Shanon would have been funny if it had not been so pathetic and so tragically futile. "I'm pinched," it read. "They're going to shoot me at six o'clock Friday morning. Get me out."

Barker filed the message at the cable office, sent the boy with the cigars to the prison, and went on up to the palace to try to get a few days' respite for poor Quinn.

Dan O'Shanon sat in his private office at the headquarters of the —— district, dividing six thousand dollars in bills into five piles, when a knock sounded on his door. "Telegram in your letter-box, Inspector," said the voice of the captain outside. O'Shanon finished his work of dividing the money, slipped a rubber band about each pile and put them all in a small black satchel. Then he slowly got up and picked the yellow envelope from the letter-box. As he read the message he swung instantly round to the telephone on his desk.

"Get my machine at the door, Sergeant," he ordered, "and telephone to the big fellow I'm coming right over. Tell him to wait. It's important."

When he went out to get into the automobile he did not neglect to take the small black satchel with him. Swiftly the motor crossed Broadway and swept on downtown, stopping before a low brick building. Inspector O'Shanon went up the steps in three bounds. On the desk in the inner office, before a hard-faced, smooth-shaven man of uncertain age, he put down the flattened cablegram.

"That's from my old wardman, Jimmy Sullivan," he said. "We've got to go to the front for him."

The man at the desk nodded and frowned, asked three or four questions. "Wait," he said, and pressed a button.

(Concluded on Page 61)

THE TEDDYSEE

By WALLACE IRWIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

"Good Gracious Me, You Haven't Changed a Bit!"

Book the Third

I. TEDYSSES TAKETH A CLUB UNTO THE SINFUL SUITORS OF PENELOPE

TIRED with his starry touring through the West,
A thousand towns, a million epigrams,
Tedysses paused — a thing he seldom did —
And fell asleep within his special car.
Whereat Minerva, Harvard's sacred goddess,
Upon her ambient aero gliding down,
Lifted Tedysses sleeping from his bunk
And bore him to arboreal Washington.
Softly she laid him on the White House lawn
And with an angel-feather scratched his nose.
Our Hero sneezed. "Alas, where am I at?" —
A question seldom asked by Theodore.
He rubbed his glasses; then, quick glancing round,
Beheld his dear Administration Home;
The very same — and yet how sadly changed!
"Oh, what hath happened to my Tennis Court,
That sacred plat where erstwhile Garf and Giff
Bounced the swift ball beitke a Rubber Trust?

"Horrors, Poor Hound! I Left You Fat"

Weeds now infringe the spot — it seemeth me
The Old White Homestead hath a different air
From what it had before I left the place
In charge of fair and fat Penelope."

Thus Teddy spake, when sudden through the trees
A dusty, damaged, dopey Dog appeared,
Whined whimpering at Teddy's feet, and there
Licking his hand fell in a hunger-faint.
Tenderly leaning, Ted with terror saw
The truth — it was his dog "My Policies"!
"Horrors, poor hound!" he moaned; "I left you fat,
Gnawing rich steaks from juicy Corporations —
See how your ribs stick out — your listless tail
Betrays the fact that you have fed on scraps,
And few of these, for many, many moons.
Poor mutt! While you lie gasping in the ditch
Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart, decked with ribbons blue,
Bark saucily from out the Royal Coach.
By George, I'll fix 'em!" Speaking thus, Tedysses
Reached for his magic blade. . . .

When from the sky
Divine Minerva, goddess Suffragette,
Swooped swiftly down and thus to Theodore

"Sheathe the sharp sword, O Strong One! Only wait
Until the proper time, and I shall grant thee
A chance to smite thy foes in yonder Palace
Such an Homeric swat as Honus Wagner
Swings on some gosling from the Minor League."
So saying, the goddess, by a magic word,
Changed Teddy from his vast and warlike bulk
To the more humble shape of Richard Glavis.
Seattle clothes she put upon his back
And in his hand a satchel labeled "Evidence."
Thus strangely changed she led him gently forth
And set him knocking at the White House door
Just when Josephus Cannon and The Rest,
Clad in rich robes and bearing sweet bouquets,
Were dropping in, as usual, for lunch.

II. THE CRAFTY TEDYSSES OBTAINETH ADMITTANCE TO THE OLD HOMESTEAD

There came a bump on the White House steps
And a knock at the White House door.
Achilles blank and Hitchcock frank,
They gasped like trout in a brackish tank.
"Who's there?" they cried, full sore.
Then Achilles opened a weeny crack
And peeked with a look surprised,
For out in the storm stood a Glavis form —
Which same was Our Ted disguised.

"O poisonous snake of Insurgent make!"
Godlike Achilles hissed;
"Why come you here with suspectful leer
And a fatuous Conservation sneer
And a tainted Alaska list?"
"I have evidence plain," quoth the Glavis swain,
"Which will rattle your slats some more;
For it tells of loot." — Here he stuck his boot
In the crack of the White House door.

"Oh, Evidence plain ye may bring in vain —
Avaunt, vile viper, avaunt!"
Achilles cried as he rubbed his heels.
"We've muckraking spiels on Land Office deals
Far more than we'll ever want."
But Hitchcock fair cried: "What do we care?
Such clowns but amuse the Bunch —
For this Glavis bloke is a Popular Joke;
Let's haul him along to lunch!"

Then into the empty Cabinet Room
Led they the glaviform Ted.
Then they put bright bells on his toes of pride;
Then gave him a bauble — and next they tied
A fool's cap over his head.
So they laughed "Ha-ha!" and they shrieked "Huzzah!
Sure, the look on his mug is rum!" —
Changed were their tune had they known how soon
The End of the Laugh would come.

III. TEDYSSES SMITETH THE LYRE, YET HOLDETH HIS RAGE

Within the royal dining hall
The Suitor Horde sat lunching all.
Such stacks of fattening food to eat!
Such Taftlike joints of roasted meat!
Such bumpers passed 'twixt college chums!
Such 'possums stuffed with Party Plums'
Upon a dais of solid make
Reclined Penelope devout,
Eating as though her heart would break —
A goddess, though a trifle stout.
Tedysses from his humble place
Gazed on that well-remembered face.
"They say," said he, "Penelope
Mourns my long absence day and night.
And yet, so far as I can see,
Grief has not lessened Appetite."

On either side the royal plate,
As if to share the royal state,
Cannonos and Aldrichas sate.
They seemed to be
In rivalree
To win the fair Penelope,
Josephus, with his black cigar
Tiptilted to the morning star,
Spake thus: "Fair Taft, if in the tie
Of Party Wedlock we should mate,
Oh, think how smoothly you and I
Could run the gol-dinged Ship o' State!" —
Tedysses heard and broke a plate
In silent, concentrated hate —
Aldrichas spake: "Fair Taft, if I
Could share thy throne my whole life long,
The special Interests, weak and shy,
We'd nurse till they were straight and strong!" —
Tedysses, chewing silent glue,
Snarled: "Rubber trustling! — meaning you."

The nectar gurgled round on round
To wild Reaction's tuneful sound,
While Hale, of Democratic Maine,
A jest or two could not refrain

(Continued on Page 42)

"Sheathe the Sharp Sword, O Strong One!"

Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

When Greek Meets Greek—By Robert Barr

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

AT THE edge of the wood that skirted the section of Stranleigh Park surrounding the manor-house, and in the deep shadow of the fringing trees, young Lord Stranleigh lay stretched out, a picture of indolence, on a sward as green as the Emerald Isle and as soft as a Persian carpet. The heat of the summer day had caused him to abandon the knickerbocker suit of faded Harris tweed that all his underlings thought scandalous for a nobleman to wear, and he had put on a scarcely more respectable costume of Oxford boating flannels that had once been white, with a blazer sporting the arms of his college. Around his waist was knotted a scarf, many-hued like Joseph's coat, and his cravat was red as the flag of an anarchist. His fingers were interlaced behind his head, and he gazed up at the blue sky, flecked by little white clouds that promised continued good weather

A person so attired in boating garb should have been reclining in a punt or on the banks of the Thames, but Stranleigh felt compensated for his distance from that celebrated river by a subdued murmur of the waterfall from the forest depths, where the crystal flood of his favorite trout stream took a header over rocks into a deep pool in the green glade.

Stranleigh congratulated himself that he was not in London on such a day, and that no London men were within calling distance. He remembered dreamily that nothing more strenuous was ahead of him than the casting of a fly upon the stream as evening approached, and evening was still a long way off. As he thought of this pleasure, an extra wave of laziness swept over him, and he sleepily estimated that the day was too clear and bright for the successful capture of trout.

The silence was so intense that he distinguished afar off the sound of carriage wheels, and even the clop-clop-clop of a loosened horseshoe on the hard highroad. Then there was a pause, just long enough for the park gate to be opened, and Stranleigh partially roused himself, hoping this was no visitor, consoled by the thought, a minute later, that very few people knew where he was. Presently he saw, slowly ascending the carriage drive, one of the railway station vehicles, and seated within it a man of painfully respectable appearance, wearing a tall silk hat.

Stranleigh murmured an exclamation, for uttering which, according to the public press, a delinquent had been fined one pound a few days before. It was therefore to his financial advantage that there were no listeners He lay down once more, resolved to refuse audience if any of his servants discovered him, and order that the visitor be turned over to the new bailiff who had taken Wilson's place.

He was just dropping into a doze again when one of his men aroused him.

"My lord, Mr. Peter Mackeller wishes to know if you will receive him."

"H-m! Did any one inform Mr. Peter Mackeller I was at home?"

"He seemed to know your lordship was in residence."

"Hang it all, I'm not in residence; I'm in flannels." He sighed deeply. "Bring Mr. Mackeller here."

As Peter approached Stranleigh sat up and looked at him. The visitor's conductor disappeared down the hill, leaving the two young men together.

"Well, you are a sight!" was Stranleigh's greeting.

Mackeller glanced nervously at his costume.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Wrong? Everything. That apparel belongs to Piccadilly at about five o'clock in the afternoon, or, worse still, it pertains to the region of Threadneedle Street. You look like a prosperous banker who has lost his bearings in the country, and also lost his luggage."

"Well," said Mackeller deliberately, looking Stranleigh over, "your clothes are nothing to boast of."

"Maybe not, but they hang loose on me, and they fit in with the landscape. You are a blot on one of Nature's fairest scenes. I hope you brought knickerbockers"

"I didn't bring a bag. I'm returning by the 4:20 train."

"I'll lend you an old cap," continued Stranleigh, unheeding. "I never can stand that topper you're wearing. I'm now resisting an almost uncontrollable temptation to bash it down over your eyes."

"I'm going back on the 4:20."

Stranleigh rose to his feet.

"Who's your tailor?" he asked.

"Mr. Alexander Corbitt," Announced the Footman

"You ought to know. You recommended him to me."

"Oh, you mean Dressley & Sons? That's all right. I'll telegraph them to send on a few summer and country outfits by the five-o'clock train from London. They've got your measure, and I'm taking it now. Never did I see such a ludicrous misfit as Peter Mackeller attempting to imitate a Pall Mall swell out here in Nature's green and simple country. To think, Peter, that I am responsible for this! I recommended the tailor! Great heavens, do you remember the time on the yacht when I had such trouble inducing you to wear evening clothes, and to think it should come to this! Oh, what a fall is here, my countrymen! Well, never mind, I'll soon have you rigged out sanely. You're merely dreaming about the 4:20 train You look haggard and careworn, Peter, despite the fact that Solomon in all his glory never wore a topper like that; so you'll stop with me a few days and recuperate"

"Thank you, Stranleigh, but it's impossible I'm here on business"

"Oh, I can see that, all right enough. To transact business with me just now would be difficult in any case, but it is utterly impossible when you are costumed like a banker. You'd take advantage of me."

"It's rather odd," said Mackeller musingly, "that you should reiterate the word 'banker'

"I use it," said Stranleigh, "as a term of reproach Don't sadden me by saying you have become one."

"Yes; I have."

"Oh, this is too much! A double blow, as one might say, when your clothes alone were more than I could bear I hoped you were merely acting the part. I'd like to ask you to sit here on the grass with me, but that would stain green your too, too beautiful coat and trousers. Let's saunter down to the house, where I may send off that telegram. I do not know the resources of my own wardrobe, but perhaps I may fit you out with suitable togs. I am slightly taller than you are, but that is equalized by your being slightly stouter than I am. Let us therefore make the wardrobe our happy hunting ground, fortified by the knowledge that nothing we can find there will be so grotesque as what you are now wearing."

"I think I told you, Stranleigh, that I intend to catch the 4:20. I must be in London this evening."

"London, my dear Peter, will be happier and more contented without you, while you will be purer and better for a night spent in the healthful, innocent country."

Mackeller made a gesture of impatience. He was always a serious man, who would endure a certain amount of flippancy, but speedily knew when he had had enough He said very slowly, measuring off his words as if explaining a simple problem to a child: "My dear Earl of Stranleigh, the tyranny of business demands that I should be in my office at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

"Oh, you're just saying that to seem important! It's all brag. If you weren't Scotch I should go so far as to say it was bounce. One difference between us is that I know what I'm talking about and you don't. This visit of yours, it becomes more and more apparent to me, is not one of friendship, as might have been the case."

"If I were not a friend of yours, Lord Stranleigh, I shouldn't be here."

"Evasion, evasion, Peter. What I mean is that you call on business. Is it not so?"

"Certainly it is so."

"Very well. You do not wish to return to London without accomplishing that quest on which you come?"

"That also is true."

"This happens to be one of the days when I do not transact business. The sky is too blue, the birds are singing too sweetly, the murmur of the water is too cooling and soothing, for any sane man to plunge into business Business tomorrow, Mackeller, but never business today"

By this time they had arrived at the house, and Stranleigh saw, standing in the shade, that dejected animal whose shoe was loose, still attached to the one-horse vehicle it had dragged from the station

Mackeller, a sullen frown on his brow, said curtly:

"Good morning. I'm sorry to have troubled you on a day that is sacred to indolence"

With that he walked to the victoria, stepped inside, sat down and folded his arms with grim determination across his breast. The edge of the situation, however, was somewhat dulled by the fact that the patient horse never lifted its head, and the driver, doubtless asleep somewhere, failed to appear. Stranleigh sauntered up alongside, a smile on his face

"Peter," he said, "you make me feel inhospitable, somehow, although reason whispers to me that such a charge is absurd, because if I have failed at all it has been in pressing my hospitality too urgently upon you. I confess defeat, and withdraw at once my too importunate invitation. You shall return to London on the 4:20 and meanwhile get down, not from your perch, but from this vehicle. We will adjourn to the shady pergola, and there, seated on a garden chair, you can discourse on business to your heart's content, so long as you don't object to my slumbering while you are doing so. Stranleigh Park is supposed to be a relaxing place; a climatic feature for which an iron man like you makes no allowance. You mustn't expect the alertness of Threadneedle Street when you are within sound of a waterfall."

"My lord," said Mackeller formally, "I have had enough of genial persiflage."

"My dear Peter, if you compel a man, against his will, to gulp down the bitter powder of business, may he not be allowed a tablespoonful of persiflage to take away the taste? I have acknowledged defeat, so, as you are strong, be merciful. Come along to the pergola, and there divulge your nefarious plans. I will help you if I can."

"You promise that?"

"I do if your needs can be satisfied with money. I do not if you require personal exertion from me while this lovely weather lasts. I refuse to go to London on any account. I decline to do anything more strenuous than sign a check. Come along!"

Stranleigh waved his difficult guest into a very comfortable wicker chair, and flung himself down on a similar

seat opposite. A gentle breeze blew through the pergola, and the matted foliage of vines overhead kept out the rays of the midday sun. The waterfall's murmur came very faintly on the wings of an indolent wind.

Mackeller began in a tone that was almost combative.

"I must apologize for intruding upon your Garden of Eden."

"In the guise of a business serpent," interrupted Stranleigh. "That's a rather fine piece of imagery, and I claim half the credit of it. Apology accepted. Fire ahead, Mackeller."

"My excuse is this: I understand from you that some experiments in philanthropy had not come off to your satisfaction."

"They failed utterly."

"So I thought perhaps you might be induced to extend your philanthropy to an acquaintance ——"

"A friend, Peter, a friend. Don't be pessimistic."

"A friend, if you are good enough to put it in that light. I think I can guarantee that you will not be disappointed. You said a while ago I looked like a banker; said it twice, in fact; so you may not be surprised to hear that I have lately promoted a financial company which is called the Surrey and Southern Counties Bank, Limited."

"Isn't that title rather tautological, Peter? Surely Surrey is itself a southern county."

"Surrey does not touch the sea at any point. I call the counties southern that border the Channel, such as Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and so on."

"All right, my dear banker; you always could upset me on points of geography. I suppose that's because you've traveled so much. Now, one more nasty objection. Aren't there banks enough in England?"

"There are banks enough, of a kind. They are hidebound institutions, steeped in tradition and bound by red tape. For example, when formerly I was in a difficulty from which you kindly extricated me, I offered Selwyn's Bank ample security to cover the amount I wished to borrow. They refused to advance me a penny. The Surrey and Southern Counties Bank will deal more generously with its patrons."

"As how, for instance?"

"The case of which I speak is an example. If a man of my standing approached the Surrey Bank, offering as security valuable landed property, he could negotiate a loan with me. I have never forgiven Selwyn's Bank for that rebuff."

"But I understood that your landed property was already mortgaged up to the hilt? You were offering Selwyn's Bank a secondary security."

"My estate was mortgaged, certainly, but it was worth three times the amount of that mortgage. Alexander Corbitt refused a loan simply through his personal dislike of me, but I'll make him sit up before I'm done with him."

"Peter, you are surely not building a bank on the unstable foundation of revenge?"

"Certainly not. Revenge comes by the way. There is in my possession a list of Selwyn's clients. That bank is supported by country gentlemen, and they will be customers of mine before the year is out."

Whether Mackeller would succeed in making Alexander Corbitt sit up or not, he certainly caused Stranleigh to discard his languid air and assume as perpendicular a seated attitude as the wicker armchair would allow.

"Do you call that fair competition, Mackeller?"

"Why not?"

"You intend to build the fortunes of your financial house on the ruins of Selwyn's Bank?"

"Not necessarily on its ruins. Indeed, if Corbitt wakes up in time, my competition may be to the advantage of Selwyn's Bank; but he is such a conceited ass that he may not come to a realization of the crisis until it is too late. His methods are antiquated. Nowadays a man must search for business to find it. The time has passed when the manager of a bank could sit in his room and wait for the good things of life to fall into his lap."

A shade of perplexity troubled the face of the younger man. He bent his head and remained silent for a few moments, deep in thought. It was evident that with all his researches through the inner workings of Selwyn's Bank, Mackeller had no suspicion that it was really owned by Lord Stranleigh himself, who had heedlessly promised to aid an enterprise which now proved to be a raid upon his own property. Had any suggestion of this outcome occurred to him, he would have stopped Mackeller before he got so far in the unraveling of his plot. The young nobleman found himself in a quandary. Should he tell Mackeller at this stage who was the real owner of Selwyn's Bank? Mackeller evidently entertained a bitter enmity against Corbitt, and even if Stranleigh divulged the secret his guest would very likely stipulate that Corbitt should be discharged, a condition to which Stranleigh could not agree. He resolved, therefore, to keep his own counsel.

He Staggered Back as if He Had Received the Blow Which Stranleigh Professed to Fear

Next, would he be justified in warning Corbitt of the conspiracy against the institution over which he presided? Doubtless such a course would come completely within the circle of modern business ethics, and, indeed, the average man in the street would consider him a fool for not using the weapon thus placed in his hand. But could a gentleman use to his own advantage information that had come to him in confidence? Stranleigh instantly decided that he could not. Corbitt must look out for himself.

No thought of withdrawing his promise occurred to the young man. His word was pledged. At last he looked up at his guest, who had been watching him narrowly, rather scowling as he did so.

"Mackeller, I must confess I don't like this scheme. Will you reconsider your plan and inaugurate your bank in the ordinary way?"

"You make that proposal out of sympathy with Selwyn?"

"Yes; I acknowledge a great liking and respect for Sir George Selwyn, even if he is old-fashioned, and Alexander Corbitt seems to me an upright, energetic man whom I should be sorry to see come a cropper."

"Then let him look out for himself," replied Mackeller with determination. "Now may I ask you a question or two? Do I exceed my rights in founding a bank?"

"Certainly not."

"Is it not a fact that every man with money possesses a bank account?"

"I suppose that is true."

"Consequently, must not all the customers I procure for my bank be drawn from some similar institution?"

"Doubtless that also is a fact."

"Then, as my bank must be recruited from the dissatisfied depositors of other banks, why should Selwyn's alone be exempted?"

"Why, indeed? That question seems unanswerable. Am I to take it, then, that the advent of Mr. Peter Mackeller into the banking business is going to sow consternation among all existing organizations similar to his own?"

'Ah, now you're sneering. I shall, of course, take my customers wherever I can find them."

"Naturally. But you don't quite catch my objection. Why should you make a dead set at Selwyn's? Why not tackle some one of your own size—the Bank of England, for choice?"

"We've got into the persiflage stage again, I'm sorry to notice. Excuse me if I bring the conversation down to a common-sense level. I have now explained to you my plans for establishing a new bank."

"Yes; and I don't like them."

"You will soon recognize their success."

"Probably; but I should not respect them any more on that account."

"Are you hedging, Stranleigh?"

"No."

"You'll do what you promised?"

"Your question is superfluous, Peter. I shall not add what I think of it."

"Will you lend me fifty thousand pounds on my note?"

"Yes."

"Will you deposit a hundred thousand pounds in my new bank?"

"Yes, if you insist on it."

"I thank you, Stranleigh, most sincerely. You will find it one of the best deals you have ever made."

"It is not a business deal, Peter; it is philanthropy. I told you I was making experiments in that line. Every capitalist in England would reject your proposal. However, I have a good reason for my action."

"What is that?"

"It is because 'Peter' and 'philanthropy' begin with the same initial. So does 'persiflage,' now I come to think of it. Ah, there is the luncheon bell. Come into the house, and I will sign the two checks; when those are in your pocket I hope you will enjoy a substantial meal, if you care for farmhouse fare. There is no Camperdown Club cuisine when you penetrate this far into the country."

Summer faded into autumn, and autumn chilled into winter, and the interval between July and January brought to Lord Stranleigh many new experiences and added considerably to his list of friends. There was no doubt about it that the young man possessed the gift of ingratiating himself even with casual acquaintances. When, during the hot afternoon of that July day, Peter Mackeller departed for London on the 4:20 train, he left behind him a host rather perturbed and dissatisfied in mind. Attempting to resume his *dolce far niente* attitude toward things in general, that host found his peace irretrievably shattered, for the time at least. His thoughts turned toward banking, a subject of which he knew practically nothing.

He had been a philanthropist to the considerable sum of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds, yet he experienced none of that feeling of genial superiority that should be the reward of the generously disposed.

Despite the two munificent checks he carried in his pocket, Mackeller went away as grumpy as he had arrived, showing no exaltation over success, and not even any gratitude toward the beneficence that had saved his mission from failure. Stranleigh himself grew more and more disturbed over the fact that he had placed financial dynamite in the hands of a ruthless man; dynamite that could be used for the destruction of his friends. He cut short his vacation and went up to London, determined to consult Sir George Selwyn, not upon recent events but upon banking in general.

He found the old man in his summer home on the Kentish coast, enjoying the fresh breezes from the Channel, sitting in a comfortable easy-chair on his broad veranda, where he watched, through a pair of powerful binoculars, the great steamers making their way to and from America.

It was, perhaps, the sight of this shipping that suggested a journey to his lordship, and confirmed his decision to say nothing of the crisis to Sir George, who had aged pathetically since last he saw him. He thought it would be cruel to disturb the old gentleman, who, after all, was rather helpless, but he bitterly censured himself for having given way so easily to the strenuous Mackeller.

The upshot of his visit was that he brought away with him several letters of introduction from Sir George, commending Edmund Trevelyan to the courtesies of bankers in Montreal, Toronto and New York. Trevelyan had been the *nom de guerre* that Stranleigh used during his former visit to America. On this occasion he sailed on one of the Canadian turbine steamers direct to Montreal, where he met a surprise that caused him to wonder if he were still within the boundaries of the British Empire.

The Government official whom he encountered on landing was up to snuff. He was the man who had discovered that on several occasions immigrants assisted by their friends traveled first class, instead of second or third, in order to escape the new restrictions that the Canadian Government had placed upon the pauper incomer. He was therefore not to be deceived by a spruce and rather flippant young man who had enjoyed cabin fare during the voyage.

"Do you possess twenty-five dollars?" asked the official sternly of the richest man in England, who gave the name of Edmund Trevelyan.

"I've got two dollars," answered Stranleigh, "or perhaps sixpence less since my last bottle of Bass."

"Are you a farm laborer?" was the next question.

"I have occasionally worked upon a farm, but I never made any money at it."

"Did you earn the money that paid your passage?"

"Well, now that you corner me, I can't say that I did."

"Were you assisted by friends, or did you come over through the help of any charity?"

"Through the charity of old George Selwyn I received some assistance."

"Then you must go back."

"I intend to."

"If you have a return ticket why didn't you say so?"

"Because I didn't take a return ticket. I sail for England in a month or two via New York."

"Merely came this way to view the scenery?" suggested the officer

Exactly. Still, I hope to get some assistance when I land. I carry letters to people over here."

"You won't land," said the guardian of his country, with decision. "The Dominion expects every man to pay his own way, and we consider it servile for any one to accept outdoor relief. You flash up twenty-five dollars or else stay aboard this ship."

"I agree with you," said Stranleigh, "that that's a very good spirit to work on."

He dug down into his pockets and fished up some Canadian silver, which he counted

"I find I have only a dollar and eighty cents. That last bottle of beer has wrecked me. What do you suggest?"

"I don't suggest; I order. It's you for the raging main once more. I've caught several of your tribe already."

"Ah! I understand now why Lord Kitchener avoided Canada and came home through the United States. Horatio Herbert Kitchener is a wise man, and there are not more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

The young man glanced to the rear.

"Ponderby," he said quietly.

The deferential valet stepped forward.

"How much money have you?"

Ponderby had been trained to substitute "sir" for "my lord"

"I have about a thousand dollars in currency, sir, and the letter of credit for ten thousand."

"Bring hither the wherewithal and crush this official. Perhaps we can both crawl into Canada under cover of our ill-gotten gains"

During his stay in the Dominion and the Republic Edmund Trevelyan learned much about banking, and managed to enjoy an exceedingly good time as well.

When Stranleigh returned to his town house in London he found a plethora of communications awaiting his attention, or, rather, the attention of Blake, his secretary Blake reported to him that, as the philosopher said, most of these letters and telegrams had answered themselves, being hopelessly out of date, but among the few that were submitted to his lordship was one that he answered immediately. It was a request, now a week old, from Alexander Corbitt, asking for an interview as soon as possible after Stranleigh reached London. In response to the appointment Corbitt, with that politeness which is the attribute of kings and bankers, appeared exactly at the moment set.

"I'm very glad to see you home again," he began. "Indeed, a fortnight ago I'd almost determined to sail for New York, but, the situation being rather ominous, I was compelled to remain in London."

"My dear Alexander, it was to escape such strenuous personalities as yours that I fled to America. I found the seclusion of Stranleigh Park was not enough to protect me from business worry, so I fled to the innocent peace and quiet of Chicago and New York, so restful to jaded nerves. You've been in a crisis, Corbitt?"

"Between the devil and the deep sea, with no Stranleigh to advise me."

The younger man laughed.

"Your implied compliment is refreshing. I have always found my advice to be at a discount—at a bank discount, I might say—with financiers like yourself. My advice was to be shaken but not taken. As for your situation between the devil and the deep sea, that's easy. Avoid the deep sea, unless you're a good swimmer; but resist the devil and he will flee from you."

Corbitt smiled grimly.

"That's exactly what I resolved to do," he said.

"Then you're not out of the dilemma yet?"

"No; the devil still 'as a roaring lion walketh about seeking whom he may devour,' which seems to be Selwyn's Bank."

"Ah, the bank's in a bad way, is it?"

"No; it was never better off."

"Then what is there to growl about?"

"I'm not growling."

"Oh, excuse me; I thought you were I see you've set out to bewilder me. I shall become puffed up by thinking you regretted my absence."

"No; I thank whatever gods there be that you were out of the country."

"This is brutal, Corbitt!"

"Your absence gave me a chance for once to have my own way, because I speedily overcame Sir George Selwyn's opposition. I feared an unexpected return on your part, for I thought it likely you would support him."

"Your surmise was quite correct."

"Then it was a blessing you were out of the way. You see, for years now Selwyn's Bank has been in an unsatisfactory position, steadily growing worse. It became an old-fogy institution, falling more and more to the rear."

"Curiously enough, Corbitt, I heard that same criticism made of our bank shortly before I left England."

"Whoever made it knew what he was talking about. Selwyn's was the bank of the country gentlemen, presided over by Sir George, a country gentleman, for the benefit of country gentlemen. We lent money on landed property, which, as you know, cannot be turned quickly into cash if there is an urgent need for money. For years I have protested against this, wishing to do business with the city rather than with the country, but Sir George, being conservative, and distrusting the stock exchange, would never give his consent to our catering for commercial business. He was always suspicious of stocks, though sound securities that have a quotable value are much the best to deal with. I predicted disaster, and disaster came."

"Disaster? In what way?"

"Why, we drifted into the hands of a soulless capitalist, namely, Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood."

"Ah, I see. I had forgotten."

"About the time you left for America there was floated a bank under the title of the 'Surrey and Southern Counties,' founded by a brainless fool named Mackeller, who knows as much about banking as does my foot."

"You underestimate yourself, Corbitt. Your capable foot must be rather efficient."

"It will be, when it wafts Peter Mackeller into oblivion."

"What has he done to you?"

"He has lured away most of our customers."

"Really? What did you do?"

"I made no effort to check his raid, but as speedily as possible replaced the dunderheads he took away by shrewd, alert business men who have long wished to deal with Selwyn's Bank because of its good name and respectability; and now, by the gods, we're making money."

"Ah, through the usual method of taking big risks?"

"Not so. I'm taking less risk today than ever I did. I know the intrinsic value of the chief securities in the market, so, by lending conservatively, and keeping an eye on the stock exchange, I can realize at once in case of a decline if sufficient margin is not instantly placed in my possession to protect the loan. I had difficulty in getting Sir George to agree; indeed, he was determined to cable for you, and I was equally determined he should not."

"How did you prevent him?"

"I sent in my resignation, fortified by the fact that he didn't know exactly where you were, and he could not remember under what *nom de guerre* you were traveling."

"Clever Corbitt," said Stranleigh, "and poor Sir George Now I suppose you want me to go back again?"

"No. I've been using my head so far, and now, as you suggested, the time for the foot has come."

"Not against me, I hope?"

"Against Mr. Peter Mackeller. I made it my business to learn everything that could be learned regarding his bank. I was amazed to discover that his chief helper had been your lordship; that you had actually placed on deposit with him the sum of a hundred thousand pounds. It is a question I don't care to ask, but I should like to know if your lordship was aware that that money would be used for the destruction of Selwyn's Bank."

"Being so recently from the States, I'll answer your question by asking another: Do you take me to be a fool?"

"Well," hesitated Corbitt as he thoughtfully scratched his smoothshaven, masterful chin, "I don't suppose you're so big a fool as that transaction would indicate."

"I see. I'm merely a sort of mitigated idiot. Thanks, Corbitt. Still, I don't like fulsome eulogy."

"How much interest is Mackeller to pay you?"

"I do not know. Mackeller's an old friend of mine and I made no bargain with him."

"He says he will pay three per cent."

"Isn't that all right?"

"It is if you think so. But he decoyed away our customers by offering them six and a half per cent: a quite impossible figure. Say the bank rate stands at what it does today, namely, four per cent. He lends out money at five per cent. How, then, can he pay his depositors six and a half? His bank is on an unpractical basis and must come a cropper."

"What do you wish me to do, Corbitt?"

"I want you to give me power of attorney to deal with that hundred thousand"

"Then at the psychological moment you will withdraw that deposit and thus smash Mackeller's bank?"

"Precisely"

There was silence for a few minutes. Stranleigh paced up and down the room, deep in thought, while Corbitt scrutinized him keenly. At last Stranleigh stopped in his perambulation.

"Very well," he said. "Have a power of attorney made out and I'll sign it"

"It is already made out," replied Corbitt, pulling the document from his inside pocket. "If your secretary is within call, or, indeed, any one else, your signature can be witnessed, and we will complete the transaction."

This was done, and Corbitt departed with the document in his possession.

Two days later, at ten o'clock in the morning, just as Stranleigh was finishing his breakfast, Peter Mackeller was announced and shown in. His host greeted him cordially, rather shocked to notice how careworn his old friend had become since last he saw him.

"Sit down, Peter, sit down, and try some of these peaches."

"I don't care for any, thank you. I came strictly on business."

"Never allow business to thrust aside the good things of life. Peaches are a luxury in January, and good to eat at any time in the year."

"Lord Stranleigh, you gave to Alexander Corbitt power of attorney over the money you deposited in my bank."

"Oh, that's no news. The transaction you mention happened two days ago."

"Perhaps it is news, my lord, that he gave me notice yesterday of his intention to transfer the hundred thousand to Selwyn's Bank"

(Continued on Page 57)

"Well, You Are a Sight!" Was Stranleigh's Greeting

RETAIL RECONSTRUCTION

What Manufacturers are Doing for Merchants

DECORATION BY GAYLE P. HOSKINS

By

James H. Collins

When the aforementioned company began advertising modern bathroom fixtures to the general public, demonstrating that the latest conveniences could be had at moderate cost, there was immediate interest on the part of the consumer. Hundreds of inquiries came in. Master plumbers were apparently indifferent to this new demand. They could not be persuaded to go after the small installations in a whole-hearted way, and did not catch the significance of what was being done. The company soon saw that the trade gap between manufacturer and consumer would have to be bridged.

So prizes were offered master plumbers for the best model bathroom installed in their shops. These prizes were substantial sums in cash, divided so that plumbers of every sort all over the country could compete. The contest appealed to the plumber's pride in his technical skill. Model bathrooms began to appear in plumbing shops everywhere, and as soon as a master plumber sent in a photograph of his prize installation he was entered upon a list. Every householder who wrote from his town asking for further information about a new bathroom was told to go to that plumber's shop and see the newest fixtures arranged in a model bathroom. At the same time the plumber was notified and given the inquirer's name and address to work on from his end. By the time this contest ended, and the prizes were awarded, half the master plumbers in the United States had learned the value of having fixtures permanently on exhibition in their shops, and the model installations were made permanent and extended, and in many cases shops were moved to new quarters where fixtures could be shown in windows.

Investigation also showed that the master plumber, out on jobs most of the time, usually kept his accounts in a hurried, primitive way. Much of his profit leaked away through this slack bookkeeping. His methods of keeping costs and making estimates were often based on rule-of-thumb, which meant more leakage. So one of the best accountants in the country was commissioned to devise a simple, effective system of accounting for the master plumber, based on his own business, and covering costs and estimates. This system was published in installments at first, but eventually issued in book form, and hundreds of plumbers frankly said that it had taught them how to do business. A monthly periodical also was established by the company, giving excellent technical articles, showing the importance of the small household installation in the growth of the plumbing business, and pointing out methods of securing such jobs.

Nowadays the master plumber is a merchant as well as a craftsman. His storeroom in the basement has been abandoned, and he has an ample showroom in the shopping district instead, with a good window display and model installations to show customers. The variety of fixtures he carries has grown amazingly. Even the thousand-dollar cottage and fifteen-dollar tenement now have enameled bathtubs, the kitchen fixtures in the average home are porcelain, stationary washtubs stand in the laundry, lavatories and showers are scattered through sleeping-floors; in fact, the plumbing has become so important that it practically turns the decision in selling or renting property, and during the past fifteen years our output of plumbers' supplies has more than doubled.

The world of retail trade is today going through a revolution not unlike that taking place in the political world. In each case the causes are much the same. Both merchant and politician are being hurried into a new era as cheap food and cheap votes are left behind. The public has been thinking seriously about both of them the past five years, and they are thinking seriously about themselves and their responsibilities. Higher standards of service are demanded, and new principles and methods are emerging everywhere.

One most interesting tendency is the disposition of the manufacturer to form closer relations with the retailer. As in the political world, makers of commodities are going in for a sort of direct primaries of their own.

Commodities have been handled very impartially until within the past five years. For example, a cotton manufacturer wove dress stuffs in conservative colors and patterns as nearly like other mills as possible, to meet the solid general demand. He sold them in large lots to the wholesaler, paying little attention to the consumer and retail merchant, remaining practically unknown to them in connection with his product, which was often unmarked or perhaps stamped with the wholesaler's name. The wholesaler, in turn, bought strictly according to the lowest prices. One manufacturer was about as good as another within certain limits. This staple cloth was shipped to the retail drygoods merchant, who also bought according to prices and distributed to the consumer, who chose her summer dress materials with no thought whatever as to who had woven it or whether one mill made better fabrics or prettier patterns than another.

The Awakening of the Cotton Goods Men

TODAY the cotton manufacturer, to escape the old price rivalry and its cheapening tendencies, puts better material and labor into his product, seeks designs that are distinctively his own, puts his trademark on every yard of cloth, and advertises nationally to the consumer, showing women that the higher price assures greater value. The price at which his product is sold in retail drygoods stores is often fixed at the mill, and rigidly maintained to prevent cheapening competition. Thus, the manufacturer is making reputation as well as fabric. Formerly, when a cotton mill changed hands it brought chiefly its value as a plant; but today there are mills that would bring as much more for trademarks and good-will, and each year of operation under the new scheme increases the value of the latter item.

Such trademarked fabrics still pass through the wholesale merchant's hands, because he can distribute them to the best advantage and takes all the credit risks in dealing with retailers. But the manufacturer gets into close touch with the retailer and seeks to increase the latter's sales in many ways, because his and the retailer's prosperity are bound up together.

Retail merchants in many lines of trade have been a bit slow to see the new drift of things, and it has been necessary to go after them vigorously, as in the case of the plumbers, showing how to link up with the consumer's demand.

A story is told of a stove manufacturer. Hampered in the development of his business by hard conditions due to

ONLY twenty years ago the bathtub was still a luxury in this country, as were also sanitary fixtures generally. The whole art of the present-day plumber was yet in development. Porcelain tubs were just beginning to displace the copper-lined article, cast iron sinks did duty in kitchens, and the potteries were experimenting with the fine vitreous fixtures of various sorts that are now so common.

Had the farmer of 1890 shown a disposition to install even the old-fashioned copper-lined tub in his home, as he is installing porcelain fixtures today, it would have worried Wall Street as much as do his 1910 purchases of automobiles. Wall Street would undoubtedly have scolded about the extravagant bathtub craze, threatened to limit the farmer's credit, and predicted that he would eventually bring disaster on the country.

About this period a large company making sanitary fixtures saw far enough into the future to discern a universal demand for porcelain bathtubs, and began to prepare for it. Manufacturing processes had reached a point where a good porcelain tub could be placed in the average American home at reasonable cost. At the same time, standards of living had advanced, and the public was interested in the conveniences of modern plumbing. Supply and demand were both there, and it only remained to bring them together. But a difficulty lay between them.

How Modern Plumbing Got Its Start

BATHTUBS were sold and installed by plumbers, and the plumber, no matter what his skill as a workman, had only moderate ability as a salesman and merchant. Rising from the ranks of the journeymen, and dealing chiefly with architects and builders, his shop was usually a mere storeroom for tools and supplies, perhaps in a dark basement. The customs of his trade led him to seek large contracts—installations in public buildings, institutions, big hotels and fine mansions. In thousands of comfortable homes all over the land were old-style bathtubs, with pipes hidden away behind sheathing, in most cases easily replaced with porcelain fixtures and open piping if some plumber proposed it and quoted a price on the job. Likewise, thousands of modest homes being built yearly could now afford modern bathroom conveniences. The public, however, had a notion that the cost was much higher than it really was, while master plumbers gave little attention to this class of business because it never came before them in the shape of an invitation to bid. Big contracts, which tied up his capital for long periods, and sometimes broke him if he figured wrong, were sought by the master plumber because of the size of the figures involved. The little two-hundred-dollar job of the ordinary householder looked small in comparison, and the plumber did not yet realize that it was possible to build up a business on hundreds of such jobs, tying up little capital, getting a decent margin on each installation, and playing no politics. As a consequence, he had no showroom where a householder might see a few different styles of tub and fixtures in place; the best the plumber did, usually, was to show him catalogs and help him order from pictures.

price competition, he sought to escape by marketing an improved cooking range under his own trademark. The first three ranges of this type completed were sent to a hardware dealer in a near-by town to see whether the public would take to them. Several weeks went by, and one morning the hardware man reported that he had been able to sell but one of those new ranges, try as he would.

When the stove manufacturer heard this he went to the hardware store. There stood his two stoves, back near the alley door. A woman came in and said she wanted to look at cook-stoves. A clerk led her to the rear of the store and then asked languidly:

"Do you know about what style cook-stove you want, ma'am, or how much you expect to pay?"

Before the customer could reply the stove man, who had been watching matters, elbowed the clerk aside, guided the woman up to one of his ranges, jumped on top of it and danced up and down.

"Madam," he declared, "you never saw a range like this. When you and I are dead this range will still be working for somebody."

Point by point he went over it, showing how the arrangement of drafts and oven gave superior baking facilities, and pointing out the many conveniences that made cooking easier. He assured her that with this range in her kitchen she could bake for her husband that very day the finest batch of hot biscuits she had ever set before him.

"Why, you don't mean to tell me you could put this stove in my kitchen that quick?" exclaimed the woman.

"We will put it there this afternoon," said the stove manufacturer, "and it will be a pleasure to do it." And he did.

That manufacturer has made a fortune out of his ranges since then, and they are synonymous with high quality all over the country. He is a first-rate salesman and business man. If he were sent out to sell bonds, Western apples, steel rails or automobiles, his yearly commissions would undoubtedly exceed the gross sales of the average retail merchant. So his problem in marketing that range has been to give the retail merchant with ten thousand dollars turnover, and his fifteen-dollar clerks, as much of his own ability as possible.

This is the problem of thousands of other manufacturers nowadays, and is being solved in ingenious ways.

A manufacturer, for example, saw that grocery clerks were being kept busy dull afternoons wrapping sugar, crackers, coffee and dried apples in brown paper parcels, ready to hand out during Saturday's rush. That cost the grocer something in wages, and there were leakages that ate into his profits, for clerks put in a little overweight for good measure, and many kinds of bulk goods dry out or shrink, so that it is not possible to get fifty one-pound packages out of a fifty-pound box. The manufacturer realized that the factory was the logical place to do the wrapping, and today it is done there, and everything comes in neat, cleanly containers.

The manufacturer, too, has done much to show the merchant that his customers are not all bargain-hunters, and that service and quality will win against cut-prices ninety-nine times in the hundred. The retailer, engrossed in fighting the other fellow down the street and the department store downtown, is likely to depend wholly upon low prices; but the manufacturer, who is escaping from the same conditions himself by improving the quality of his products, knows that the retailer can escape by the same means, and is able to encourage and guide him. It is possible to go further and prove it to him.

A large manufacturer asked one thousand merchants selling his goods what prices they got for a popular brand. Some were getting twenty per cent more than the wholesale price, others twenty-five, others thirty, and a few thirty-five per cent. Each merchant's orders for several years were then looked up on the manufacturer's books. Some remarkable figures developed. It was found that the dealers who sold at twenty per cent margin, which yielded practically no profit after cost of doing business was deducted, sold about the same quantity of goods from year to year. These stores bid desperately for the bargain-hunter's patronage, and their turnover did not increase. Those who made a little profit by selling at twenty-five per cent, however, enjoyed a thirty per cent increase in annual sales. Those who got still more profit on a thirty per cent margin showed an average of sixty-five per cent annual increase in volume of sales, while the dealers who got the best prices of all were more than doubling their turnover of these goods every twelve months their customers were the best people in the community, with the largest and steadiest consuming capacity. With these figures and his salesmen that manufacturer has raised the whole tone of his trade. Retailers no longer sell his goods at a loss to attract the bargain-hunter, because they have found that there is nothing very desirable in the latter's patronage anyway. They have also learned to watch the volume of sales, working for an increase, which is the point at which the best profits lie. The manufacturer nowadays often steps into the retailer's place of business and sells goods for him without cost.

In some cases women "demonstrators" are employed, who are paid by the manufacturer to introduce his goods in the merchant's community. They work right in his store with his clerks, serving whatever is asked for, but explaining the manufacturer's product.

Another method is through advertising, the manufacturer carrying on all correspondence, but turning people over to the nearest merchant when they are ready to buy.

Again, the manufacturer sends salesmen through the retailer's territory, taking orders for him to fill. Not long

(Concluded on Page 62)

THE PILOT-FISH

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

XVI

CHRISTIAN HELDSTROM returned from the interview with his newfound son shaken to the core of his strong but simple being.

On boarding the Shark he went at once to his room, where he seated himself and remained for some minutes staring absently straight in front of him. The lines of his face were haggard; under its tan the weatherbeaten skin looked drawn and faded as old leather, and there was a droop to mouth and eyes that told not only of fatigue but a sense of defeat.

He was still sitting in the same position when there came a little tap on the door. Heldstrom pulled himself together.

"Coom in, Hermione," he said.

Hermione entered and closed the door behind her. For a moment she stood by Heldstrom's shoulder, regarding him in a half-shy, half-anxious way.

"You have been to see Applebo, Uncle Chris?"

"Yes," answered Heldstrom heavily. "He is my son. He told you?"

Hermione clasped her hands and leaned toward him.

"Yes, this morning. Oh, Uncle Chris, aren't you delighted?"

"Not altogedder. Vat else did he tell you?"

"He told me that his greatest dread was just this: that you might not wish him for a son as he wanted you for a father. That was why he has followed the Shark all summer. He wanted to be near his father, but shrank from revealing himself before he could feel more sure that you would be pleased."

Heldstrom gave her a piercing look.

"And you say it vas for that he has followed us? For that alone?"

The crimson came into Hermione's cheeks, but her eyes never wavered from his.

"Until we met, he and I, on the beach that morning at Shoal Harbor. Since then it has been partly for me."

"Ho!" growled Heldstrom, "because of you? Den vy has he been sending sickening verses to Cécile?"

"He got our names mixed and thought that I was Cécile. Did he tell you that he had been sending verses to Cécile?"

"No. It vas your fadder"

"And Applebo told you this morning that he was your son?" asked Hermione, a little breathlessly.

"I have suspected. Since I saw him in der vater I haf been t'inking a great deal. His face vas always before my eyes; den last night I had a dr-ream of der voman who spoiled my life, und her face was der face of dis yoong man. I vill show you her photograph; I haf not looked at it myself since more dan twenty years."

He rose massively, unlocked his sea-chest and rummaged in the many little drawers and lockers within

There Was a Droop to Mouth and Eyes That Told Not Only of Fatigue but a Sense of Defeat

Presently he handed a small package to Hermione. She unfastened the ribbon that secured the faded yellow paper, and as the portrait came to light Hermione's blue eyes opened wide. The face was that of a very beautiful and unusual-looking woman, but what startled the girl was the extraordinary resemblance to Applebo. There were the same wide forehead, flat cheeks and straight nose, the mouth slightly pushed out, full-lipped but strong, while the expression was that of Applebo when he assumed his impassive, blinking pose.

"Were her eyes the same amber color?" Hermione asked, studying the photograph intently.

"Like der eyes of a cat. Dey called her 'der tigress,' und she vas von too." His tone changed brusquely. "How many times haf you spoken to dis yoong man?" he demanded.

"Only twice—at Shoal Harbor and this morning." Hermione handed back the portrait. "That is unmistakable, isn't it? Oh, Uncle Chris, why are you not happy? Isn't it comforting?"

"Vat did he say to you dis mor-rning?" Heldstrom interrupted curtly.

"First I asked him to stop following us, which he promised to do. Then he told me about his being your son, and I offered to tell you myself, because I thought that it might be easier for you."

"What did he tell you about yourself, Hermione?" Heldstrom's eyes were watching her steadily.

Hermione raised her head proudly.

"He told me that he loved me."

Heldstrom, who was standing, thrust his hands into his side pockets and looked at her keenly

"I t'ought so. And how many times you haf met? Twice! Und he tells you that he loves you. Der scoundrel!"

"You are not very flattering to me."

"No, I am not; und dis fella is. Und you like it!"

"Yes," said Hermione hotly; "I do like it. Harold Applebo is a splendid, big, strong, true-hearted gentleman, and if I can love him after seeing him but twice I don't see why he shouldn't be able to love me."

"It is not der loving," said Heldstrom, slightly softening; "it is telling it out dere in der fog."

"He wouldn't have told it if I hadn't dragged it out of him. As it was, he tried to put me back in my boat."

"*Va!*" Heldstrom wheeled upon her so suddenly that Hermione shrank back startled. "He put you in your boat! Hermione, do you dare to tell me that you haf been aboard dis fella's yawl?"

Hermione, having come expressly to give sympathy, rebelled against this utter lack of it. The hot blood rushed suddenly to her head.

"Yes," said she; "I did go aboard the yawl, and I went below. I was curious to see what it was like. A woman can tell when she is dealing with a gentleman, and Harold Applebo is all of that. No doubt he inherits it from his mother. You ought to be proud to have such a son, and proud to have me love him too. You may have had a bad time of it, Captain Heldstrom, but so has he. As for me, I came here to try to help you, and you have all but insulted me! I am not a little girl any more; I am a woman, and I have a woman's feelings. If you think you can trample over them with your big seaboots you can—can ——"

"Hermione!" Heldstrom's compelling voice silenced the outburst on the part of the girl. "I am sorry if I hurt your feelings, my dear little girl," said he very gently. "Dis circoomstance has given me a bad list to poort. But you are a very yoong girl und dis fella should know better dan to make love to you. Yoost der same, perhaps I haf

not been so fair as I might be. I am sorry I moost t'ink it over by myself. For der present, please do not say anyt'ing to anybody, my dear."

"Of course not, Uncle Chris." Hermione saw that he evidently wished to be alone, so she turned and stole quietly out

In the saloon Hermione found her father, somewhat the worse for the wear and tear of his poker party, but ferociously devouring ham and eggs

"Been thinkin' it over," said he crossly, "and I've come to the conclusion that we've had about enough o' this fool, Applebo Folks are beginning to talk. The boys were joshing me last night about my pilot-fish. I'm goin' to tell him to chuck it."

"You needn't bother," Hermione answered; "I have told him and he has promised."

"Huh!" growled Bell, staring at her over his plate. "When did you do that?"

"An hour or so ago. I ran into him out there in the fog."

Bell frowned, hesitated a minute, as though undecided whether to be relieved at having the duty taken off his hands or resentful at Hermione's forwardness. Not feeling quite up to a row, intellectually, he said nothing, but attacked his eggs with increased savagery.

"Well, then," said he presently, "there ain't any use in making the run to Bermuda. Let's go around to Newport; I'm sick of this hole. I've got to run into town this morning, but I'll be out early and if this muck has blown off we'll start."

Hermione agreed, Cécile was indifferent and all places looked alike to Paula and Huntington Wood. And so it was that midnight found the Shark beating out across Massachusetts Bay against a fresh gale from the southeast. Slow she might be, but it had to blow very hard to keep the old schooner from getting to windward, while her great beam and high sides made her comfortable under any weather condition.

Rather to Bell's surprise, for he had expected opposition, Heldstrom made no demur about going to sea in what looked like the start of a hard storm; in fact the old Norwegian seemed impatient to get under way.

"Yoost a little vind und r-rain," said he. "Double r-reef der mainsail."

Daylight found the schooner snoring along well off the cape. It was blowing hard, very hard, and many big fishermen had passed them flying for the shelter of Provincetown, but so far the only shortening of canvas aboard the Shark was the two reefs in her mainsail.

"It does not look very goot," Heldstrom observed to Bell, who relieved him to take the morning watch. "Der fishermen are all getting in out of it."

"It's blowin' too hard to fish," said Bell, "but it's a fine breeze for a sail. This is just our meat. I'll keep on standin' out on this leg so's to make a reach of it into the Vineyard. It's clear enough."

Heldstrom went below, and Bell, toward the end of his watch, deciding that he was far enough to windward to make a good slant of it into Nantucket Sound, gave the order, "Ready about," and a minute later, when the scant crew had scrambled aft to trim the mainsheet and one hand was standing by to hold the forestaysail aback, Bell turned and made a circular motion with his hand to the quartermaster at the wheel.

"Hard-a-lee!" he bawled in his fat, husky voice.

The schooner was by this time in a very nasty, choppy seaway, the tide setting her strongly against the hard southeaster and the water all about combing and frothing like a tide-rip. The old yacht was plunging heavily, and altogether the conditions for bringing her smartly about were far from favorable. To begin with, every pitch of her bluff bows checked her headway; again, the two reefs in her mainsail gave her a bit of a lee helm, while the watch was not strong enough to trim her mainsheet smartly but merely gathered in the slack of it as she swung up to meet the wind. But, worst of all, the hand who was holding the forestaysail aback let it get away from him just as the sail was about to fill and swing the schooner's head. And so it befell that the schooner missed her stays.

Pitching and bucking and jerking her big, heavy spars, the Shark hung in irons while the gale thundered through her slack sails and the breaking water all about roared and lashed and flung its wind-driven spray high into the volleying canvas

The big mainboom was lashing up and down in a terrifying manner and the slackened sheetropes rattled and banged their big blocks as though to snatch the heavy iron travelers out by the roots.

Bell was furious. "Missed stays!" he roared. "Who's the scrub that let that headsail go?"

Applebo Knelt and Kissed Him

The uproar had brought Heldstrom on deck. There was no particular danger beyond the straining to the gear one may always expect when a big, heavy sailing-vessel gets in irons and thrashes around in a seaway. But this has always to be considered.

"Oop here, you lubbers!" thundered the old Norwegian to the watch below. The hands were tumbling up when from forward there came a most appalling crash and the next instant Bell's horrified eyes saw the bowsprit jerked suddenly upward. The jibboom was springing like a whip; then, snapping its martingale-stays, it followed the bowsprit. A sickening, grinding, splintering roar followed.

Heldstrom's great voice rose above the crash and clamor.

"R-run forvard—all hands!" he roared "Here come der spars!"

Hardly had he spoken when the foremast swayed for an instant drunkenly and then came roaring down, the foresail ballooning under it. Heldstrom's warning had not been needed. What was happening was plain to every man on deck. The vicious plunges of the old yacht had carried away the bobstay, the shackle tearing through the rotten stem from the terrific strain of the jerking spars. The masts, left thus with no forward stay and no lateral strain from the sails to be shared by the shrouds, were doomed to destruction.

Heldstrom blared out afresh.

"Forvard! All hands r-run forvard! Forvard, zir!"

His voice was lost in the uproar. The foremast had fallen at a slight angle which took it across the port rail, a little abaft the beam. Bell, as he watched its descent, had sprung to the starboard side. Olesen, the quartermaster at the wheel, stood fast. He was holding his helm hard up, nautical instinct telling him that if he could only get the wind over the starboard bow the wreckage would be carried clear of the hull

"Leave der v-veel!" bawled Heldstrom, for the mainmast was swaying with every plunge.

Olesen, seeing his efforts of no avail, sprang clear. Even as he did so down came the mainmast, straight aft, its fall at first checked by the forward spread of the shrouds. It demolished everything on the quarterdeck, its upper fragment smashing from the lower across the stern.

A sudden hush followed—that is to say, the hush was a comparative one, for the fallen masts were rolling and grinding back and forth across the decks as the hulk wallowed in the sea. But though the wind was shrieking and the big combers crashing on all sides there was no longer the thundering of slack sails nor the slamming and wrenching of heavy gears. And then, as the schooner began to broach to, a new menace arose.

The foremast had broken itself across the vessel's side and the upper fragment, held by a mass of wreckage and the attached sail, floated on the sea and with each successive roll began to batter at the schooner's side Heldstrom saw that planking and frames could not long withstand such mauling. He rushed aft and secured an axe.

"Catch some turns on that spar!" he thundered.

The foremast, inboard, was quickly secured The hull had swung slowly, the wreckage abeam acting as a drag. Heavy seas began to break over the port bow, while the battering of the floating fragment of the foremast became more appalling every instant.

Heldstrom, axe in hand, climbed out upon the spar. Heavy, crumbling seas threatened to carry him off bodily, and at times, when the schooner rolled into a combing wave, he would quite disappear from sight. In spite of this he continued to work himself out by inches until at the end of the broken spar, and there, watching his chance, he hacked through the tangle of ropes, when the floating wreckage drifted astern. His work was barely done when a brimming sea hurtled up abeam, tore the spar from its lashings and lifting it bodily flung it across the schooner's deck

Bell was the first to reach Heldstrom as he lay crushed beneath the mast. With the aid of Olesen and another man he carried him below, where at the foot of the companionway he found the three girls with Wood, who was trying to reassure them.

"Dismasted!" panted Bell. "Heldstrom's badly hurt. Look after him."

He went on deck and told the carpenter to sound the well. The hulk, held by the wreckage that had drifted astern, was swinging slowly. All hands on deck were driven forward by the wash of the sea, finally taking refuge on the t'gallant forecastle; for, as has been said, the Shark was of old-fashioned design. Her stern, foul of the wreckage, and the high bows offering a purchase to the wind, she finally lay stern to sea, which came in a little on the starboard quarter.

For the moment there seemed no immediate danger, so Bell went below again through the galley hatch. He found Heldstrom unconscious, lying on a transom, his head pillowed on the lap of Hermione who, very pale but quite composed, was wiping away the blood as it trickled from his lips.

Wood was talking in a soothing voice to Cécile. Paula was crouched on the transom, her hand in that of her lover. As Bell was telling them what had happened the carpenter came in.

"She is leaking badly, zir," said he; "und der boats vas all smashed to splinders."

"Man the pumps," said Bell briefly. "There's no danger," he added in a quiet voice; "there's timber enough in her to float us if she fills flush-up."

All had occurred so quickly as to be almost impossible of realization. Ten minutes before, the ancient yacht had been plowing staunchly to windward in the teeth of what had become a hard blow. The tearing out of a cubic foot or so of dryrotted stem had made of her a dismasted, sinking hulk. Even her boats were gone, those not crushed by the falling spars having been torn to splinters by the writhing shrouds.

Of all her people it was hardest, perhaps, for Huntington Wood to appreciate this violent change of condition, the others having lived most of their lives afloat. Cécile, after her first frightened outburst, had got herself in hand and was huddled among the cushions of the transom, white but silent.

"You say she will float?" Wood asked of Bell.

"Yes; but she's goin' to be mighty uncomfortable, once she's awash. She must have spewed out her calking from the wrenchin' of the maststeps, and like as not she's opened up along the garboard-strake. But we don't need to worry. Somebody'll sight us through the day. This place is like the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Cheer up, girls; Heldstrom is goin' to pull around all right, you wait and see. I'll take a peep below. Steward, push your eyes back into your head and get me a lantern."

. . . . . .

But nothing did sight the Shark throughout the day, and nightfall found her very deep. She was drifting sluggishly in a northwesterly direction, but, waterlogged as she was, this drift was very slight.

All hands had slaved unceasingly at the pumps. Bell, the grouty valetudinarian, was the pillar of strength upon whom all had come to lean. He had got a wipe across the forehead from a wire shroud and this had plentifully bled

him and done him a world of good. Certain ones of the crew had wished to knock together a liferaft, but Bell answered

"This punk is the best raft. She'll float you till this place freezes, and then you can skate ashore. Carpenter, empty all the freshwater tanks. The scuttle-butt will last until we leave her and the tanks will float a lot of weight."

After dark Heldstrom regained consciousness. He was still lying in the saloon and Hermione was crouching at his head. Heldstrom's first words were:

"Are ve filling?"

"Yes," answered Hermione gently, "but there is no danger. Papa says that she will float."

Heldstrom fought for a minute to get his breath.

"She vill or she vill not. Your fadder figured it out, und he is a navy expert, und dey are generally wr-rong. T'eoretically she might float; practically she might not. Your fadder figures on der floating power of vood, not of punk. Tell him to fire some rockets."

Then he lost consciousness again.

A little after midnight the water drove them from below. A shelter was rigged on the t'gallant forecastle and all hands took refuge there. The wreck was lying stern to sea and the combers were breaking across the quarterdeck. The gale had not abated, but the wind was hauling, and now and again there would come a lighting of the sky and a breaking in the scud through which an old moon shone pallidly

"Beginnin' to clear," said Bell cheerfully. "Bet you what you like we will be sighted before first-drink time. Any takers?"

XVII

THE glass was rising and the dawn coming faintly when the Daffodil stole from the shelter of Provincetown and headed out into the turmoil of Massachusetts Bay. The yawl was under her forestaysail, a storm gaff-trysail and a scrap of mizzen. Applebo's plan was to reach out to sea, shaping his course around the cape as the wind hauled, which he felt certain it would, and not try to beat against the gale with its nasty swell.

For such a boat as the Daffodil there was no great danger. She was solid as a wooden shoe, with an uncommonly high freeboard, a generous beam and deep enough to stand up against the sling of the foaming crests. Although but thirty feet on the waterline, she was "all boat," and the equivalent of much larger vessels of a different type. Also, she had been constructed for water of this sort, and had a low cabin-trunk and a small, shallow, self-bailing cockpit. Really, the only thing exposed to damage was the man at the wheel, and his first duty was so to handle her as to keep out of danger.

The scud was rapidly breaking away as the Daffodil slipped down past Race Point Light and headed out for the open. The wind was harder, if anything, but as the yawl encountered the first bad water the sun pushed over the horizon and a long, rich beam of golden yellow flashed out between the sea and the low-flying storm-clouds. It found the little scraps of sail on the Daffodil and bathed them in a creamy light

"An augury!" said Applebo. "I like that. It cheers me up." He called to the Finn to take the wheel while he prepared some macaroons and tea.

Well clear of Cape Cod the yawl got her first taste of what was coming, when Applebo was greatly reassured at her splendid behavior. Luckily the tide had turned and was running with the sea, which had lengthened out and, though of dismaying size, appeared to be kindly disposed. A landsman and many deep-sea sailors would have said that every moment was fraught with great peril for the little Daffodil; but Applebo and the Finn were of that species of human amphibian that lives in the closest and most intimate association with the sea—the offshore, small-boat sailor. He knows the sea as none other. The big-ship mariner knows it only as a seaman, but he who goes down to the deep in the little shallop knows it as does the gull; knows each little flaw of the breeze as it strikes up from the flank of some mammoth surge; the crow-slap of a brimming wave and the upward throw as it mounts to comb.

The day lightened. Suddenly the sun blazed out again to reveal the wind-torn waste as a seething caldron. The spouting billows leaped to flash their jeweled tiaras in the vivid brilliance of the streaming light. Storm-gulls wheeled and wove and screamed their greetings to the day. Petrels darted like swallows. The ocean grew joyous in a wild and lawless abandon, the big waves leaping with drunken frenzy, playing like Titan creatures of the deep, flashing and flinging their silvery scales, while their shoutings arose in a revel of hoarse clamors.

Through this wild carouse drove the Daffodil, and she seemed to enjoy her rough handling by these searunners as some buxom wench might take pleasure in a romp with rough sailormen. The wind roared more westerly and cocked aslant the white bonnets of the staggering seas Spindrift, glittering like gems strewn with a wanton hand, flew clean to the truck of the little yawl, and a rainbow blazed and faded and blazed again under her plunging bows. Brighter grew the sun and harder blew the wind, while back rolled the gray blanket of the storm and showed a patch of sky, blue and purple and amethyst, still fringed about with a ragged veil. The sea was like snow falling on a field of sapphires.

Applebo had taken the wheel again and the Finn crouched at the foot of the mainmast. He had taken the end of a halliard and caught a turn around his body and the spar, for several times the little vessel had been swept by the heavy crest of a comber. Applebo was at times sitting in water waist-deep.

Suddenly the Finn burst into a wild, inspiring chant, and his beautiful throaty tenor reached Applebo and sent the warm blood coursing through his body. He knew the lay. The Finn sang it often at sea when the wind blew. Rising as it did above the deep diapason Applebo found it good and lent his bass to the song, and so, to the accompaniment of wind and sea, these two sang their chant full-throated against the gale. They sang in the Norwegian tongue and the paean, translated, would be thus:

We have quenched our winter fires, and our faces turned away
From the land of dead desires to a new and glorious day.
Now the deep unfolds before us; cloud and sunband score the sea;
In our ears a wind-wave chorus; far astern a darkening lee

Just What Did Papa Say When You Told Him That You Wanted to Marry Me?"

Seaward plunged the Daffodil, exulting as those she bore. Joyous and full-throated sang Applebo and his Finn, while the high west wind drove back the lowering stormclouds as Michael and his angels might have sent fleeing the hosts of Satan Triumphantly sang Applebo, and as he sang a scant ten miles away his father lay dying, while Hermione looked upon his death and wondered how long it would be before she met him, just beyond, and if dear Uncle Chris would still guide her steps in that Life

And the Finn, with his second sight? Perhaps the Finn, warlock that he was, dwelling a little in both worlds, knew that all was as it should be. Perhaps he knew nothing, and all was coincidence. At any rate it happened that a little later Applebo's eye was caught by a flash of color that had no part in the chromatic scheme of sky and sea. He saw a flash of red, then lost it

"What is that?" he bawled, and pointed to leeward

The Finn looked at him, his head turned far to the side. Applebo noted his odd, flashing smile

"It is a vessel dismasted and sinking, master. Her people are clinging to her decks, and the sea is washing over them."

. . . . . .

There are a number of nautical problems more simple than that of transferring passengers from a waterlogged hulk to a little yawl in a heavy sea. But Applebo and the Finn belonged, as has been said, to the gull breed, and they went about their task quite naturally

On sighting the capsized ensign and the wreck beneath it, Applebo dropped down and hove to the yawl as close under the lee of the schooner as he dared. Olesen then drifted astern to the yawl a buoy with a line attached This line was fast to a snatch-block riding a hawser and holding in its sister-hooks a bowline in a bight. When Applebo presently got the signal to haul in there arrived a Swede in a life-preserver slung in the bowline. The sailor had been sent first to test the apparatus and from him Applebo quickly learned the details of the disaster.

"You say that Captain Heldstrom is badly hurt?" asked Applebo.

"He is dying, zir," answered the man.

Paula arrived next, and then Cécile, both badly spent from strain and exposure, Cécile semi-conscious from her ducking en route; so that after she had been got clear of her lashings two of the men had to carry her below Hermione came next, her blue eyes blazing like sapphires from her colorless face and her high spirit undaunted

"They tied me in this thing by force!" she cried to Applebo. "I wanted to stay with Uncle Chris. He is conscious now and refuses to be moved."

When only Bell, Olesen and Heldstrom were left aboard the hulk Applebo slipped into the bowline and signaled to Olesen to haul in. The hawser led over the catheads, which were awash as the sea welled up under them. Applebo swung himself aboard

Heldstrom was lying on a door rigged up so that it was clear of the wash across the deck. As Applebo looked over him he opened his eyes They were bright and intent as ever, but it needed only a glance at the waxy face to see that the end was near

"My son!" he said, and closed his eyes again

Bell, who thought that his mind was wandering, looked at Applebo.

"How are we to move him?" he asked. "Every bone in his body must be broken."

Heldstrom's eyes opened again.

"You moost not move me," he said. "I vill go down wit' der schooner. It does not matter. Efery bone in my body is broken, but I do not care, because my hear-rt vas broken long ago. Now leave me, for der vessel is very deep."

The three men stared at each other, perplexed. To lash a man in Heldstrom's condition into a life-preserver, sling him into the bowline and drag him through the sea to the yawl seemed a useless cruelty. Yet how could they leave him?

"Are you floating or sinking?" asked Applebo.

"We've been like this since daylight. Olesen says she's still settling a little."

For several minutes they stood there irresolute, unable to decide what they should do. As long as Heldstrom

Continued on Page 68

BAD CHECKS

By Richard Washburn Child
ILLUSTRATED BY H. M. BRETT

Jerry Gets an Expensive Bargain

A BULL-NECKED teamster, who had driven down the hill to the factory on the river bank, ducked under the rising elevator gate at the top floor and with a deft sweep of his hook raised a bundle of sheepskins and dropped them under a cutting-bench ten feet away. They fell with a loud slap, followed by the squeak of leather as they settled into place. Just then a man on the wrong side of fifty-five, whose face expressed that which is called "patient resignation and self-restraint," was passing toward the washroom.

"I Feel Just Like Sittin' In a Game of Poker," Says He

The impact of the bundle on the floor made him jump as if he had stepped on molten lead, then he looked reproachfully at the skins, with his eyes blinking like a frightened rabbit's. As he walked on he exclaimed: "My goodness!"

"That feller is just like Jerry Pollock," said Jim Hands, the foreman of the cutting-room, with a reflective smile. "Fellers with them stoop shoulders like Jerry's is apt to be a good deal like him, but Jerry is more so than any of 'em.

"What I mean," he went on, "is that Jerry was one of these good, quiet, gentle fellers who went to a church, though not to Father Ryan's, an' was always wonderin' whether the lightning was goin' to strike his house, an' half expectin' the cutworms was goin' to ruin his squashes, an' fearing every sore throat was goin' to be diphtheria sure, an' had a wife with a kind of square jaw, easy hung, an' bony hands an' a dry skin. You know them fellers—them good old family horses?"

. . . . . .

Jerry Pollock never had but one vacation in his life. I don't mean goin' away from work to a beach an' gettin' so sunburned you can't laugh without crackin' yer ear, an' buyin' picture frames made of sea shells fer yer aunts, an' havin' the kids get stung by mosquitoes till they look just the way cracker crumbs in the bed feels. You'll see what I mean when I tell yer. It was goin' some!

You never knew Jerry the way I did fer more'n ten years. He was right at the next bench to me when I first come to work fer the Old Boss, an' before I thought I'd ever be urged along by my Annie an' get to be foreman of this room here. So I knew him on all sides, at the factory an' also at home, because that's his house you see just back of mine up on Maple Hill across the river. It would make yer laugh to see him come runnin' out of that little barn when his wife called him, or maybe stand up in front of her an' twirl his hat like a boy when she was tellin' him to hurry up an' go downtown fer a roll of ribbon fer her, or a bottle of patent medicine. She was some woman!

Yes, sir, she was! I don't mean he wasn't fond of her. That ain't so. He'd probably have done things fer her even if he had his own choice, though maybe not so quick. An' anyhow there was a lot to respect about her. She looked kinder severe an' the like of that, but I noticed she made jelly to give away when anybody was sick, an' the Clancy family, that was left when their old man was sent away fer breakin' an' enterin' the depot, could tell yer that them lines runnin' up from her nose into her forehead give her heart a bad name that weren't deserved. An' then besides there ain't nothing Mrs. Pollock didn't do well. You know there's women like that—them that have good luck with potted plants, an' popovers, an' hens, an' them embroidery sales an' strawberry festivals that the churches has. But at that her voice sounded like a "no smoking" sign looks, an' she had them gray eyes.

Jerry was the kind of a husband them women have. He was a good worker at the factory here an' would say just what this feller said—"My goodness!"—instead of some full-mouthed word, an' voted the Republican ticket because it seemed to him respectable, but wouldn't discuss politics much an' got awful mad an' ran his fingers around his collar when he did. You know how them Republicans are. He thought a good deal of the heathen in India, an' missionaries, an' never went to them one-night-stand shows that come to a little factory town like this, an' wore black neckties an' square-toed shoes, an' carried a mustache comb in his vest pocket. He didn't ever play cards, an' he said baseball oughter be stopped because the boys bet on it an' lost their money; an' I guess he might have smoked two cigars a year, one on Christmas an' the other the day his wife went down to her sister's funeral or somethin'.

They were thrifty—them two. Once in a while maybe Jerry would buy you a soda water if he met yer lookin' bust an' thirsty in front of the drugstore. But you could see that, as they say, he sorter made an occasion of it. He'd act kinder sly an' put his forefinger up beside the mole on his nose, or maybe rub his hands together an' make a joke an' say: "It's awful hot, Jim, an' a man that's done a good day's work oughter give himself an' his friend a chance to taste the taste of somethin'."

"Sweetened wind?" you'd say. An' then he'd laugh an' rub his hands again, an' go an' study them nickel-plated faucets to see what flavor he'd have, an' then all the time he was drinkin' he'd keep lookin' out over his glass just as if he was afraid of bein' caught by Mrs. Pollock, an' when he'd set the expense down in a little notebook he'd sigh as if it hurt him, an' next day he'd mention the soda to 'yer. You'd never thought that he'd go through what I'm goin' to tell yer—not a feller like that!

It all come about because one hot night along in September Ben Joline, who's bottomin' foreman, was settin' down in one of them chairs on the sidewalk outside the Phenix Hotel. If he hadn't been there without anythin' to do an' lookin' idle an' good-natured, Jerry Pollock would always have been the same old Jerry Pollock. But Ben sat there an' a feller sat there too, leanin' back up against the wall an' lookin' at people who passed, an' chewin' a toothpick the way you do when you're in a strange town.

This second feller, Ben says, was a travelin' man fer a collar concern, an' he certainly was some dresser. He had a fancy band on his straw hat an' a changeable silk necktie, an' a big pin an' a suit of clothes with a big check in it. An' it weren't the check so much as the colors. Maybe you'd call 'em wall-paper colors. They was somethin' you could see at night.

By-an'-by, when a good many stores had closed up an' there weren't many people passin' any more, the stranger rubbed his hand over his black mustache, an' he says: "I feel just like sittin' in a game of poker," says he. It would have been all right if it hadn't been fer the fact that just as he said it a big fat feller come out the screen door of the hotel. He was a jolly-lookin' feller—one of them that kinder seems to love everybody, an' has a big voice an' knows a lot of funny stories. He didn't look like any harm to nobody. An' he heard the remark that was passed an' give one of them fat men's gurgles that sounds like water in a steam radiator. "*Sic semper tyrannis*," he says, "an' also a couple of good *erat demonstrandums*," he says.

"No sooner said than done," he says. "If you two gentlemen would like to play," he says, "I'll wake up a feller I know slightly who's gone to bed in room thirty-two," says he.

The first I knew about it was Saturday afternoon, the next day. Jerry Pollock an' his wife had stopped in when they was goin' by our house an' was settin' on our front steps, an' my Annie had made 'em some lemonade. An' as we was settin' there the old feller that drives the 'bus fer the Phenix Hotel went by an' he leaned over the gate an' says: "If either of you wants a suit of clothes that's pretty swell you can buy one very cheap from a travelin' man down at the hotel. He's tryin' to raise the money to pay his hotel bill," he says.

I knew Jerry an' maybe old lady Pollock would sit up when they heard talk about buyin' somethin' cheap.

"Huh," says Jerry, rubbin' that pointed chin of his; "what kinder suit is it?"

"It's a checked suit, it's almost new," says the feller, "an' about your size," he says, squintin' one eye as if he was fittin' it on to Jerry. "Though it might be a little late around the shoulders," he says.

At that I seen them thrifty looks on Mrs. Pollock's face.

"It might be a bargain," she says. "I think you oughter see it anyway, Jerry," she says. "Could the suit be worn as best—to church?" she says.

"Well," says the 'bus driver, "I could recommend it fer most anything but that," he says. "I don't know just how to tell yer," he says, "except to say that in church it might look as if it had been worn right through from Saturday night," he says, "an' give the wrong impression," he says.

But even after he'd gone you could see that Jerry an' his wife was thinkin' about the suit, an' then Monday at the factory when it got to be noon hour Jerry come over to me an' he says, "Well, Jim, the travelin' man has left town," he says.

"You don't say?" says I. "You bought the suit?"

"Yes," says Jerry. "I hope you won't say nothin' to anybody about it," he says, "fer, of course, it's second hand," says he. "Yes," he says, "it's fine goods," he says. "I felt of it careful," he says, "an' tried it on," he says. "The feller's name was Todd," he says, "an' he showed me a tag on the collar all worked in yellow silk, an' told me the fit was just right, an' he said that I looked like a man with a roll in my pocket big enough to choke a horse, an' that when I walked out with that suit people would ferget that Main Street wasn't Broadway," says he. "An' Martha says I'd better wear it fer every day," says he.

So the next mornin' he come down to the factory with it. He was one of the men that change into their work clothes after they get into the coat room, an' when he come in there was certainly some excitement!

Dave Pierson says to him: "Jerry, in spite of yer gray hairs I'm goin' to tell it to yer straight—you look like a real sport. You look like a promoter," he says.

"It's sure true," says Ed Welch. "You look like a man that sits in a box on the grandstand an' talks over the edge to the bookmakers' runners," he says. "But that black necktie is all wrong," says he; "it's like a dead fly in a dish of ice cream," he says. "You'll certainly have to get a tie to go with the suit," he says.

Jerry was pleased, an' then he kinder scratched his gray hairs an' felt of his black tie an' sighed, an' all day there was somebody tellin' him they'd seen him come in with his new suit an' that he looked just like December twenty-fifth, or like a mine owner, or a man who owned a string of horses, or a New York hotel, an' the like of that. So the next day when he come down he was wearin' a new tie he'd just bought. An' the tie sounded a good deal like the noise you make when you hammer iron pipe.

The suit was certainly gettin' in its work on Jerry. Wearin' that suit as far as he was concerned was like keepin' bad company. An' he liked to have people see it

"Who Licked Him? That's Me!

an' how nice it fitted him, an' Saturday he went out to the ball game, though I guess his Martha didn't know it, an' when the seventh inning come around an' the score was near tied he went with them eager fellers out back of third base, an' even hollered an' abused the pitcher of the Turner's ball team. An' somebody said he lost fifty cents on the game. Maybe he did fer he seemed to have remorse the next day. He was kinder solemn an' thoughtful.

But it didn't last long. A few days later in the evenin' I seen him in his suit in the pool room at the back of the barber's shop. He was sittin' in a chair in front of the ball rack, laughin' an' talkin' an' kinder wrigglin' them stoop shoulders of his, an' his eyes was bright an' shiny an' he looked as if he wished he knew enough about playin' to go into the game fer a quarter a cue.

"I thought you said you was readin' a book called the Rise an' Fall of the Somethin' Empire," I says—"readin' evenings," I says.

"Well, I am," he says, "only in a dull little town like this," he says, "a man can't stay at home all the time an' get narrow an' old-fashioned an' out of the run of things," he says. "You know I don't drink," he says, smoothin' down his trousers an' shakin' his legs to make 'em fall right. "An' so I miss that relaxation," he says, kind of sighin'. "But come over to the drug store, Jim," he says, "an' have a glass of flavored bubbles," he says. An' when we gets over there he kinder swings one leg over the other, careless, an' says to Joe, "Give us a couple of plates of sasparilla water," he says.

I looked at the suit then an' I looked at it again the next day. I kinder made up my mind that any man who wears a uniform feels like a brave soldier. I thought of it when I heard some feller goin' by under the washroom winder trip on a stone or somethin' an' rip out one of them tainted words. I threw the soap into the sink an' looked out an' I seen the suit. I says to myself: "That weren't Jerry talkin', that was them checks."

To tell yer the truth I don't know what would have become of him if it hadn't been fer the grand wind-up that come an' broke the spell.

An' it certainly was a set-piece!

I remember about the last of September the factory closed down one Friday an' Saturday, because there was a shift in the line of goods we were makin' an' they had to get in new lasts an' dies an' the like of that. It's funny how restless you feel when you ain't at work on one of the regular days, an' how you keep startin' inside with the feelin' that you oughter be down at the factory, an' then when you get over that you wonder what you'll do in the afternoon. Sometimes I even wish that I could go down to work the same as ever. It seems as if there'd be a good deal of fun in it. An' I think that maybe there's a whole lot of excitement in what folks call drudgery, after all.

Anyhow, Saturday mornin' I'd fed the horse, an' my Annie had come out to the back door with little Mike pullin' at her apron to tell me breakfast was ready, when I seen Jerry Pollock comin' across that patch he had planted with potatoes; an' I seen him wave his hand to me an' when he come up you could see he was all stirred up over somethin'.

"Jim," he says, "the worm has turned!" he says. "You know the Barrington Fair an' Cattle Show?" he says. "It has a midway," he says, winkin' wicked, "an' horse races an' balloon ascension with triple parachute drop," he says. "An' this is the big day. An' I said to Martha we'd take you an' Mrs. Hands. I said 'Yes' an' she said 'No.' She said 'No' at five o'clock this mornin'."

"It's too bad," I says, "if yer set yer heart on it."

"What's *too bad?*" he says, stickin' out his narrow chest. "I guess you don't understand. *I* said we was goin'! It's all right," he says; "she didn't want to spend the money," he says, smilin' very conceited. "But she's resigned to it now," he says. "An' I'm goin' to borrow that Jordan carryall to hitch my horse into, an' go home an' put on some clothes, an' then by that time you'll be ready," he says. An' he stepped up close, as if somebody was listenin' up in the trees, an' he whispers, "Yesterday I got paid a hundred dollars on that Smith mortgage. I'm goin' to carry the money today, Jim," he says. "It's a kinder comfort to feel 'a roll in yer pocket that would choke a horse,'" he says, usin' the words of the collar drummer. "It gives yer a peculiar assurance," he says, as he went off. "Not that I mean to spend any of it," he says.

So that was the way we started off to the Barrington Fair. I hadn't been fer two or three years, an' my Annie was glad of the drive an' there's always somethin' of the girl in her. I remember she come an' put her hands on my shoulder when I was drinkin' my coffee, an' she says: "The only thing I'm sorry fer is that we didn't think in time so's we could have gone alone—just you an' I."

Anyhow it was a fine day with a cool bite in the air an' sunny. You know how nice a fair ground looks on that kind of a day, with white tents, an' a man selling blue tickets, an' the red cloth they use at cane toss games, an' the sound of barkers, an' a cloud of dust on the racetrack, an' the music of the band that comes louder or fades away accordin' to the shift of the breeze, an' cows hollerin' in them long sheds, an' crazy quilts hung around the door of the exposition building, an' the grandstand filled up with people so's it looks like the top of a basket of mixed berries, some red an' some blue an' some black or yellow. An' you can hear the gong on the judge's stand an' maybe see a feller holdin' a couple of children by the hand an' lookin' up at the picture of a wild man all in bright colors on a canvas, or maybe two women standin' right in the middle of the path between them rows of waffle an' sausage an' lemonade concessions, quarrelin' an' makin' the crowd walk one side or the other.

It was right there that Jerry got his full enjoyment. He rung a cane an' carried it kind of sheepish, just the way I'd feel smokin' a cigareet, but you could tell he felt first-rate in that suit. An' when his wife an' my Annie went over to the big indoor exhibit he pulled out the handkerchief his wife had made him stick around his collar, an' he went up one side of the midway, wantin' to see everythin', an' invited me in to see the Old Plantation show, with fourteen genuine old-time darky dancers an' singers of negro melodies, as it said, but I didn't think the show was half as good as the sample they gave outside to make you want to see more. An' then he stopped to see the Japanese rolling-ball game, an' the girl with bleached hair an' a dirty blue kimono who was runnin' it, picked him right out an' bowed an' hollers in a voice just like a man's: "Here's a man that's a good old scout. He's a sport, he is! He'll take a chance," she says, like that. "It can't make yer or break yer, Mister. You get a present in any case. Yes, sir! You bet I can size people up. It's a dime, Mister—what's a dime to a man of your caliber?"

So Jerry smiled. "Here's a half a dollar!" he says careless. "Give me them balls," he says. But he didn't win anythin' an' he looked kinder disappointed, an' felt of his roll of money to see if it was still there an' got a touch of remorse.

Maybe she seen him; anyhow she says: "Lean over here," says she confidential. "I know this game ain't the real thing. But why don't you two gents walk right around this booth? There's a little harmless diversion goin' on there. You bet I can size up a sport when I see him. There's somethin' about *you*"—she says to him.

At that you could see that Jerry felt more devilish than ever in that suit. "Come on, Jim," he says, "let's investigate. When things is goin' on I want to be in 'em. That's me!" he says, an' off he started. It weren't more than a step or two, an' when I looked around the corner I seen ten or a dozen men around a feller with a little stand. I knew in a minute it weren't nothin' but the same old shell game, only this feller had four of them heavy china cups instead of shells, an' lumps of sugar instead of peas. One of the men who was bettin' won just as we got there, an' Jerry's eyes stuck out to see the four yellow-back bills counted out to him.

"Give Us a Couple of Plates of Sasparilla Water"

"Don't you be a fool," I says to him, easy.

"A fool?" he says kinder mad. "No, I ain't! I wouldn't play this game. It's wrong, but I'm goin' to watch! I bet I could see closer than some," he says, whisperin' an' pushin' his way up close to the table. The feller who was runnin' the game held his hand up in the air to shake his cuffs way up his arm, an' he felt of a diamond pin in his tie an' pulled his black mustache, an' kinder looked at Jerry with one eye as if he was sad an' weary about somethin'.

"Well, this is a bad day fer me," says the feller; "yes, gents, a bad day. I've lost heavy today." An' then he took one lump of sugar an' began to shift it under first one cup an' then another, an' finally he put it under one of the cups on the right, an' he says: "Well, gents, you've seen the lump. Maybe you know where it is. Maybe you don't. I ain't sayin' whether you do or don't. I'm just offerin' to bet one dollar, five dollars, ten dollars, it's under this here cup," he says, an' he put his hand on the cup farther to the left. You oughter seen Jerry's eyes!

He leans close to me an' he whispers: "Jim, I've got him. The sugar has fallen out an' it's rolled right under my hand!" An' he turned to the feller an' pulled out a ten-dollar bill an' laid it down an' says with his voice shakin': "I bet it ain't under any cup."

"Oh, you do, do yer?" says the feller, lookin' sadder an' sleepier than ever. "Well, anybody else?" he says. "No? Well," he says, liftin' the left-hand cup, "there's the sugar!"

It was, sure enough! Jerry's mouth was open. His eyes was red an' he lifted his hand an' showed another lump under it. But the feller just pretended to be mad.

"What kind of monkey shines are you tryin'?" he says. "This game is straight, an' if you can't come around here without bringin' a lump of sugar to fool me an' maybe cheat somebody else, don't come at all," he says. "I caught yer," he says, stickin' Jerry's bill into his pocket. "You must think I'm a mark!" he says.

"I didn't bring the lump. It rolled under my hand just now," says Jerry, lookin' surprised an' mad an' dizzy. An' most everybody

(Concluded on Page 30)

"Where'd You Hire That Checked Suit, You Tin-Horn Sport?"

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Our Lady Smugglers

IF LADIES of wealth and good social position would stop smuggling, foreign travel would be somewhat pleasanter. Because the ladies will not stop smuggling, all returning travelers at the port of New York are liable to be treated as though they were smugglers—in addition to being liars. To persons who are not smugglers and liars this is somewhat annoying, yet it is very ungallant of them to protest against it as they do. Obviously the Government must proceed as though smuggling were a very common act, or else it must make smuggling a very uncommon act. The latter course would relieve non-smuggling travelers of considerable annoyance, but it would involve horrid consequences to smuggling travelers. To stop polite smuggling all that is necessary is to send a few lady smugglers to jail according to the statutes in such cases made and provided. Thereafter a woman of good social position would about as soon think of engaging in burglary as of attempting to evade the customs laws. It would then be easier for non-smugglers; but are they such brutes that they would purchase ease at that dreadful price? This clamor against the New York Custom House is a serious reflection upon American chivalry.

When Even Wall Street Cheers

IT IS worth noting that, right under Mr. Morgan's windows and in the shadow of the Stock Exchange, the spectacle of interference with business by the Government was lustily cheered the other day. For many years the business in question was one of the most flourishing of our secondary industries, being technically known as floating wild-cat mining stocks. A great many men got rich in it and it gave employment to considerable labor at fair wages. It contributed, moreover, to the support of other industries, such as printing, newspaper advertising, office renting, telegraphy and telephony. The men engaged in it asked no special favors from the Government. They asked merely to be let alone, warmly indorsing the Jeffersonian axiom that that government is best which governs least.

But of late the Government has been interfering with this business increasingly and ruinously. In the case referred to, three patrol wagonloads of interfering minions of the law raided a gorgeous office near the Stock Exchange, and curb brokers stopped ordinary operations long enough to give three hearty cheers—although they thereby indorsed a principle which is highly obnoxious in that vicinity, where "Let us alone!" is a rather popular motto.

Stockholders and Strikes

WHEN a strike occurs the question to ask is, Who blundered? Was there incompetent leadership on the part of the company, or on the part of the men, or on both sides? We wish the people who foot the bills, comprising the smaller stockholders in the company and the body of striking employees, would get together after a strike and appoint a committee of investigation.

For example, there was a street-car strike in Philadelphia from February 19 to April 25. The recent annual report of the company which controls the car lines says: "The actual loss in passenger receipts during the sixty-six days of the strike was $1,558,105. This is only the loss in receipts while the strike was in progress. It takes weeks and even months after a prolonged strike to get traffic back to its former condition. In addition to heavy increase in operating cost during the strike there were many extraordinary expenses incurred in protecting the property, aggregating $836,856."

The two items come to $2,394,961, and very likely the total cost of the strike, including loss of wages by the men, came to as much as the whole net earnings of the company in a year.

The report also says that the stock of the company is held by two thousand two hundred and ninety-seven persons, of whom two thousand and ninety-one hold less than five hundred shares each. The few big stockholders, who really run the company, may have gotten something out of the strike—namely, the satisfaction of beating a labor union; but what did the large body of stockholders get out of it except much personal inconvenience in walking to and from business, loss of trade and a net deficit of $1,329,723 in the year's operation of their company?—which comes to practically the same thing that the great body of motormen and conductors got out of the strike.

Easy Money for Speculators

AT THIS writing a speculator can borrow all the money he wants for the purpose of carrying stocks at two per cent or a little less. The supply of money for that purpose rather exceeds the demand. But if a merchant wishes to borrow money he must pay five and a half to six per cent, and money for the merchant is not offered freely; the demand rather exceeds the supply.

Now "carrying" stocks speculatively adds nothing to the country's productive industry, while "carrying" goods, as they pass from manufacturer to consumer, is a vital part of productive industry. As a rule, the banks will lend money for the non-productive operation at only half or a third of the rate they charge for the productive operation. Obviously, therefore, they encourage the use of money for stock gambling as compared with its use for legitimate business, which is a poor arrangement.

That the banks do this is partly the fault of the National Banking Act, which prohibits them from accepting time bills of exchange drawn by their customers. A European merchant will arrange with his bank to borrow not actual money but the bank's credit. Having given whatever security is required, he draws his bill on the bank at sixty or ninety days. The bank accepts this bill, which may then be sold over and over again in the open discount market. European banks keep a large part of their secondary reserve in the form of these bank-accepted bills, which they discount at a very low rate of interest—three and an eighth per cent in London, two and a half per cent in Paris at this writing—because they can realize on them at any moment by simply selling them in the open market.

Having no bank-accepted bills and no discount market, our banks keep their secondary reserve in call loans on stocks, which they make at a low rate because in normal times they can realize upon them at once by "calling" the loan. The result is that with us, except under abnormal conditions, the cheap money goes to stock speculation instead of to legitimate trade. Besides burdening trade with a high interest rate, this fosters and even forces speculation to an unhealthy degree. The European system would give part, at least, of the cheap money to legitimate trade and provide an outlet for accumulating city bank balances otherwise than upon the Stock Exchange; but our banking system will not reform itself. Is anybody going to take an interest in the subject?

Republicans in New York

THE main feature of the Republican State Convention at Saratoga was performed by Theodore Roosevelt with all the precision and vigor for which he is justly famous. Promptly at a quarter past four on September 27, as previously advertised, the Colonel threw the Republican bosses out of the window. Everybody, the bosses included, really expected that he would do it—relying upon the strict punctuality with which he had kept many former engagements. When Mr. Roosevelt announces that he is going to kick a boss, that boss stands no more show than a fine new football in the hands of a schoolboy.

Considered in its primary aspect as a tour de boot, the convention was a great success. In all other respects it was disappointing. The bosses were duly ousted and the Roosevelt forces took control by a majority of one hundred and twenty-five votes. The convention then adopted a platform which—except for a mild and vague recommendation of direct primaries—might have been drafted by the ejected bosses themselves. It enthusiastically indorses the splendidly statesmanlike Administration of Mr. Taft and speaks very kindly of the new tariff.

What is the matter with the State of New York that not even Theodore Roosevelt can insurge there? Is the complexion of Republican thought in the Empire State really so different from that in Massachusetts, Maine and Vermont—not to mention commonwealths farther west? The man who is supposed to know most about Republican thought in New York would seem to answer this question in the affirmative. Yet it is difficult to believe that Republican voters in New York are so far behind their neighbors that a feeble and tentative suggestion in favor of direct primaries is their most progressive step.

Money for Lobbying

IT IS somewhat staggering to consider how large a number of American business men believe, as an article of practical faith, in the incurable corruption of government. When a bill is introduced in any legislature which threatens loss or inconvenience to any industry it is usually pretty easy to get the men engaged in that industry to subscribe to a fund for the purpose of defeating the bill. This statement does not apply merely to so-called "big" business. It applies to all sorts of business. Introduce a bill requiring that all butchers' shops in Indiahoma be disinfected once a week, and see how quickly the butchers of that commonwealth will come forward with their defense fund and lobbyist. Of course they will not tell their lobbyist to bribe anybody. Personally a majority of them detest bribery. They will not even know from evidence admissible in court that anybody is bribed. But they think the only practical way of beating the bill is to put up money and trust the disbursement of it to some person skilled in the ways of legislatures.

As a matter of fact, government isn't so corrupt as innumerable contributors to legislative funds think it is. They would get proof of this fact if they would show fight instead of supinely giving up.

Valuing the Railroads

EACH piece and parcel of land in Great Britain is now being appraised under the new land-tax laws. The land itself and the improvements upon it must be valued separately. The task is tremendous and loud protests arise from landowners, yet no one seriously doubts that this appraisal will be accomplished. In comparison with it, to appraise our railroads would be a simple job.

That the commission appointed by President Taft will recommend such an appraisal seems probable; but there are some elements in railroad capitalization which a physical valuation of the roads will not touch. For example, we find in a review of the recent annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railroad that one hundred and seventy-five million dollars has gone into the property which was not furnished by the holders of its stock and bonds. This consists of the proceeds of the sale of lands granted to the road by the Government, of cash subsidies from the Dominion and Provincial Governments and of accumulated net earnings over and above expenses and dividends. Moreover, the company still owns seven and a half million acres of land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta and four and a half million acres in British Columbia; so it will eventually receive at least a hundred million dollars more that will come from the public and not from its security holders. In the total wealth of railroads on this side the border a considerable part came not from security holders but from the public in one form or another.

Standing Pat in England

HOW does this argument sound to you?—If members of Congress receive no salary only a few men will seek the office; in each district there will be only two candidates and the man who is elected will receive a majority of the votes cast. But if members receive a salary many men will seek the office; in every district there will be half a dozen candidates. Suppose the total vote of a district is twelve thousand. Candidate A will receive three thousand; Candidates B, C and D will receive two thousand each; Candidates E and F will receive fifteen hundred each. Candidate A will be elected, although he is actually the choice of only one-quarter of the voters; or there will be a second election to determine whether A or B shall have the office, although the first election showed that a majority of the voters wanted neither A nor B. In short, if members of Congress receive a salary, that body will consist of men who are chosen by a small minority of the voters and the principle of representative government will be destroyed.

That sounds rather fishy, doesn't it? But it is exactly the argument which an eminently respectable British journal advances against the proposal to pay salaries to members of Parliament. Heretofore, labor-union members of Parliament, being men of small means and receiving no salary as members, have been paid out of union funds. But the courts have decided that labor-union funds cannot be used for this purpose, and in order to maintain their representation in Parliament the unions propose that members of that body receive a salary as members of our Congress do. The eminently respectable journal gravely argues that if members are paid a salary the palladium of British liberty will bite the dust.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

A Wit From West Virginia

YOU all remember the gifted gentleman who stood up one day and put forth the sophistical sentiment that if only he were allowed to make the songs of a nation he wouldn't give a dern who made the laws for said agglomeration of people. He was supposed to have a keen insight into the psychology of his folks, and probably he had; but that was before the sacred doctrine of protection was fostering our infant industries to the dismay of the pauper labor of Europe. Had there been occasion for the enunciation of a deathless deliverance of this nature of late years—say, when the Payne-Aldrich tariff was being made—this person would have put forth no clamorings to make songs. He would have pleaded for permission to make schedules. Songs are well enough in their lilting way, but schedules have them beaten to a pulp when it comes to practical politics and political practicalities. There is no nourishment in songs. Whereas schedules drip with honey and exude sustenance from every aked.

This explains why, when they were framing that tariff bill that seems to have deposited the Republican party on the rough and jagged rocks, Joseph Holt Gaines, of West Virginia, rising, said: "I care not who makes the rest of this tariff law, but, by heck, I intend to make it for West Virginia, which is where I hail from, if it should interest you. Who touches a schedule in yon West Virginia list gets a maul in the mastoid. March on!" he said. And they marched on, marched on and on; but Joseph Holt Gaines kept step and guard, and when that tariff bill came out of the hopper West Virginia was protected by a collection of Chinese walls to a finished fare-you-well.

You see, Joseph Holt is a member of the Ways and Means Committee, where the Republican majority perpetrated outrages on the Democratic minority day after day when the bill was being made. Occasionally, also, the Republican majority stepped momentarily from the room to allow the Democratic minority to perpetrate a few outrages on themselves, in a manner of speaking, such as keeping cotton and peanuts and lumber and other similar products well beneath the shelter of that protection that they abhor but condescend to use so long as it is going to be a protection bill anyhow.

Now this Joseph Holt Gaines person is a tall and lathy citizen who runs up a few inches over six feet and carries all the ordnance of his class, with a superimposed turret here and there. He has been in Congress for five terms and is nominated in the primaries to succeed himself. During those ten years he has come to be a hefty person in the councils of the House, and before he got there and since he has been there he has been one of those Republicans who think there ought to be separate cars for Democrats on the surface lines. He is a partisan who cannot conceive any prosperity, progress or performance with the Democrats in power, and maybe, when you take a look at the opposition side of the House, he isn't so far wrong; but that is a detail. What I am trying to impress about Gaines is that he is a Republican who is glad of it, proud of it and ready to fight for it.

Nor does that mean he is barnacled or reactionary. He is a big, red-blooded, hard-hitting person who has beliefs and has the courage to state them. Moreover, there is no sidestepping or trimming or compromising about him. You always can tell on which side Gaines is fighting, for he gets up and announces himself, and if you are fighting against him there will be no temporizing. He will probably hit you in the eye. So, watch out.

How He Won the Sawmill Vote

HIS creed is West Virginia. He moved to that state from the District of Columbia, his birthplace, when but three years old, and has lived there ever since, which is some forty-odd years. He graduated from Princeton in 1886 and began the practice of the law a year later in Fayetteville. President McKinley made him United States District Attorney in 1897 and he served until he came to Congress ten years ago. In Congress he has grown steadily. He is a skillful parliamentarian, a good debater, a fine speaker and is extremely popular. He stood guard over the industries of West Virginia when they were making the latest tariff bill, and his people got what they wanted; which, by the way, is the apotheosis of statesmanship. If you give the people what they want they will give you what you want. Everybody satisfied. Not particularly ethical, mayhap, but gratifying.

Gaines has a keen sense of humor. He is a good story-teller and his stories always fit and are fit. He doesn't devote too much of his time to story-telling, nor does he pose as a John Allen, or anything like; but he can make a point with a story as deftly as any of his colleagues, a story that is always bubbling over with good humor and is always apropos. He is an ardent and efficient speech-maker, well grounded, well informed and with an earnest and convincing delivery. He does a good deal of debating in the House and generally makes his point.

They have primaries in West Virginia, as they have elsewhere, and Gaines, of course, was forced to go before the people for his nomination at these primaries. He had opposition and naturally he made a canvass. In one of the counties in his district he met a sawmill man. The sawmill man was by way of being a politician himself, and he had been seen by the friends of the opponent of Gaines and had promised to support the opponent and to get his men to support him.

The sawmill man had a talk with Gaines, who explained to him that the reason the people who were against Gaines were working so hard in that territory was because Gaines would not recommend a certain man for a certain post-office. It happened that the man Gaines refused to recommend was a warm and personal enemy of the sawmill man, and the sawmill man promptly shifted and went over to Gaines. The sawmill man had sixty-five men working for him, in the woods and at the mill. He was anxious to help Gaines as soon as he understood the situation, and he explained his position and what he could do, illustrating, thereby, the actual working out of the primary system in the country districts as opposed to the lovely theories on which the primary system is based.

"Now, I'll tell you," said sawmill man said to Gaines. "These politicians down this way are getting too blamed smart. They came pretty near putting one across on me. I didn't understand about that post-office thing, or I would have been for you in the beginning. They gave me the wrong steer. They even tried to give me money, but that don't go.

"You see, if there is any money to be spent at my place I spend it. More than that I put it up. I don't owe them a cent, and I don't want any of their money. It don't take any money, anyhow. All I have to do is to call the boys in from the woods and get them together with the rest of the men at the mill. Then I roll in a couple of barrels of beer and tell them what I want them to do. They'll do it all right. It doesn't make any difference to them. They don't give a hoot about either one of you anyhow."

Gaines told that story on himself during his campaign, as an illustration of several things, having the saving sense of humor that made him appreciate the joke on himself as well as on his opponent. That is what makes him so popular in the House. He puts on no airs, makes no pretenses, humbugs no humbuggery, chases no notoriety, seeks no limelight; but goes ahead and does his work and looks out for his constituents, and generally gets what he goes after.

He Eats Freetraders Alive

He is one of the tallest men in the House and has a voice that will rasp a Democrat into a passion in a minute if he wants to put the rasp into it. When he is telling a story it sort of bubbles out of him. He has a kindly philosophy, a clear outlook on life, hates shams and hypocrisy, doesn't pose or strut, and is a good deal of a person, is this Joseph Holt Gaines, of the Third District of West Virginia. He understands his people, his state and governmental affairs, as well. He came up through the ramifications of local politics and has grown to be a man of much influence in the House.

And, say, be sure to lay no impious hand on the sacred policy of protection when he is in the vicinity. He eats these freetraders alive, does Joseph; especially and particularly any of those freetraders who may want to start something touching on and appertaining to the industries of West Virginia. The tariff is a local question with Gaines; a distinctly West Virginia proposition. Keep off the grass!

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Willing Witness

"DID his actions have an air of verisimilitude?" the lawyer asked the witness.

"What was that, sir?"

"I say, did his conduct wear an air of verisimilitude?"

"Oh," replied the witness. "Sure! He was verisimilitudin' all round the place."

The Price of Influence

JUDGE Z. A. LITTLEJOHN, who presides over the southwestern circuit of Georgia, was in one of the small villages in his territory a short time ago shaking hands with the voters. The editor of the weekly paper came along and the Judge nailed him. "Hi, Charley," said the Judge, "when I was here six months ago I gave you a dollar for a year's subscription to your paper and I have never received a copy, not one. What's the matter?"

"Why, Judge," replied the editor, "I didn't think you really wanted the paper. I thought you just gave me that dollar for my influence."

Mostly Hall

A NEW YORKER bought one of those fine old Colonial places down in Virginia, principally on account of the glowing description of the real-estate agent and on information from friends.

When he went down to see his mansion he was much impressed by the great pillars, the spacious porch, and particularly the great hall running from the front to the back of the house.

He inspected the place and came back to New York.

"What shall you name it?" he was asked.

"I think," he replied, "I shall call it Mostly Hall."

Many-Sided McCreary

FORMER Senator McCreary and former Senator Blackburn, both of Kentucky, had an argument on the stump in a certain campaign.

McCreary twitted Blackburn because he did not serve during the entire Civil War.

"I admit it," replied Blackburn: "I admit it, and I admit my honorable opponent did; but the amazement of our people has been constant ever since that he contrived to stay four years on one side of any question."

The Hall of Fame

¶ All persons addressing our Minister to Ecuador, Mr. Fox, as William C. Fox will be set back three numbers. His name is Williams C. Fox.

¶ Representative Charles Henry Morgan, of Missouri, served as lieutenant-colonel of the Fifth Missouri Volunteer Infantry during the Spanish War.

¶ James B. Reynolds, of the Tariff Board, has the most involuted, convoluted and cryptic signature of any man in public life. It has been held variously to be an inscription from a Turkish rug, a sign for a kosher hotel and the name of an Egyptian cigarette.

¶ Eddie Talcott, who, in his day, was the livest wire on the New York Stock Exchange and owned the New York Baseball Club, now lives in Atlantic City and gets his amusement by pondering on what the wild waves are saying, with an occasional excursion into the realms of high finance whenever he thinks the high financiers have currency he needs.

HOME LIFE OF CLEVELAND

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THE home life of President Cleveland in the White House was so enveloped and brightened by the rare personality of Mrs. Cleveland that all of us who had to do with the Executive Mansion in the two Cleveland Administrations think, first of all, of that perfectly charming and beautiful young woman, for the moment forgetting that Mr. Cleveland occupied the White House as a bachelor from March 4, 1885, until June 2, 1886, the latter date being his wedding day

The fourth day of March, 1885, was a bright and beautiful day; one which the admirers of the President-elect designated as a Cleveland day—because they claimed that good weather always preceded any event in which he was interested. Whether or not this supposition was true, the fact remains that the fourth of March, 1885, was a balmy spring day, and the hosts of citizens from all over the country who were present to witness the installation of the first Democratic President in twenty-five years fairly reveled in the unusual conditions. Just before ex-President Arthur turned over the Executive Mansion to the new President he said goodby to some who had been closely allied with him during his Administration, and while he did so tears coursed down his cheeks.

Unlike most of his illustrious predecessors during my long term in the White House, President Cleveland did not visit the office and become acquainted with the employees for some days. It was more than a week, perhaps, before some of those engaged in the office had an opportunity to speak to him, and indeed some were never introduced to him. The great building was overrun with strangers who came there in droves, some of whom declared that they had not looked into the Executive Mansion since the days of Buchanan. On the fifth of March I administered the oath of office to Colonel Lamont, the new private secretary to the President, and it was without fear of removal that the office force saw him take charge, as all believed implicitly that Mr Cleveland would remove nobody from office except for cause, and a good cause at that

A Democratic Rush to the White House

A GOOD many interesting things happened during President Cleveland's first few days in the White House, and I remember an amusing occurrence that took place on March 8, when a grand rush was made toward the Executive Mansion by delegations representing a number of Presbyterian churches in Washington, each determined to secure the President's membership. One church sent a special delegation of ladies to call upon the President, and as they approached the White House on the north side Mr. Cleveland and Colonel Lamont quietly left by the south entrance and went for a drive In doing so the President had not the slightest intention of showing any discourtesy to the ladies who were appointed to bring him into their particular church, but he did not wish to decide just then regarding church attendance, and he was so tender-hearted and so kindly disposed that it was almost impossible for him to refuse any request in reason that a woman might make of him.

It is well known, of course, that Mr. Cleveland was a plain, simple man. He had no desire to make himself prominent, and was greatly distressed by the importunities of a large number of newspaper correspondents who were determined to find out all about his movements day by day and hour by hour. The Democratic hosts that had swept him into the Presidential chair had given the country at large to understand that under this first Democratic President in a quarter of a century there would be an entirely new deal. Business would be transacted in a manner very different from that employed by Republican Presidents, and the new Executive and his official supporters would show the country how things ought to be run on purely American lines. All this and much more to the same effect had aroused the interest and curiosity of the nation to such an extent that the newspapers felt it incumbent upon them to print the most minute details of all the President did and said and thought, so far as they could ascertain these things, from the time he rose in the morning until he went to bed after spending the better part of each night over his desk

It is almost impossible even now to picture the enthusiasm exhibited by President Cleveland's supporters who had caused such an overturn in national politics. Delegations of all kinds from all sections of the country waited upon him to congratulate him and to congratulate the nation, to shake his hand and carry home with them some words or impressions that could be repeated to their

Mr. Cleveland Was a Plain, Simple Man

neighbors. I recall one delegation of charming women from the South who walked into the office during the busiest of all mornings, fully expecting to have an audience with Mr Cleveland and, perhaps, a long talk. It was impossible at that time for the President to see these ladies, and they went away greatly disappointed and highly indignant. The leader of this delegation said as she started off:

"For years we have been praying for a President of the Democratic faith, and I do not see why he will not see us today. Why, he is our own President, and we must see him! Is this the reception we are to expect after waiting for so many years?"

Of course those who came in contact with these ladies regretted sincerely that their wishes could not be met, but at that time the President was so deeply occupied that he could not see any one except on official business. The energetic politicians of Washington were coming to the front demanding that they be given the local offices, and this with as much assurance as if the city alone were responsible for the President's election

Notwithstanding the constant interruptions from hundreds and hundreds of visitors who swept in an unending stream to the White House, the social and family life moved smoothly from the very first. The President's sister, Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland, had at once proved herself perfectly competent to occupy the position that she was called upon to fill, and ten days after her brother's inauguration she held a reception that was very largely attended, among the guests being the Honorable James G. Blaine and Mr. Walker Blaine Those who were fortunate enough to be invited were charmed with Miss Cleveland, and many predicted a brilliant social success for her while in the White House

The President's first official reception, on March 17, was a brilliant affair and at the same time was said to surpass any social event given by preceding Republican Presidents. As a matter of fact, though the reception was brilliant it was not extraordinarily so, and I may add that none of the official receptions before or since Mr. Cleveland's time has ever equaled the Diplomatic receptions given by President and Mrs. Hayes. President Cleveland, by the way, made the experiment, in his early days at the White House, of adopting a new style of invitation for official receptions, but it was very unpopular. Senators and members of the House and the Judiciary each received an engraved invitation at the beginning of the season, giving on this single card the dates of all the receptions that were to follow; and this unusual procedure offended many. As soon as Mr Cleveland realized the situation the plan was discontinued, and engraved cards were sent as usual for each of the several entertainments.

State dinners were held as during other Administrations, but here again there was an innovation: each lady was given a souvenir consisting of a ribbon about three feet long and three inches wide, on one end of which was stamped a picture of the White House, and on the other the National colors, the coat-of-arms of the United States appearing in gold. To this rather gorgeous ornamentation were added, in gold letters, the name of the guest and the date of the dinner. This large and unusual souvenir was intended only for the ladies who were present, while for the gentlemen a smaller piece of satin ribbon was substituted, on which were stamped only the coat-of-arms, the name of the guest, and the date of the reception.

Mr. Cleveland's Wedding

FROM the very first I felt that the glitter of official life was distasteful to Mr. Cleveland. He was a man who believed that he had work to accomplish, and that work was a serious matter which must be attended to and with which nothing must interfere. So strongly pronounced was this habit of industry, and so decided was his mental attitude in regard to the duties he owed the people of the country as well as himself, that on one occamon, after having left the White House, he said to me:

"Crook, in those years I used to feel that I was a prisoner. When I left my breakfast table and went to my office it used to seem as if a yoke were placed around my neck from which I could not escape. There were many pleasant things connected with the office, but they did not compensate for the annoyances . . . I am glad I am free."

Of course the great social event during Mr. Cleveland's first Administration was his wedding to Miss Frances Folsom, which occurred on June 2, 1886; and in this the President's dislike of show and extravagance was again manifested. To the great disappointment of official Washington, and perhaps to the disappointment of the nation at large, the marriage was solemnized as quietly as possible. The main reason for the private nature of this event lay in the fact that the bride's grandfather had died not long before; but even if there had been no such condition I am confident that Mr. Cleveland would have tried his best to avoid any publicity in connection with it

It will be remembered that Miss Folsom was the daughter of one of Mr. Cleveland's old law partners, who had died some years before, and that she had been under Mr. Cleveland's guardianship as a ward. At the time of the wedding the President was a mature man, but when she stepped from the train early on that morning of the second of June, and was met by the President's sister and driven to the White House, the bride-to-be was only twenty-two years of age, in the full bloom of youth, her beauty and grace and carriage enhanced and made almost luminous by an aura of spirituality that enveloped her

She was accompanied to Washington by her mother and by her cousin, Benjamin Folsom, and as soon as they

could alight from the train and step into the President's carriage, where Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was waiting. Hawkins, the negro coachman, swished his whip and they whirled away at high speed, hoping to evade or elude or outdistance the army of newspaper men that had come from New York on the same train. When the carriage reached the White House the servants—those who by any excuse could be present—were waiting around the doors to witness the arrival of the bride. As she almost ran up the steps and swept through the great entrance like a vision of springtime, a gasp of surprise and delight burst from those kindly servitors, and from that instant every man and woman of them was her devoted slave, and remained such until Mrs. Cleveland left the White House for the last time—eleven years later, on March 4, 1897, when Mr. McKinley took up his residence there.

The day of the wedding President Cleveland spent in working as hard as he ever did in his life, although he made two or three short breaks in it; once or twice to chat with Miss Folsom and her mother, and once in the afternoon when he went for a short drive. During the afternoon an inquiry came from the Postmaster-General as to whether he could possibly find time to sign two or three postmasters' commissions that were ready to be sent out; and I recollect the comical expression on President Cleveland's face as he lifted the Postmaster-General's letter above the pile of papers on his desk and exclaimed:

"Yes, I will sign; but tell him to get those documents here as quick as the good Lord will let him."

John Philip Sousa and the full strength of the Marine Band were waiting in the place assigned to them in the White House. Fifteen seconds before seven o'clock Sousa's baton was poised in the air. Exactly as the hands of the White House clocks touched seven the baton descended, and the same instant the band struck up Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and everybody knew that the marriage ceremony was about to begin. By that time the few guests were in their places, and included in addition to the Cabinet officers and their wives—with the exception of Attorney-General Garland—Colonel and Mrs. Lamont, the Reverend Byron D. Sunderland and Mrs. Sunderland, Mr. W. S. Bissell, of Buffalo, Miss Cleveland, and the bride's mother and her cousin, as well as a few other relatives, not the least important of whom was the Reverend William N. Cleveland.

As the last notes of the wedding march floated through the corridor the guests by common consent fell back toward the south end of the Blue Room, and the President came slowly down the staircase with his bride leaning on his arm. It was there, underneath the crystal chandelier that poured a flood of radiance upon the scene, surrounded by a wealth of flowers and plants such as never before had been seen in the White House, that the ceremony was performed. At its conclusion Mrs. Folsom, showing traces of deep emotion, was the first to tender her congratulations to the newly married pair She was followed by Miss Cleveland, the Reverend Mr. Cleveland and the other relatives and friends in turn. When the felicitations had been concluded the President and his bride led the way into the stately East Room, the adornments of which were in keeping with its majestic proportions. Thence, after a brief period of promenading and conversation, the company proceeded to the family dining-room of the mansion, where the wedding supper was served. It was about half past eight o'clock when the President and his bride left the White House by a private exit from the Blue Room to the south grounds, entered a carriage and were driven to the railway station, where they took a special train for Deer Park, Maryland. There they spent their brief honeymoon

What the Bride Wore

IT MAY interest my younger readers of today to know that the bride's dress was of corded satin, heavy enough to stand upright on the floor without support, even if no one were wearing it. The drapery of India silk served the double purpose of softening the gloss of the heavy material and rounding the outlines of the bride's tall figure, without detracting at all from her grace and shapeliness. One of those present at the ceremony said that under the bright glow of the illuminated rooms the play of the shadows through the drapery was like the motion of water gently moving in the moonlight, and was deliciously reminding of all that poets have dreamed concerning sweethearts and brides. A band of orange blossoms outlined the delicate drapery, and the bosom was crossed by soft, filmy scarfs that terminated beneath a heavy fold of satin below the waist. Orange blossoms and bows, and leaves so small as to make a bare outline, bordered the drapery of the skirt.

The marvel of the whole costume, however, was the train of that wedding gown, and a still greater marvel was the way in which it was managed by the bride in a small, well-filled room, for it was nearly as long as the room itself, measuring within a few inches of fifteen feet Through the bride's deft management it lay in a glistening coil close to her little slippers, and yet it would have reached easily from the spot where the vows were pledged during the ceremony across the room and into the corridor beyond.

The bride's gloves reached only to the elbow, and the silk tulle veil was almost large enough to envelop her.

Of course an enormous number of presents had been received, but only one was shown, and that was the President's gift—a diamond necklace of truly regal magnificence.

When the honeymoon at Deer Park was over, and the President had returned to the White House, his beautiful young bride at once took up her new and trying duties with an ease, an efficiency and graciousness that captivated all who came to the Executive Mansion, either personal guests or those who were invited to attend official affairs.

I am an old man now, and I have seen many women of various types through all the long years of my service in the White House, but neither there nor elsewhere have I seen any one possessing the same kind of downright loveliness that was as much a part of Mrs. Cleveland as was her voice or her marvelous eyes or her warm smile of welcome that instantly captivated every one who came in contact with her.

It has been my purpose, in preparing these recollections of family life in the White House during the past forty-five years or so, to be careful not to overstate this thing or to make extravagant remarks about that thing, and I am well within the bounds of conservatism when I repeat that Mrs. Grover Cleveland was the most charming woman and the most lovely character that I have ever known in the course of my life. When one remembers that in addition to this she was physically beautiful one can easily understand her extraordinary influence upon all who saw her

Hardly did Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland return from their honeymoon when they were beset by all sorts of people, who were anxious to perform this office and that. Photographers were struggling and scheming to take pictures of the bride. Requests rained in from pianomakers asking permission to place a piano in the White House for the use of the bride, declaring that no charge would be made and that they only wanted to send a piano there simply for the honor of the thing. One pianomaker in New York insisted that Mrs. Cleveland accept his instrument on the score of old friendship. All these outside details took up a great deal of the President's leisure time, for the reason that he would not allow any personal affairs to interfere with his official work. Consequently, when he first returned from Deer Park he had almost no leisure whatever. Nevertheless he seemed to be as happy as mortal man could be. In those days, as I saw him plunge through his enormous tasks, I used to smile to myself, for he seemed as happy as a man in the back country districts who had suddenly "got religion," and got it thoroughly

The Glitter of Official Life Was Distasteful to Mr. Cleveland

Mr. Cleveland's Love of the Open

THROUGH all the years of both Administrations Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, notwithstanding their disparity in age, were a very affectionate couple. Though she naturally deferred to her husband's judgment in many matters, she was possessed of a keen mind and could see straight through things that would baffle most women. I remember that on one occasion the President sent for me to come to his office at about nine in the morning, and he said he wanted me as a notary to take his and Mrs. Cleveland's acknowledgments to a deed. Mrs. Cleveland was present at the time, but before she signed the paper the President walked off to the other side of the room in order that I might privately question her as to her willingness to sign the paper. Mrs. Cleveland told me that she was signing it without any mental reservation, whereupon the President turned around and remarked:

"I think that such a requirement of the law is silly—I mean the clause that requires a notary privately to examine a woman before she signs a deed like this."

After a moment's hesitation the President added:

"Still, I suppose the requirement was caused by reason of impositions practiced upon some poor women who felt compelled to sign papers under their husbands' insistence."

At this Mrs. Cleveland laid down her pen and looked up, laughing heartily at the idea that her husband would ever try to impose upon her in any way. The next day but one she sent for me to see her, and when I came she said

"Colonel, I want to speak to you about some packages from Italy that I am expecting; but don't breathe a word about them to anybody, for it is a surprise that I have planned for the President, and if he sees the boxes he will be sure to ask what they are."

Of course I saw that the precious gifts that she had arranged for with such loving care were brought into the White House and into her own hands, with the final result of surprising and pleasing her husband as she had hoped to do

It would not be hard for me to relate scores of instances where Mr. Cleveland showed his tender care for her and where she showed like feeling for him through all the long years of his two Administrations.

Yet as the months and years went by the least things were seized upon by political enemies as an excuse for trying to make trouble. I have mentioned already the fact that Mr. Cleveland worked harder and kept longer hours than any other President we have ever had. But every once in a while he became so completely fagged out that he simply had to leave his office and get out-of-doors. Many an afternoon, during his two terms, he would quietly slip through the White House, enter a buggy waiting for him at the rear entrance, and drive over into Maryland for a few hours' squirrel-shooting. So careful was he as to telling the truth that often he did not

inform even his Secretary of such an outing. Consequently, when visitors came to the White House to see him they would be told that the President was not in. Those who pressed for further particulars would be told that he had gone off somewhere for the afternoon, and would not be back until night—perhaps not until the next morning. Thus it was that enemies were enabled to seize upon these situations as an excuse for hinting that President Cleveland indulged in periodical dissipation; and these stories were spread abroad with such cunning and devilish ingenuity that the persons responsible for them could not be called to account. As it was practically impossible, under the circumstances, for any one in authority to recognize them by so much as a flat denial, the country at large was left in uncertainty as to how much truth there was in them. Of course this was not unknown to those in the White House and could not but have been the cause of anguish. I dislike exceedingly to touch upon such situations; but scarcely any man in high public office seems to be able to escape such attacks, and this fact should be borne in mind by all of us when we read irresponsible and sensational publications.

While touching on this unpleasant phase of a high public position in the United States I may mention that not only men in office are subject to such annoyance, but oftentimes their wives as well. And this is well illustrated, in the case of Mrs. Cleveland, by several instances that were so silly as to be beyond the ground of serious feeling. When the President's first daughter was born, little Ruth Cleveland, it was a time of great interest for the whole country; and when she was brought to Washington every woman in the vicinity felt desirous, quite naturally, of seeing her. Gifts of all kinds were prepared, not merely by friends but also by strangers from near and far; for, though the President at that time may not have been the most popular man in the country, there was no doubt whatever that his charming wife was the most popular woman.

Having a natural desire to see her baby live and thrive, Mrs. Cleveland wished her to spend a portion of each sunny day outdoors, and the nurse was directed to take the little one in a carriage to the grounds on the south side of the White House. If recollection serves me, the nurse and the baby-carriage, not to mention the baby, had not been out on the grounds, the first time, for more than six minutes before some of the visitors strolling around spied them, made a rush for them, and started in to pet and kiss the baby. The first few who did so attracted many more, and from that day it was really impossible for little Ruth to be taken outdoors without having a group of strange women swoop down upon her from all points of the compass. It didn't make any difference if the hour for her outing was changed; the women would be there, waiting for the appearance of the nurse and the baby-carriage. Mindful of all the dangers attendant upon such feminine stupidity, Mrs. Cleveland took the only course left open to her—and the south grounds of the White House were closed to strangers.

A Tempest in a Teapot

The effect of this act seems almost too ridiculous for belief, yet it is true. As soon as the great public—washed, unwashed, stranger to Washington and native alike—learned that they could no longer descend upon that poor, helpless babe and pat its cheeks, pinch its little ears, cover it with kisses, and generally maul it around, this same intelligent part of the public jumped to the conclusion that there must be some reason—some terrible, mysterious reason—why they were not allowed to see the child. What could it be? Why was the child suddenly taken away from them? Why was she kept within the south grounds, to which the public was suddenly denied admission? The public leaped to the conclusion that Ruth Cleveland was a deaf mute, and as if this were not enough, they also insinuated that her ears were malformed, and that there were other reasons for her seclusion. Also, incredible as it may seem, insinuations of such nature were not lacking in a section of the newspaper press that was making war on the President and his political program!

The interest aroused by the birth of a child to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland showed the affectionate regard in which both were held by the great majority of thinking people in the country; and not a few of these believed that the child so born must be a democrat of democrats. One day the President received from an unknown admirer a poem that was beautifully printed upon a square of pink satin; and as it may be of interest, even now, I will reproduce it here.

ON THE BIRTH OF A GIRL BABY
TO
PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

In other lands, when unto ruler great
A child is born, the roars of cannons rise
And bells ring out in gladness to the skies,
And loyal hearts with joy exhilarate
But here, with us, in this our grand estate,
No rousing peal from mouth of cannon flies,
No song of bells triumphing as it hies,
Nor hymn of man the birth will celebrate.
And yet, today, with our democracy,
A nation's heart pulses in sympathy;
A wordless wish, a silent, soul-felt prayer
Ascends on high, afar o'er earthly air,
To Him, the Father ever kind and mild,
That He may guard the mother and the child!

—A DEMOCRAT.

I never knew who wrote this poem and sent it to the President, and I doubt whether he ever knew either. But that was only one of many presents that were sent to Mr. Cleveland while he occupied the White House.

Mrs. Cleveland's Saturdays

Another strange, not to say curious, tribute came to him later on from a tailor in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. I opened the box containing this gift and found it to be a full-dress suit—trousers, low-cut waistcoat and "swallowtail" coat—evidently intended to fit Mr. Cleveland, and made up of hundreds of pieces of cloth of all kinds and colors and shades. There were long strips and short patches, three-cornered bits, pieces that were round, oblong, square, diamond-shaped; in fact, that suit of clothes would have made half a dozen coats for a modern Joseph. As a whole it was one of the most extraordinary products of the art sartorial that could be conceived by mortal mind. What became of it eventually I do not remember, but my strong impression is that the President of the United States never wore it in public

Not long after Mrs. Cleveland first came to the White House she instituted a series of rather informal receptions, held on Saturday afternoons, to which ladies in Washington were welcome. I am sure that those who attended, and thus had the opportunity of meeting their lovely young hostess, have not forgotten these more than semi-public affairs. Only one or two had been held, however, when one of those in official position in Washington, very mindful of the dignity of life and the importance of the President's wife, approached Mrs. Cleveland and urged that the Saturday afternoons be given up.

"For what reason?" asked the President's wife.

"Well, you see," said the official, "about half of all the women who come Saturday afternoon are clerks from the department stores and others—a great rabble of shop-girls. And of course a White House afternoon is not intended for them."

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Cleveland, somewhat surprised. "And if I should hold the little receptions some afternoon other than Saturday they couldn't attend, because they have to work all the other afternoons. Is that it?"

"Certainly," the official replied, delighted to think how easily he had accomplished his purpose. "That's it, exactly."

He was somewhat surprised not long afterward to learn that Mrs. Cleveland had given orders that nothing should interfere with her Saturday afternoon receptions so long as there were any store-clerks or other self-supporting women and girls who wished to come to the White House and meet her on that day of the week. She knew intuitively what a treat it was to those women and girls.

It was this quality of sympathy that made Mrs. Cleveland's life in the White House so rich a memory. I never knew her to make a mistake of social nature but once, and then it was shared by so many others that I may be pardoned for repeating it in public print. I know the little story is true, for I was present at the time and heard it all. At one of the President's

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formal receptions a man named Decker appeared, and as he drew near the receiving line he told Colonel Wilson in confidence that his name was such an easy one it could not be mistaken or mispronounced. Whereupon Colonel Wilson presented him.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Cracker," said the President.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Baker," said Mrs. Cleveland.

"Mr. Sacker," murmured Miss Bayard doubtfully.

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Black," Mrs Whitney remarked, with confidence.

It is said that a few minutes later Mr. Decker was seen looking at one of his visiting-cards to see what his name really was.

I shall not forget the morning of March 4, 1889, when President Cleveland turned over the White House to his successor, General Harrison. One of the best-known employees in the building was old Jerry Smith, formerly Grant's footman, who had remained in the White House ever since, and was still one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood the colored race ever produced. In addition to his splendid appearance he had the manner of a courtier and a strong personality that could not be overlooked by anyone, high or low. Early in the morning just referred to I went up to the living-rooms of the President's family to say goodby to Mrs. Cleveland, and as I approached she was coming out of her door into the corridor where stood old Jerry, erect as a grenadier, holding her handbag and waiting to escort her to her carriage. As I drew near I heard her say:

"Now, Jerry, I want you to take good care of all the furniture and ornaments in the house, and not let any of them get lost or broken, for I want to find everything just as it is now when we come back again."

"Excuse meh, Mis' Cleveland," Jerry responded, with a slight gasp of astonishment, "but jus' when does you expec' to come back, please?—so I can have everything ready, I mean."

"We are coming back just four years from today," she replied, smiling confidently. And her prophecy was fulfilled.

It was just four years from that morning—on March 4, 1893—that I received a request from Colonel Lamont to go to the Arlington Hotel and bring back Mr. Cleveland's family to the White House. At the appointed time I had a carriage at the Arlington, and into it entered Mrs. Cleveland, more charming than ever, baby Ruth and the nurse. Neither the baby nor Mrs. Cleveland seemed at all excited, but the nurse was less composed, and while stepping into the carriage with Ruth in her arms she missed her footing and fell forward rather heavily Fortunately I was where I could pick the woman up unhurt; and, as Ruth had bounced from her arms and had landed on one of the seats, she too was none the worse for the adventure.

Colonel Lamont and his two children, Bessie and Julia, also entered the carriage and all were driven to the White House. A rope had been thrown across one of the streets to keep back the crowd, but it was soon taken down to allow the distinguished party to pass, and they arrived at the Executive Mansion some fifteen minutes before noon. Mrs. Cleveland ordered that the baby be taken upstairs at once, and then she made ready to go to the Capitol to see her husband's second inauguration Shortly thereafter Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland resumed their family life in the White House, quite as if it had never been interrupted

Jerry Smith's Silver Wedding

One of the events that occurred during the second Cleveland Administration was the celebration of old Jerry Smith's silver wedding. When Mr and Mrs Cleveland came back to the White House Jerry did not seem at all surprised. He seemed to think it was a kind of predestination from some source higher than we mortals. He had fully expected them to return ever since Mrs. Cleveland had made her prophetic remark to him. Jerry was superstitious in many things, but in placing Mrs. Cleveland far above ordinary men and women he showed not superstition but common-sense

Yet even her presence in the Executive Mansion could not quiet all Jerry's qualms about spirits of evil and like dangers that he was sure lurked in dark corners and especially in the attic floor of the White House, which, until a few years ago, was always used as an enormous wine-room. Perhaps the presence of real spirits—in liquid form—in that dark, musty, dusty old attic gave rise to his belief that there existed also intangible spirits of quite a different kind; for nothing could persuade the old man in his later years to go to the attic floor, especially after dark. He believed in ghosts as firmly as he believed in living persons; one was as real to him as the other

For many years this fine old negro had raised and lowered the White House flag—at sunrise and sundown—regarding the ceremony as being particularly important, and in a way symbolical of his own religious and patriotic feelings, which were very closely merged. One evening, after he had lowered the Stars and Stripes, he disappeared from the house quite unexpectedly. When he was gone we all remembered that it was the evening of his silver wedding. At that time he lived in his little home on Church Street, between Sixteenth and Seventeenth—the same little home that he had bought many years previous at the urging of Mrs. Grant, who was so anxious that all of her servants should acquire homes while Washington real estate was low-priced. And to his home that evening wended a procession of dignitaries such as had never before graced its surroundings. Every one who came to the White House during Jerry's service there of nearly a quarter of a century knew the old man and thoroughly liked him. So great was the general regard that not merely clerks and assistant secretaries went to his silver wedding, but one carriage after another drove up to his door, containing Cabinet officers and members of the Diplomatic Corps. Most of these officials did not enter his home, but sent in to him and his aged wife some personal gift appropriate to the occasion

The Envy of the Neighborhood

When I entered the little parlor—spick and span as could be—Jerry came forward to greet me and presented me to his wife with the air of Lord Chesterfield receiving an honored guest. Jerry was arrayed not exactly in fine linen alone but in his most magnificent garments, and Mrs. Smith, by his side, was as happy and proud as he, although she was very quietly dressed. After the presentation to her Jerry drew me aside and said confidentially:

"Kuhnel, the greates' satisfaction I has is the way all these yeh otheh niggehs in th' neighbo'hood feel about this yeh silveh weddin'. They was that envious they couldn't rest when they heahd about it, fust off; an' now, since th' representatives of th' mightiest powehs of all Christendom 've been drivin' down yeah with fine hosses an' coachmen an' footmen to do me honah as one of th' President's offishul fambly, these yeh niggehs's ready to cut meh heaht out, an' kill me deddeh'n a doob-nail—they's that jealous, suh."

I think Jerry enjoyed this triumph as much as he enjoyed the heap of silver dollars piled up on the center-table in his little parlor, and the heap kept increasing in size and value as long as the guests continued to arrive with such gifts and with sincere congratulations

The family life of the second Cleveland Administration was like the first in most ways, excepting that, after a time, there came a second baby to make glad the hearts of the President and his wife. I shall never forget the times when I have seen Mrs Cleveland with her two little children—down on the floor with them and their dollies, playing as light-heartedly as could be, and looking up, radiant, smiling, beautiful, as I entered in response to her summons. Even with her added cares of motherhood, Mrs. Cleveland did not attempt to relinquish her incessant duties as wife of the President; and when the time came for her to leave the White House a second time I think she was not altogether sorry. On that morning, March 4, 1897, as she was going away, she thanked me for the small services I had rendered during eight years, and taking a bouquet of beautiful violets from her corsage she placed it in my hand, with her sweet, lovely smile. The violets are withered and white now, but they are still before me in their envelope, where they have been carefully preserved ever since.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Colonel Crook on the Home Life of Our Presidents in the White House. The seventh will be published in an early number.

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BAD CHECKS

(Concluded from Page 23)

laughed. So Jerry walked off an' when he'd got around the corner he kinder gasped like a feller that goes through the ice in the wintertime. You could see he was crazy about losin' the ten, an' mad an' hurt in the pride all at once.

"Ten dollars!" he says, holdin' on to my coat; an' then he says: "I saw how he did it. By thunder! I've got a good mind to go back an' just clean him out. If I wasn't afraid of losin' I'd do it, fer he can't fool me. I've seen how he does it."

"Jerry," I says, "you're older than I am, you oughter know better. Nobody stands a show with that feller. You can't win unless he wants to have you win. The quicker you bet the quicker you lose. That's all," I says.

"Everybody's got a right to their own opinion," he says kinder sour, an' then we had to go an' meet Annie an' Mrs. Pollock at the entrance to the grandstand, an' I bought some seats an' we picked out the horses we thought would win an' both women always chose any horse that was jet black. Black ones always look faster to women. An' they laughed an' had a good time, but Jerry was sullen an' sore, an' I guess he even fergot about his checked suit.

We'd been sittin' there quite a while when Mrs. Pollock missed him. He had a seat on an' aisle an' he'd slipped out.

"I wonder where Jerry went?" she says. "Probably to get some peanuts. He's so thoughtful," she says.

But I didn't stop to hear. I felt like a warden that has forgot to lock the jail, an' I jumped up an' says, "I'll be back in a few minutes," an' I ran down the steps an' around the racetrack fence, back to where the tents an' booths were, an' I went in around the Japanese rolling-ball game an' when I got a first look I knew I was too late.

There was Jerry with his hat off an' his eyes wild an' red an' his breath comin' short, an' a half a dozen men laughin' at him.

He was talkin' to the feller that run the cup an' sugar game. "You cheat!" he says. "You robbed me," he says, "a hundred dollars an' more!" he says. "Give it back," he says, "or I'll complain of you," says he.

"On yer way!" says the feller. "You want me to lose all the time?" he says. "Is that it?" says he. "Now take it from me," he says, pointin' with his finger. "You move on! Don't stay around here disturbin' these gentlemen, you big rube. Where'd you hire that checked suit, you tin-horn sport?"

I could see I'd better take Jerry away. So I got him by the arm an' he called me some hot names, but he came with me just the same an' I thought he was goin' to cry, he was that frightened. "I promised to buy a runabout fer Martha with that money. She's been lookin' forward to it fer two years," he says.

I felt sorry fer him.

Finally he says: "Jim, will you tell my wife for me?" he says, grabbin' my arm. "You don't know how much I'd appreciate it," says he. "Somehow I believe it would save talk," he says. "I've got to tell her. She knew I had the money. I can't lie to her. You tell her, Jim. If you'll do that I'll go down an', harness the horse an' never ask you to do a thing," says he. "Tell it all," says he. "Everything you tell will save me a couple of days of talk," says he.

I'm a good-natured fool, I guess. Anyhow, I told him to go hitch up an' we'd come down at half past six ready to eat our lunch that Annie had put up, an' then drive home. But after I left him I could see them gray eyes of Mrs. Pollock an' them wrinkles in her forehead. I could hear her voice an' I could see a marathon talkin' contest. I began to look fer a hole right then. I ain't a coward, but I can be mighty discreet in them matters. An' I can be mighty foxy too.

I tell yer what I did. I got my Annie to one side an' she was the one I told.

"Well," she says, very solemn, "it may not be your fault. You say it ain't. An' I suppose it must be done. Jim, dear, it's terrible," she says. "I never knew a man to change so at his time of life. He was so quiet when he was himself," she says. "I wish his wife weren't such a competent woman," she says; an' she went over an' got Jerry's wife an' she let her have it.

I thought the woman was goin' to faint away an' then come to an' talk it out. What do you think! She never said a word! She just shut her jaws tight an' brushed out her skirt an' looked like somebody that ain't ready to act but is gettin' ready. She never said a word till we got down to the hitching shed. The carryall was there an' the horse.

"Where's Mr. Pollock, my husband?" she says, lookin' at me as if I'd eaten him.

"I couldn't tell you, ma'am," I says, easy an' persuadin'. "I left him here a half hour ago."

"There's nothin' to do but wait," says Annie. "You don't suppose he's playin', as you call it, any more."

"I do not," says I. "He ain't got any of what's most necessary," I says, an' sat down on a box. I sat there an' listened to Mrs. Pollock's foot. It was tappin' on the bottom of the carriage. It's one of them ugly sounds women makes. An' I sat there listenin' to that an' the crickets in the grass an' the band a long way off. It was gettin' cool, too, an' I wished I was goin' to sit down to a warm supper at home.

It weren't quite dark when Jerry showed up. You oughter seen him. His checked suit was covered with mud an' he had a red swellin' on his forehead. But instead of hangin' his head an' lookin' humble he danced in like an' old horse that's been doctored with liquor. His wife give him a terrible glare, poor woman, but it didn't do no good. So she tried the voice.

"Well!" she says.

"Huh!" says Jerry. "I suppose you all are guessin'," he says, rubbin' his hands. "I suppose you all think I'm the kind of a man that will let people get the best of me an' be down. Not me!"

"You ain't been doin' it again!" I says.

"No," says he, "I ain't. I did somethin' surer than that," he says, squarin' them narrer shoulders of his. "I thought that cheatin' feller might go to the village fer his supper, an' he did. Who followed him? I did. Who fought with him when he got to a nice quiet place with nobody around? Me! Who licked him? Me! That's me!"

"Pooh!" says Mrs. Pollock, risin' up an' swellin'. "You ain't content with gamblin'. You must go an' fight like a common tough. Ain't you a nice apology! Fightin' won't ever buy that runabout!"

"Huh!" says Jerry. "I ain't so sure." An' with that he digs down into the pants pocket of that checked suit an' pulls out a couple of handfuls of bills an' holds 'em up. "I took 'em away from him," he says, "just what was right to a dollar!" An' he brushes some dust off the front of his checked coat. "There's more'n one way to be a sport," he says, lookin' at the money. "That's me," he says. "I ain't afraid of anybody," he says.

"Jerry," his wife says, "you give me that money—every cent of it! You give me that money an' I'll never say a word about these terrible events as long as I live. Give it to me."

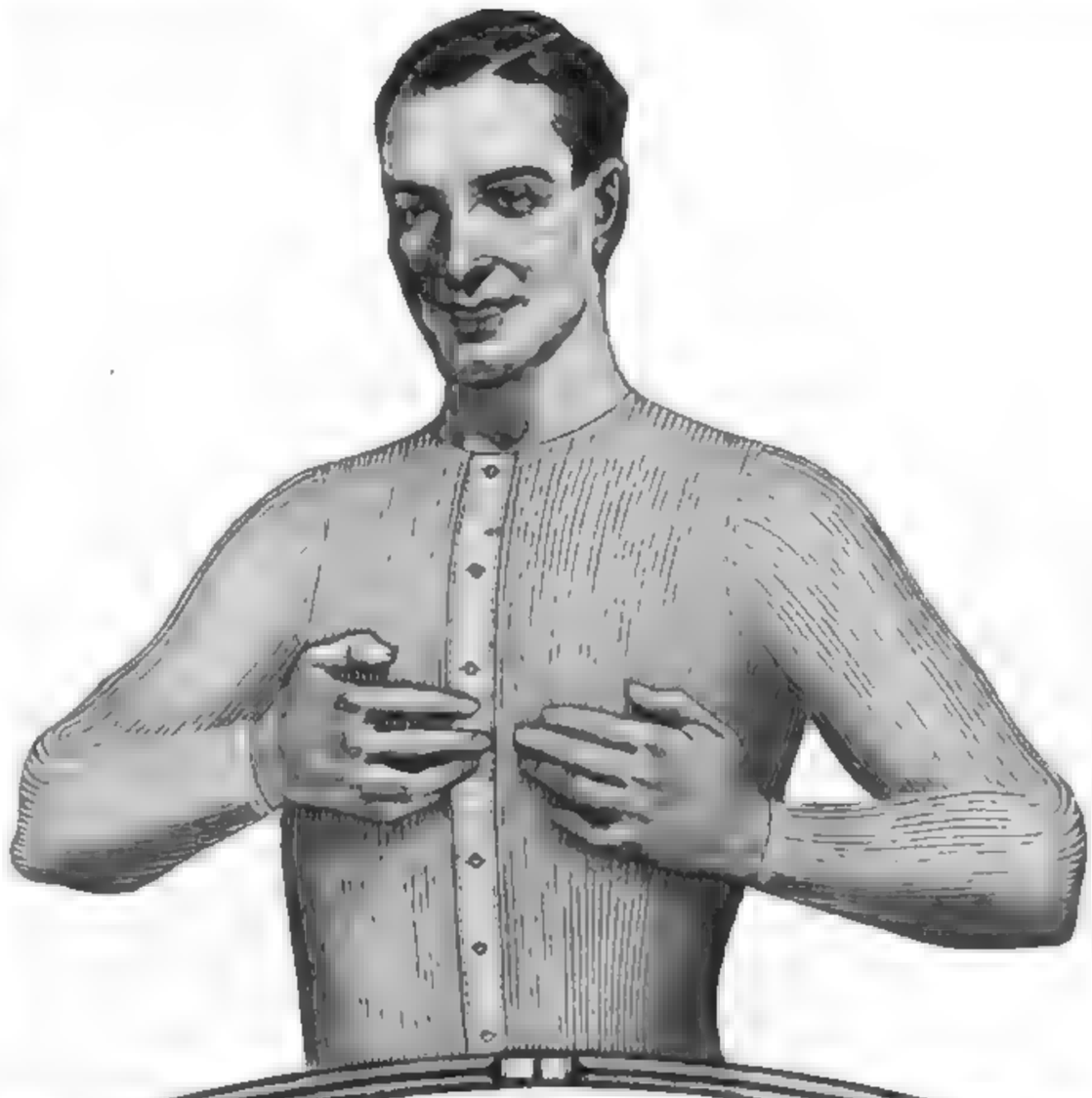
"You bet!" says he.

An' I'll always remember how he looked then in that checked suit, tryin' to give her that money fast an' close the bargain in a hurry. He certainly was prompt.

An' I remember the look on Mrs. Pollock's face as she says: "When we get home," she says, "you take off that checked suit, an' do it up an' send it to the Missionary Alliance," she says. "When you wear it there's one thing that's plain."

"What's that, dear," asks my Annie, interruptin'.

"That I'm takin' awful risks with my husband," she says.



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IN A GENERAL store located in a small town in the state of New York there is a clerk who is the owner of fully fifteen thousand dollars' worth of real estate, as well as a three-thousand-dollar life-insurance policy and two thousand dollars in building and loan shares that will shortly mature. The proprietor of the store is notorious for never paying a clerk more than ten dollars a week. Yet this employee had nothing when he went to work there twenty years ago, and his property has been acquired by judicious management of his wages.

He had clerked in another store at seven dollars a week when the proprietor of this establishment hired him at eight dollars because he liked his willingness and intelligence. The young man, then twenty, lived with his father and mother. They owned their home, and the father had a Civil War pension of twelve dollars a month, besides money earned at odd jobs. The son paid three dollars a week for board and saved every dollar that could be put away. At the end of the first year in his new job he had, with previous savings, about three hundred dollars in cash.

At this period he began studying the town from a real-estate standpoint, walking around, learning values and rents, figuring out the lines of development, and listening to everybody who could tell him anything on the subject. By-and-by he found a house for sale. It was a small cottage, with an ample plot of ground, and the owner needed cash to go into business. It was worth perhaps fifteen hundred dollars, but could be bought for twelve hundred dollars at quick sale. The clerk took it. His three hundred dollars was paid in and he assumed a nine-hundred-dollar mortgage for the rest, getting the money through a building and loan association. The nine dollars a month and insurance and taxes were practically met by rent from a steady tenant who paid ten dollars a month for the house as soon as it was vacated. Thus the property paid for itself. That took twelve years, but he had no worry about it and immediately started saving again from his wages.

Since that time he has bought and sold both improved and vacant real estate, sometimes investing in houses to be carried on the same plan as his first purchase, and again speculating conservatively in a plot that seemed to him to be held at less than its real value and in line with town growth that would yield a good profit. In one instance he made a profit of one thousand dollars on a plot in the business section which was sold for a bank site after he had carried it a couple of years. Naturally it has been only by the most prudent transactions that he has brought up a family of four children and amassed a competence on the savings from his wages.

The Night Watchman's Rise

A night watchman earning forty dollars a month in a small town owns the house he lives in and is buying another, though only in recent years has he enjoyed such wages, for he has little education, no trade, and has plodded along as a common laborer most of his life for six to eight dollars a week. This man married when he was twenty-two. His wife was thoughtless and thriftless at the outset and he was indifferent. They lived somehow, but saved absolutely nothing for five years.

When the husband landed his watchman's job, however, he became interested in the building and loan idea through hearing of neighbors who had bought homes. The plan, as they described it, seemed incredible to him; so he visited the local association to have it explained officially, and the secretary says that he practically used a hammer and chisel to get the principle of the thing into the watchman's skull. When it was partly comprehended his wife had to have it explained as fully, and their first deposit of five dollars was made with genuine misgivings. Before they had fifty dollars saved they wanted to test the plan, and negotiated with their landlord for the little house they lived in. He offered to sell it for nine hundred dollars cash. Their savings were not sufficient to make even an initial payment, but they pestered the building and loan secretary and he looked over the property and found, as is not infrequently the case, that it was fair security for the full purchase price. So the deal was made, part of their savings going for transfer fees; and after that they paid nine dollars a month into the association instead of rent.

Ownership put such a different aspect on life that they now saved every cent they could and devoted all their spare time to making repairs and improvements. The husband's work took eight hours at night, leaving him considerable time during the day to cultivate a garden, and as they now had five children there were plenty of hands to help. By spading up and planting a couple of vacant lots they raised a large portion of their food and had truck to sell. It took nearly twelve years to pay off the mortgage, but by that time the habit of saving was ingrained; and they continued the regular payments until they had five hundred dollars more, which was invested in another small house near by. There is rent from this second purchase to lighten the payments, and as their children are now earning money the family is in most comfortable circumstances.

A Brakeman's Investments

A railroad brakeman fell in love and married a widow with a couple of children. His pay was forty dollars a month, and after they had moved to another town at the end of his "run" and rented a house for six dollars a month they had just fifteen dollars in the world. The wife resolved to live within a certain amount each week. During the first year they put all their odd half dollars into furniture for the rather bare little house. When the place had been comfortably fitted up, they began to save for a home, spurred on by the example of a grocery clerk in the neighborhood who was buying a house on wages of thirty-five dollars a month.

Their first deposit in a building society was fifty cents, which made it obligatory at that time to pay the same sum weekly. Five years passed before they got one hundred and fifty dollars and by that time there were five children. This money was invested in a building lot, and they planned a house to cost seven hundred and fifty dollars and applied for a loan to build it. This was granted and the payments came to one dollar and fifty cents weekly—a trifle more than their rent. For eight years thereafter they paid regularly. Then the brakeman's pay was increased to fifty dollars a month, and as they had the mortgage half cleared off and the youngsters were now finishing school, the couple decided that they might safely broaden their real-estate operations a bit.

Their lot was large and irregular, being fifty-five feet wide and more than a hundred feet deep. Their house had been built close to the side line, and as it was only twenty feet wide there was room for another house. A new factory had lately come to town and houses were scarce, for fifty new families had come with the factory. So they laid out a plain two-family house to cost twelve hundred and fifty dollars. The building society lent ten hundred and fifty dollars on the plans and the brakeman borrowed two hundred dollars more of an engineer on second mortgage. The two floors were occupied as soon as finished by tenants who paid fourteen dollars a month, which was sufficient to make regular payments on both mortgages and leave a profit after repairs, taxes and insurance had been taken care of. Both houses have since been paid for and the brakeman has also acquired a farm, to which he means to retire when his railroading days are over. All told, his property is worth about fifteen thousand dollars.

A laborer working in a piano-box factory got married when his pay was only six dollars a week, and he and his wife went to live in three rooms that cost them three dollars a month. Just at that time everybody in the factory was interested in a new building and loan association that had been organized to help working people get homes. The nearest savings bank was

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BELOW is a building covered recently with Congo Roofing.

The owner of *this* roofing, however, is not only satisfied with his purchase, but has the satisfaction of *knowing* that it is *guaranteed* for 10 years.

Every roof of 2 ply and 3 ply Congo is guaranteed in this way.

In every roll of Congo is a *genuine legally binding Surety Bond* issued by the National Surety Company of New York.

This Bond provides that we shall furnish new roofing in case Congo fails to last 10 years.

This year we shall guarantee thousands of roofs all over the country *to last till 1920* on this basis.

Of course we are not going to lose — we are offering a sure thing. We know Congo will last *more* than 10 years.

If it would not do so, it would be absurd for us to jeopardize our business by making so many binding guarantees, and the National Surety Co. would not stand behind us.

One thing the guarantee forces upon us: it makes us extremely careful in manufacturing.

We make doubly sure that every roll is perfect. We use the best materials that money can buy.

We take elaborate pains in wrapping to prevent damage in transit.

Another little detail is the nailing. Some manufacturers supply broad-headed nails, but these frequently cut the roofing.

Tin discs, which are frequently used, rust quickly and cause leaks.

To avoid any trouble from this source, we provide, free of charge, *galvanized* iron caps which are rust proof, and will last as long as the roofing.

In every way we protect ourselves against the possibility of a complaint.

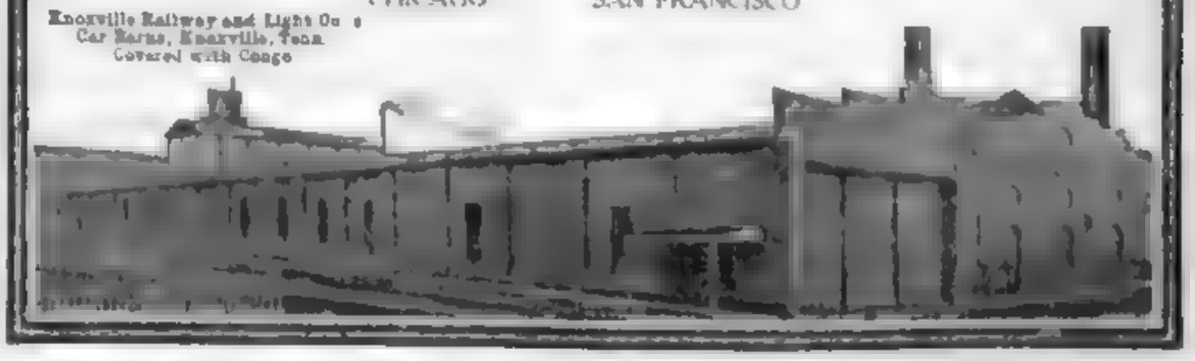
Send for a copy of our Guarantee Bond, and a Sample of Congo Roofing. The copy of the guarantee will show you what a real legal roofing guarantee looks like. The sample and the little booklet which we enclose with it will tell you more about Congo Roofing

One of these Surety Bonds is given out with each roll of Congo. It means real Roof Insurance

United Roofing & Manufacturing Company

572 West End Trust Building, Philadelphia

CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



twenty miles away and most of the mortgage-lending in that town was done by a smug old Shylock who demanded full legal interest and heavy legal charges on top of it, and who had grown rich by foreclosing on farms and homes round about that section. The second week after the new "loan" opened, the piano-box hand took out shares that called for fifty cents a week regularly. Before her marriage the wife had been the general girl at the mayor's home. The mayor had a partiality for Nora's way of doing up a shirt. So she arranged to continue this service at ten cents a shirt; and, as the mayor wore four shirts a week, this little chore practically kept the building shares going.

In two years the couple had fifty dollars on deposit. There was also a baby girl in the three-room home and the husband's pay had been increased to six-fifty. They wanted a place of their own, with room for a garden. In the poorer section of the town a plot sixty by one hundred feet was found for the amount of money they had saved up, and after it was purchased the wife took her husband over to the mayor's one Sunday evening and his Honor helped them plan a four-room cottage. The only architectural feature that the husband had set his mind upon was a wide veranda where he could smoke a pipe and play with the baby. The mayor figured that eight hundred dollars would build this house, and when the building society set seven hundred dollars as the amount it could lend he furnished the other one hundred dollars on a note, payments to be made as convenient. This doubled their rent; but, as they had been saving money and there were prospects of better pay soon, they could stand it.

Since then twelve years have passed. The husband's wages are now ten dollars a week, but he has never earned more. The last payment on the mortgage was made not long ago, and in the same week their ninth baby was born. Their original baby girl is now old enough to help with the housework at the mayor's when the latter has company, and her mother still irons his shirts. The weekly sum that was paid on their home in all those years is now set aside to keep the youngsters in school.

Mistakes of Investors

By ROGER W. BABSON

DURING the past summer I have had the pleasure of meeting many men of importance. As our little talks were in the woods or near the seashore, where time was plenty and no one could overhear, these men told me of their investments. To say that these confidential talks have been a revelation to me is to put it mildly. I learned from them that many of the men who stand at the very pinnacle of their profession and line of business hold only the lowest-grade stocks and have continually been losing money on supposed investments.

I found that a great lawyer, who is consulted on the most important questions, annually loses nearly all of his savings on margin speculations. His friends—only hearing of his successes—style him "a most successful operator"; but he tells me that about one time in seven he makes a loss that wipes out all of his previous profits.

Another case is that of a most famous physician, who is sent for from all parts of the country and who receives fabulous sums for an hour's work. He, I find, has persisted in purchasing only speculative, inactive stocks of which he has not the slightest knowledge. If, however, this man kept his purchases it would not be so bad; but he insists always on buying when stocks are high, and then, as they begin to decline, he becomes panic-stricken and always sells at the last opportunity, continually losing very large sums of money.

An instance that especially impressed me was that of a great manufacturer, whose product is sold in every grocery store throughout the land and who has a fortune in his business. This man persists in going into outside schemes and so-called syndicates and various promotion deals. Of these outside matters he has little knowledge, and he is often a heavy loser.

Of all the cases that came to my notice, however, the one that impressed me most was that of a man whom I consider a leading expert in his line in America. I would name his special work, but many would then know to whom I refer. This man, who is continually reporting upon propositions and who without doubt possesses a most wonderful intellect and a most conservative judgment, has invested his income in purely speculative schemes that have little or no value. The fact that men by whom he is employed have made fortunes in such things made him think that he could do likewise; but he forgot that most of these men made their money by selling these stocks and not by buying them.

For example: a banking house buys a tract of land for one hundred thousand dollars and capitalizes it as a mine at one million dollars, selling the stock on the theory that it "may" be worth ten million dollars. The banking house, however, has not faith enough in the proposition to hold the stock until it becomes worth ten million dollars, but sells it at its value of one million dollars and takes the profit of nine hundred thousand dollars for itself. Of course once in a great while such a mine actually becomes of value and the original holders buy back the stock after perhaps doing all they can to scare out the holders; but when this happens it is purely an accident, as otherwise the buyers would never have sold the stock at the original price. This expert, like ex-President Grant, believing so strongly that such a procedure is absolutely dishonest instead of simply "good business," cannot make himself believe that these bankers and promoters with whom he daily associates would stoop to such an act, and so he is taken in every time.

The same principle, moreover, applies to buying cheap listed common stocks of railroad and industrial corporations that pay no dividends. Of course most of these go up with the general market and in that way buyers thereof often make a profit; but, considering the loss of interest on the money and the possibility of loss, one cannot make any more in the long run by buying these cheap stocks than if he bought the highest-grade dividend-paying railroad stocks.

For instance, assume that you bought A. B. & C. common, a low-priced, non-dividend paying stock, and I bought X. Y. & Z., a high-priced security with a long dividend record behind it. Now you stand in the position of either losing all or making twenty per cent, while I can lose nothing and am sure of making over twenty-five per cent. In other words, I am taking no chances while, if you make money, it will be due to pure luck. I use this word very carefully and scientifically, and my reasons are as follows: All stocks taken by classes seek a common true level based on the law of averages. For instance, if you divide your money among a sufficient number of these cheap listed stocks your total profits will slightly exceed your losses, so that your net profits will be almost as much as my profits on X. Y. & Z.; but they can be no more. On the other hand, if you buy only a few you are taking distinct chances of losing all, although there is a slight possibility of making a large profit. It is impossible for any of us to beat the law of averages except through pure chance, which is gambling and not investing. For this reason, I strongly advise the purchase of high-grade, dividend-paying listed stocks.

Young Men: Here's a Good Suggestion

MOST of you need a suit and an overcoat this Fall. Better select them at the same time and make sure both are Ederheimer-Stein garments. That's the way to get harmony of color, pattern, style; a perfect fit; uniform quality; utmost satisfaction.

Find the store in your town that sells our make and ask to see the styles shown in the illustration. They make a classy combination. And there are many other styles that go together just as well.

Remember, we specialize in Young Men's Clothes. That's why stores selling the smartest, most distinctive clothes handle our make. It's style, individuality, appropriateness that makes these the foremost clothes of the time. They represent all that's best in clothes making.

Write for our book, "Young Men's Clothes." With it we'll mail you two beautiful Mcball Art Posters in six colors

Ederheimer, Stein & Co., Chicago

You Need This Table In Your Home Every Day

For Teas
For Cards
For Sewing
For the Sick Room

A strong, handsome table that is not tied down to one spot by its weight. It can be easily carried anywhere about the house and unfolded in a moment, ready for any use.

The Lightweight
PEERLESS
Folding Table

is the *one really satisfactory folding table.* A rigid steel brace locks it firm—it cannot wobble.

Strong, yet light—a child can carry it. Handsomely finished to accord with the best surroundings.

In small apartments the Peerless Folding Dining Table is a blessing. Out of sight when not needed. Ready in a jiffy. Seats 8.

An actual photograph
12 lb. Peerless Table supporting 1002 lbs.

Write for catalogue and name of dealer in your town who will show you the Peerless Folding Table.

Carrom-Archarena Co.,
162 Rowe St., Ludington, Mich.
Makers of the popular Carrom and Archarena Game Boards

Schmidtknit Sweater Coats are Just the Thing for Cold Weather Sports

Schmidtknit Sweater Coats

— are made from the highest grade of yarns. This gives them warmth and wearing quality—yet they are not clumsy. Schmidtknit Sweater Coats are vastly different from the ordinary kind. They are designed by the greatest fashion artists, manufactured on the best made machines by skilled workers in the most sanitary factory—no ordinary sweat shop methods—yet they cost no more.

Ask for them at your dealer's or send to us direct and we will send you style book showing our many exclusive designs.

STANDARD KNITTING CO.
Dept. 27, Cleveland, O.

SCHMIDT KNIT

Sense and Nonsense

The Resourceful Ant and the Bear

A FABLE

A brainy Ant was coursing down a dusty country road,
When suddenly a hungry Bear from out the bushes strode.
The creature's eyes were burning like a pair of heated shot,
Which was an indication that his temper, too, was hot.
The poor, affrighted insect, at this apparition dire,
Was filled with consternation and a longing to retire.
But, knowing well how futile such an effort bold would prove,
His senses he collected and conceived a better move.
"Good day, your Bearship," said he, bowing grandly to the dust.
"Yourself and family are well, and happy, too, I trust?
Permit me, sir, to offer you from out this box I bear
A pinch of snuff—the quality is quite beyond compare."
The Bear aback was taken at these gracious words—and sly—
And for a moment hesitated, scarcely knowing why.
And then with lavish amplitude he helped himself to snuff,
Which stimulated action in a manner rather rough.
His brow was corrugated like a bruin's ill at ease,
And then, as was expected, came a mighty, roaring sneeze!
The dust was blown in volumes, and this crafty insect mite
Was hurled into a bramble-bush and quickly lost to sight.
And now this moral learn, dear friends: Whate'er the case may be,
'Twill pay you best to always act and speak with courtesy. — *Peter Newell.*

Reese, of Kentucky

THERE is a negro in a Kentucky town who is as much of a character as Harris Dickson's "Ole Reliable." His name is Reese.

The negroes in that neighborhood have a way of taking tin oil cans and other tin articles, flattening them out and using them for siding and roofs for shacks and stables.

One day a negro who knew Reese came along and said: "Reese, kin you change me a twenty-dollah gol'piece?"

"Niggah," Reese replied, "you go on along. Ef you had er twenty-dollah gol'piece on you it 'ud be makin' as much noise as a kickin' mule in a tin stable."

Another day Reese was on trial for his part in a shooting scrape.

"Tell us, Reese," said the prosecuting attorney, "just what happened."

"Well, suh," said Reese, "this yer niggah approached to me, an' as he done it he put his han' in his pocket."

"Did you say anything to him, Reese?"

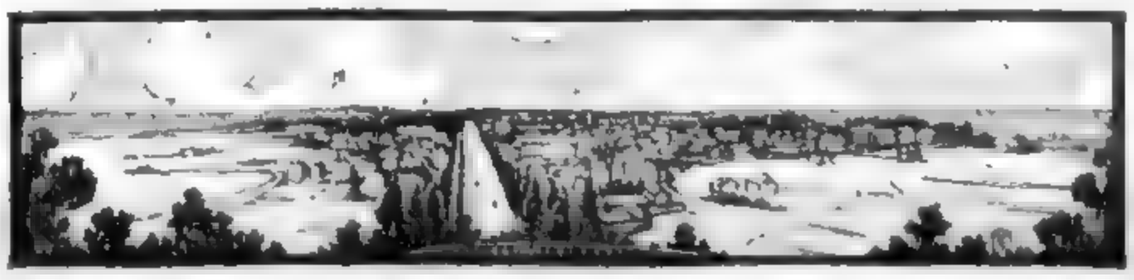
"I suhtainly did."

"What did you say?"

"I said: 'Niggah, take yo' han' outen yo' pocket an' bring what you's aholdin'; an', niggah, it'd bettah be chicken, for I's gwine to make you eat it.'"

On a third occasion Reese was in a dispute with a neighbor, who turned his head and mumbled something.

"Niggah," exhorted Reese, "don't you-all be amumblin', foh you might mumble somethin' I don't cahr foh. In case you does I shall suhtainly hit you wif this-yer bunch of gristle"—holding up his fist "an' knock you so high in th' air you'll stahve befoh you git down."



"Remember the label"

THE well-regulated "hubby" hates household shopping. But he dearly loves its good results.

Any man who appreciates a fine dinner is always willing on occasion to step into the grocer's on the way down town and order

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

But perhaps he never noticed that red-and-white label. You'd better impress it distinctly on his mind. And tell him to insist on it.

Tell him that this label—red above and white below—is a guarantee of pure rich soup of the finest flavor; wholesome, nourishing and altogether delicious.

Tell him we make it from tomatoes grown on our own farms and put up the day they are picked—vine-ripened, sound and perfect.

Tell him that we authorize the grocer to refund the money if any can of Campbell's Soup does not prove absolutely satisfactory. And we pay the grocer the full retail price.

Any business man knows how much *that* means.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo (Okra), Clam Bouillon, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Tomato, Tomato Okra Vegetable, Vermicelli Tomato

Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

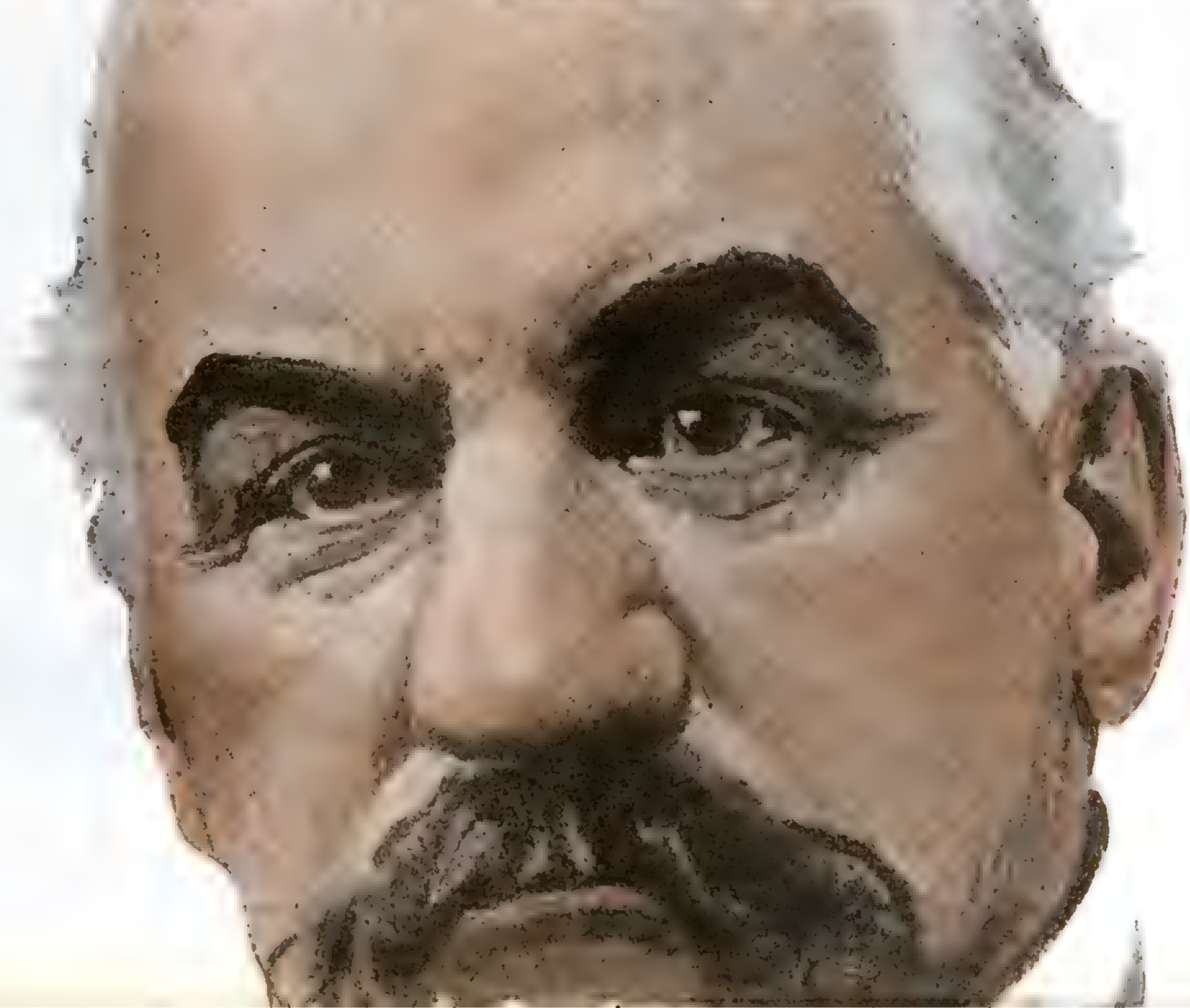
Look for the red-and-white label

Don't forget to write for Campbell's Menu Book—Free.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
CAMDEN N J

All aboard
With one accord
For *Campbell's* spotless plant
To see how those —
With dainty care
They can for those who can't.

MASTERS OF CAPITAL IN AMERICA



Are we becoming a nation of corporation employés?

Morgan, Rockefeller, Hill and a few other money masters *already* control the wealth of this country. You are now working for one of them—directly or indirectly. How did this come about? How will it end?

If these men and this movement go on, all independent business will cease. If it is changed it must be changed by the action of the people. To act you must know. Behind these facts lies every important question before the American people today.

McClure's has been for four years collecting the facts upon which this issue must be met. These facts are now being told accurately and authoritatively for the first time in the most important series of articles ever published in a magazine—a series in which appear intimate studies of the men who practically control the working capital of our country.

The general title of the series is "Masters of Capital in America." The authors are John Moody of Moody's Annual, and George Kibbe Turner of McClure's staff. The first instalment—"Morgan, the Great Trustee" appears in the November

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

All news stands, 15 cents

Do You Want A Better Position?

Yes—do you want a better position—do you want to earn more—do you want to get out of the long-hour, short-pay crowd—in short, do you wish to win success in *your chosen line of work?*

The International Correspondence Schools can help you—for *the Business of This Place is to Raise Salaries.* In 1909, 3882 I. C. S. students of all occupations, of all ages, in all parts of the world *VOLUNTARILY* reported salaries raised through I. C. S. help. In August, the number was 307. Add to these the number of others who had their salaries raised, but who were *not* heard from, and you have some idea of the ability of the I. C. S. to better *your* position, to raise *your* salary.

Finding out *how* the I. C. S. can help you costs you nothing and places you under no obligation. Simply mark and mail the attached coupon to-day. *You* are the one to decide if you want a better position. The I. C. S. is the one institution that will help you—no matter who you are or where you live. *Mark the coupon.*

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position, trade or profession before which I have marked X.

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Mine Superintendent	Architect
Mine Foreman	Chemist
Plumbing, Steam Fitting	Language— French
Concrete Construction	Banking German
Civil Engineer	Building Contractor
Textile Manufacturing	Architectural Draftsman
Stationary Engineer	Industrial Designing
Telephone Expert	Commercial Illustrating
Mechanical Engineer	Window Trimming
Mechanical Draftsman	Show Card Writing
Electrical Engineer	Advertising Man
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Electric Wireman	Bookkeeper

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Street and No. ...
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More Simple than Authors
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"The public took it like wildfire."
—Milwaukee Sentinel
"A Flinch craze from one seaboard to the other."
—Philadelphia Press.

Flinch is the greatest game success of a century. More Flinch has already been sold than the entire output of any other game brought out in the last hundred years.

150 Superfine Quality Cards
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At your dealer's, or prepaid from us.
Gold Edge, $1.00

A game of keen competition, valuable mental training and pure fun—for young and old. Just the right mixture of chance and skill to make a **perfect game.**

Any number from 2 to 8 can play. Sample cards, instructions, etc., **FREE.** Write us today.

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THE ROUTINE MAN

How He Can Keep Out of a Rut

By GEORGE FREDERIC STRATTON

IN THE ranks of the great industrial, mercantile and transportation armies the number of routine men is increasing, the number of department chiefs and foremen is decreasing—a condition that is the outcome of the great combinations or enlargements of business units, with the consequent specialization of work for either salary or wage-earners. In office work it is now common to find from fifty to one hundred and fifty clerks under one chief where formerly a squad of from twenty to thirty was considered quite large. In factories it is not uncommon to find foremen in charge of from two to three hundred hands. System, automatic devices and almost military routine and discipline have succeeded in greatly facilitating bossing.

Webster defines routine as "a regular habit or practice," and the routine man is very generally understood to be one whose occupation lies in a narrow and strictly defined groove. The bookkeeper is no longer found in large establishments. He is an "entry clerk," "cost-book man," "invoice man" or "ledger-A-to-F man." In a great machine shop may be found the planer hand, the screw-machine hand, the punch-press man and the drill hand; the machinist is nowhere.

In the great mercantile establishments everything is departmentized and specialized. The man who has worked ten years in "buttons and trimmings" very likely cannot tell the difference between a bolt of Irish linen and a roll of wallpaper.

This development, valuable to the employers, is not a happy one for the workers. Checking footings of invoices for eight hours a day and three hundred days a year is not an inspiring occupation. Standing before a multiple drill and boring just so many holes in the same identical section of some article—which the operator never sees finished—repeating this process from the first of January to the thirty-first of December, stimulates neither brain, ambition nor energy. And it may be safely asserted that thousands of such workers would be mental wrecks today but for the absolute and complete change in their minds and their hearts when the evening whistle blows.

The leader of a great labor union, in retorting to a cynical charge that labor leaders were not wage-earners, said: "They're bench-hands at heart if they do work at desks. Spending one's life in continually feeding the same-size sheets of paper into the same machine to make the same boxes doesn't put a man on an even footing to look after his own interests against big brains and big capital. To secure them some one must be at the desk."

The Best Men Not Promoted

Very many routine men have not awakened to one or two peculiarities of their condition; in fact, some do not really know that they are routine men. They know that they are on regular, unvarying detail work, and they call themselves ambitious because they have a keen hope of—and a still keener welcome for—promotion if it should come. But the energy, enterprise and broad outlook, without which ambition is but a snap of the fingers, is—excepting in the recruits of the routine ranks—stifled and subdued, often beyond recall.

Full of blood, hope and curiosity, the young mechanic tackles his first job—say, in a boring mill. In two weeks or less he finds that any information about the use of the part he is making is curtly refused by the foreman, or as curtly given in a monosyllable; while the men around him, on similar work, don't know and don't care. A year or two of such conditions will either drive him into other employment or settle him doggedly into the regular, routine groove.

The same with the young office man. Every morning, and at intervals through the day, bundles of papers are thrown on his desk—way-bills, perhaps. All through the day, and the next three hundred or three thousand days, he will check the items without at any time knowing the origin or the destination of those papers. He is not expected to know or to "waste his time" in inquiring.

But the great peculiarity—the most deplorable one—is the fact that the very best routine men are those to whom promotion rarely comes. There are two strongly impelling reasons for this. One is that the ideal routine man is too valuable on his present job. He is as steady, reliable and uncomplaining as the machine or account-book of which he is a part. The amount of work he will do, every day, and its quality are as accurately known as though he were fitted with an indicator. He is a self-starting, self-stopping, self-regulating comptometer—or the feeding mechanism of an automatic punch press. Foremen and department chiefs will and do hesitate long before they will recommend a man of that class for promotion, which would probably take him from the department.

The other reason, just as strong, is that a few years of routine work kills a man's curiosity and interest in his work. He grinds along in a very satisfactory manner—to the employer—and draws his pay regularly, but displays no knowledge of or interest in any other operation or exploitation, although it is quite possible that he may know something else. Consequently, when an opening occurs for a broadly informed man, the shop or office may not have given evidence of the existence of a suitable one. The routine men have all been kept in their own special grooves and have never been found guilty of slopping over.

Good Advice to Machinists

The superintendent of a manufacturing plant of over eight hundred hands states that, during the past two years, he has been obliged to replace five foremen by reason of deaths and resignations; and in each case he has gone outside and found his man.

"It is possible," he said, "that there are men here in the shops capable enough, but I've never seen any evidence of it. And we can't take any chances. We have to hunt up foremen somewhere who've shown what they can do."

The man who realizes the barren future of a purely routine job, and determines to make it lead to something better, will find a broad avenue running alongside his narrow groove—one upon which he can travel and enjoy and develop himself if he has but a fraction of the energy and true ambition that he had when his boyish fingers first tackled the tool or the pen for pay. It is simply going well below the surface to the hard pan of the "reason why." It is getting a clear insight into the meaning of and use for the routine work that forms his daily occupation.

This was forcibly emphasized in an address given by Mr. J. E. Sanford to the members of the apprentice course at one of the great electrical company's plants.

"Get right down into it!" he commanded. "If you are making just one particular part for a railway motor, study railway motors from the casting to the mounting. Learn the technical names for each part and find out why it's made in just that shape. And don't stop there. Read the magazines on electric railways. Find out where the motors are going; how long they wear; who does the repairing. If you are only running an automatic screw machine I can positively assert that, if you acquaint yourself with the meaning and purpose of what you are making and the men around you are making—what apparatus those various screws are designed for and what the apparatus is designed for—you are at once out of the routine gang. You have broadened your knowledge and your brain, so that the little groove cannot long hold you and it will be but a very short time before some one of the bosses will begin to sit up and take notice. And your chance will come to make good, for they are looking for just such men as you. The routine man they have always with them. The progressive

Suit Case Stationery

WHY do you carry a suit case for a run into the country when you could carry clean linen just as easily in a filing case from the office?

If you insist on a suitable means of carrying your personal effects, why not get suitable stationery to carry your personal messages? Surely your thoughts are as personal as your collars.

Old Hampshire Bond Stationery

A crisp, crackling bond notepaper with envelopes to match which can be recognized across the room as a letter from a man.

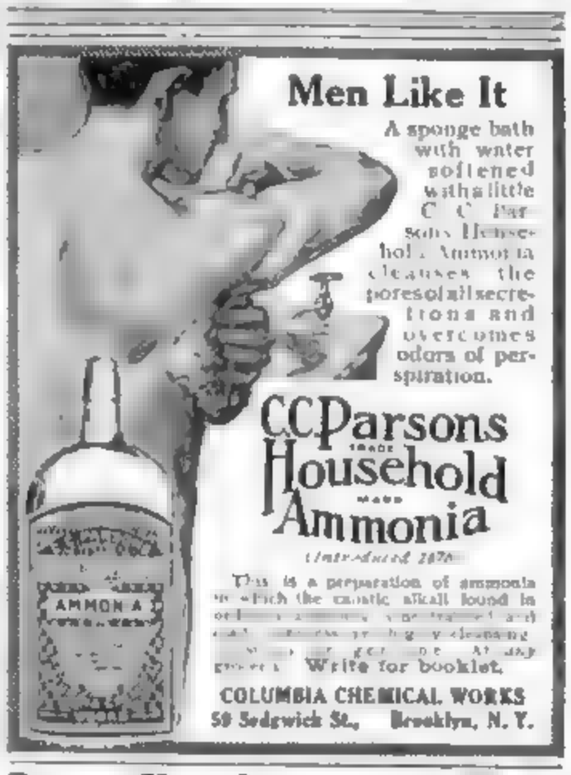
"The Stationery of a Gentleman"

We suggest that you try it—make this offer as an inducement.

Send for Trial Box

Send 4 cents to help cover postage—costs us five cents to mail. Address

Hampshire Paper Company
South Hadley Falls, Mass.
The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively.


Men Like It
A sponge bath with water softened with a little C C Parsons Household Ammonia cleanses the pores of all secretions and overcomes odors of perspiration.
CC Parsons Household Ammonia
AMMONIA
Write for booklet.
COLUMBIA CHEMICAL WORKS
59 Sedgwick St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Protect Your Lamps

CONTINUALLY replacing electric bulbs due to theft and breakage is a big expense. One that it will pay you to stop. It's easily done—at small cost by using the

LoXon Lamp Guard

This guard, unlike the ordinary kind, locks on with a key. Can't be loosened with pliers. If your dealer can't supply you write us. FREE SAMPLE prepaid to business men. Write today.

McGILL MANUFACTURING CO.
10 Factory Street Valparaiso, Ind.

fellow, who studies more than the construction of his pay check, will, they know, be coaxed away mighty quick if they don't nail him first."

Those are the insistent points that employers have in mind when they deplore the lack of interest shown by many employees. Roughly but very significantly stated, it is getting on to the job—not only getting on to it but getting under and all around it.

Half a dozen years ago there was a clerk in one of the big department stores of Boston in the furniture department, which was even subdepartmentized. This clerk, who had spent eight years in the "chamber furniture," was as green about other classes of furniture as he was about laces and embroideries. His salary was—and had been for six years—the standardized rate of fourteen dollars weekly. I have never heard what awakened him, but he suddenly got a desire and determination to get further than the interpretation of a price mark—K. F. D. into $3.89—for the information of an inquiring customer. He started on the study of cabinet-making and designing. Before long he began to ejaculate remarks to customers about peculiarities of construction, mortises, tenons, dovetails and cross-grains, which very much astonished the department chief.

One morning he was directed to go to the general manager's office. That gentleman opened the interview by remarking that he understood Oldham had some acquaintance with the construction of furniture. Oldham told him he had studied that subject.

"What is your object?" inquired the manager. "Do you contemplate going into the manufacture?"

"Not at all, sir; but I feel that a good salesman ought to be so familiar with his line as to be able to size up at once any superiority of construction as well as of design or finish."

"If you were sent to a factory to report on its operation what would you look at first?" demanded the manager.

"The lumber. I'd go into the yard and look at that and then the dry kilns, and make sure they were using material properly seasoned. Then I'd ——"

"That'll do," interrupted the manager, "and you'll do. Now I want you to go over to Wenham and stay a few days and report on the Wells Brothers' operations. We are contemplating a contract to take their entire output, but I feel that we first ought to be sure that their equipment and their methods of manufacture are all right. Our own reputation will be at stake."

Oldham went, made a very complete and satisfactory report, and resumed his routine work. But six weeks later he was placed in a position that had been created for him—that of traveling buyer of furniture for the company. His report had shown the great value of knowing and watching the methods of putting furniture together; and the change of jobs brought a substantial change of salary as well as an individuality of position. Two years later he was offered the superintendency of a progressive furniture factory and accepted it. It was his familiarity with retail methods and requirements, as well as his educated taste in design and construction, that indicated his value for the new job.

Young Men Who Made Good

A group photograph was recently published in a Western newspaper of six young men and one older man. The footnote explained that it was a reproduction of a picture taken twenty years before of a retail hardware man and his six clerks. One of those clerks, at the present time, is a large manufacturer of tools; another is cashier of a bank; the third is an executive of the United States Steel Corporation; the fourth and fifth are patentees and makers of a valuable agricultural implement; the sixth is a partner with his old employer.

The old employer said, in reply to a comment upon the diversity and success of his old clerks: "There was nothing in our business, at that time, to give those men anything more than average training—it was just a country hardware store; but they trained themselves out of it. Each man, even the dullest, has some special leaning or liking, and it was by developing those likings that those young fellows stand where they are today. They had some opportunity, while with me, to look into those matters, and they read up and studied up; and when their chance came they were good and ready for it. Good and ready—that's all there is to it!"

The routine man is always good and ready for his own specialized work; that is where his value to his employer lies. But he is very seldom good and ready for anything that deviates in any degree from the methodical, insistent columns of figures, or the sales policy, or the automatic machine with which his brain, his muscle and his entire list of activities for earning have been absorbed and confined. That is where his value to himself misses realization.

Reaching middle age, the man of twenty years' routine is ultra-conservative an obstructionist rather than a constructionist. He views every change of system or equipment with distrust and disfavor. He growls at the department chief who substitutes the adding machine for the pen that slowly glides down the long column of figures. He whines at and refuses to understand the motor-drive when substituted for the old fast-and-loose pulleys and the shifting belt. A score of years of department-store work incapacitates him for any position where, instead of being a graphophonic finger-post to other departments, his duty would be to serve a customer as intelligently with a pair of blankets or a pair of slippers as with the hose-supporters with which his life has been spent. He mellows into old age as the "distribution-of-labor clerk" or the "kitchen-furnishing man" or the "screw-machine hand." His earnings come as regular and undeviating in amount as the service he gives; and, as a good routine man very frequently develops methodical regularity of living, his savings—though small—become of far greater importance to him than his routine earnings or any desire to increase them.

Qualities That Win

Summarizing: His probable brain capacity for broader work, his ambition for a broader life and his energies for broader activities have been sacrificed to a loyal and continuous submission to systematic routine, where his wages are arbitrarily fixed by his trade union or by the standardized schedule in the manager's office.

But, although routine men are highly valued as a class, those who force themselves out of the ranks are far more highly valued. Managers readily welcome the man who shows a point of view wider and further than the limits of his grooved position—but the man has got to show it. The manager can spend no time and give no opportunity for development, although he is wanting such men as urgently as he wants improved equipment.

An official of the United States Harvester Corporation recently said:

"The call for a better type of employees than now exists in any available quantity is as insistent as the call for an improved banking system. Among manufacturers and railroad managers the need of first-class mechanics for repair jobs, outside installations and all-round assembling is a real and urgent need. Machine operators and one-job men are plentiful. Under the specialization of automatic machine operation such automatic workers can be and are made from green men in a couple of months or so. So also with store and office clerks. There are thousands who can stand behind counters and measure out goods or sit at a desk and perform monotonous routine details, but the men with original ideas, with deeper insight into business affairs and the initiative energy to make use of those qualities, are not plentiful."

"Original ideas, deeper insight and initiative energy" do not require college education or even a special course of evening study. They are qualities open to the waybill checker, the calico clerk or the yard lumper. But their development requires a clean, way-down study into the nature and purpose of everything the man is working on, an understanding of the reason why the chief requires him to do it in just one particular way, and a clear line of argument with himself as to whether some other way would not expedite the work or bring better results. The brain responds remarkably to this training; it broadens and clears, and answers instantly to demands for the initiative. It gives a man confidence to assert himself and to advertise himself, both of which qualities—assertion and advertisement—are almost entirely lacking in the regular routine man.

It was just such simple training, thoroughly pursued, that qualified the great executive forces of the Carnegie Steel industries. When Charles M. Schwab was manager of those great plants he lunched every Saturday with his assistants—forty in number. At one of those luncheons Mr. Wittkenstein—the Carnegie of Austria—was a guest. He asked how many of those present had received a technical training.

"Only three," replied Mr. Schwab. "The rest have risen from the ranks—some from the very bottom. And it's where we want them from if they're able to rise. Nothing else cuts any figure with us."

An unfortunate sequence to routine work is the tendency of a man to drift with the tide instead of laying out his own course and following it. Drifting falls in naturally with routine work where initiative or emergency responses are never called for. The routine man turns the crank comfortably, grinding out his daily stunt of work, with his thoughts most of the time on his evening occupations or amusements. Such smooth traveling gets to be second nature, productive of dry rot and deadly to initiative energy.

This point was once well emphasized by John W. Gates, the man of whom it has been said that he could and would close up a big deal quicker than any other man who ever drew breath.

"Look out for dry rot!" he said to a young acquaintance who was making his first start on the road with a line of furnishing goods. "Shift your job as often as you can strike a bigger house or better pay, but don't shift your territory. If I hear a fellow say that he has sold to the same customers for ten or fifteen years it looks all right; but if he says he has sold for the same house ten or fifteen years I smell dry rot on him or the house. The steady, regular same-old-job confines a man to one set of energies and one modicum of brain; the rest gets rusty! Tackle every chance you get and fight it to a finish. Life's like a bucket of gravel. Put it into a Pullman berth and ship it over a first-class roadbed, and the big and little stones will be where they were when it started. Dump it on a freight-car with flat wheels and send it over ties that have never been tamped, and at the end of the trip you'll find the big stones on top—the little ones'll be out of sight. Keep moving, my son!"

Nostalgia

I'm goin' home where the mountains are,
Where a man's own eyes kin see as far
And farther too—in that atmosphere
Than a man with a telescope kin here.

I'm goin' home to the minin' town,
Where the boys is sinkin' the deep shafts down;
Where the hills is steep an' the scenery's bare,
An' there ain't no foliage anywhere—
I'm goin' home.

I'm goin' home to the raw old camp,
Where the whistles hoot an' the engines stamp;
Where nobody asks you, "Who are you?"
But only, "Hey there; what kin you do?"
Where the slag dumps glow an' the ore cars bang,
An' the six-horse teamsters shout, "G'lang!"
Where the chimneys flare with a hundred hues;
Where you play the game with a stack of blues,
Whoop if you're winner an' grin if you lose;
Where the pace is fast an' the blood runs hot,
An' you blow in all of the cash you've got—
I'm goin' home.

I'm goin' home to my own again,
To the breezy girls an' the six-foot men,
To the rocky hills an' the sagebrush plains,
Where it always pours an' it never rains;
Six thousand feet above the sea,
Where the heart beats swift an' the soul is free;
Where you live like a live one—an' when you die
They lay you under the alkali
An' drink to your soul in a whisky straight,
An' shake for the drinks at the graveyard gate.

You kin have my job an' my office space;
I want to get out to the good old place
Where the peaks are white as the ocean foam
I'm goin' home. —*Berton Braley.*

Copyright 1914

MANSFIELD
One of twenty-five exclusive models.

ORIGINALITY of the cut—Distinctiveness of the pattern—set across the shoulder—bit of daring in the lapel—the general class in every detail—are the reasons why the best dressed young men wear

THE SYSTEM

Clothes.

They have selected these clothes because their eyes told them of their individual superiority.

Go in at this sign

and try on those different clothes

Look in the glass—our clothes need no further sales argument.

Look for our label sewn inside the inner coat pocket. Send two cents for Style Journal or 24c for four new original College posters in colors.

Ask your local dealer

H. M. Lindenthal & Sons
Style Originators
Chicago New York Boston

The Millions at Stake On the Overland

If you think that we skimp to make cars at our prices, please look at these facts and consider our stake. Judge what you would do.

The Overland, measured by present demand, is the most successful car that was ever created. It has become the sensation of motordom.

To build these cars, over $3,000,000 has been invested in the highest type of modern equipment.

Over 20,000 delighted owners are everywhere advertising these remarkable cars. Dealers have already paid a deposit on more than 18,000 of the new-season models.

So long as the Overlands give such satisfaction we can depend on an annual sale of tens of millions of dollars. And the thousands of men employed in our five factories depend on that sale for their livelihood.

Do you know of another maker who has an equal inducement for putting out a perfect car?

They Must Be Right

Suppose Overland owners began to find fault with their cars. Suppose weaknesses developed or troubles occurred.

Suppose time should prove that some other car—regardless of price—gives better than Overland service.

Don't you know that this business, with all its investment, would collapse like a house of cards? And don't you suppose that we know it?

If we are to hold our place, every Overland sent out must be as good as a car can be. There may be differing prices, due to the variance in size and power and capacity. But there can be no compromise with utter perfection, for no man at any price wants a troublesome car. A single slighted car might kill the sale of a hundred.

The Facts Are These

Every material used in our chassis is the best that men know for the purpose. In many parts, some cheaper material—some lesser strength—might serve 99 times in a hundred. But we take no chances on that hundredth time.

Every feature, regardless of cost, is made in accord with the best engineering practice. We use the 5-bearing crank shaft, the separate cylinders, the unit power plant, the dust-proof case.

We believe no other car at any price is so rigidly inspected. Every material is inspected, every part, every combination of parts. There are more than a thousand separate inspections on every Overland car.

We revolve every crank shaft in its bearings six thousand times before it is attached to the engine. We run every engine under its own power for 48 hours before it goes into the car.

Every Overland chassis, in the hands of an expert, is given at least two road tests over rough roads and steep hills. If this severe usage brings out the least imperfection, the car is corrected and tested again.

The truth is that if Overland cars sold at double their price there is no important way in which we could improve them.

How We Saved 28%

In the past two years we have cut the cost of Overlands 28 per cent. We have saved our buyers, on the average, $300 per car.

We have brought the cost down where no other car can compete with them. None gives nearly so much for the money.

But you may be utterly sure that we have not skimped on the cars—not jeopardized this business—to afford you that saving.

The economy has come through the use of modern machinery and multiplied production. We are making our own parts, and are making them by the finest automatic machinery.

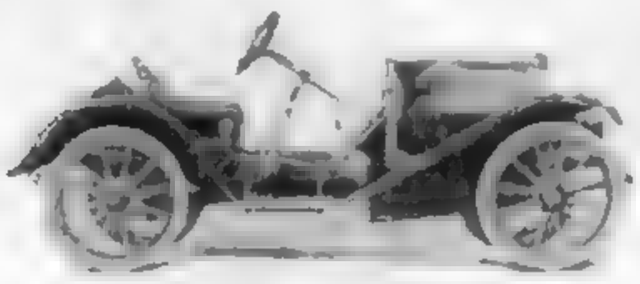
We have filled many acres of floor space with costly machines, to save something on every part. And the sum of those savings, on the thousands of parts entering into a car, is the reason for Overland prices.

But these modern methods do more than save money. They give us exactness to the thousandth part of an inch. They insure that all similar parts are exactly alike—all interchangeable. In automobiles, as in watch making, hand work has never approached the perfection attained by these modern machines.

So please don't think that a higher price insures a better car than the Overland. High prices sometimes mean out-of-date methods, limited production, extravagant profits. It is utterly impossible to give more of real value than you get in any Overland car.

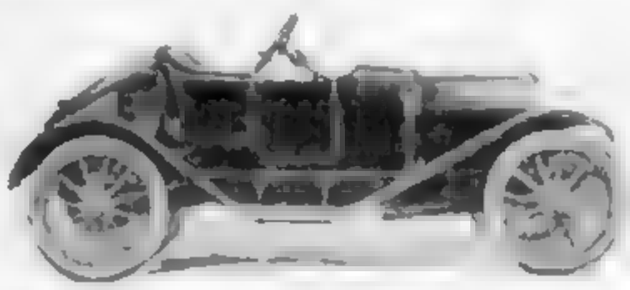
The Overland for 1911

Licensed under Selden patent



Model 45. 20 h. p.—four cylinders—96-inch wheel base—$775. A Torpedo Roadster with same power sells for $850.

Model 38. 25 h. p.—102-inch wheel base—$1,000. Made with five styles of body, including delivery body.



Model 50. A 30 h. p. Torpedo Roadster with 110-inch wheel base. Price, $1,250. Sliding gear transmission.

All prices include gas lamps and magneto

(126

A Wealth of New Models for 1911

Twenty-two models of Overlands this year—from 20 to 35 horsepower—from $775 to $1,675. Fore doors, at your option, free.

We make Overlands this year to meet every idea of nearly every motor car buyer. But none with less than four cylinders—none under 20-horsepower—none with less than a 96-inch wheel base. For smaller cars with lesser power are not wise investments.

For $775, we are making a car which is easily capable of 45 miles an hour. It has 20 horsepower enough to carry its two passengers wherever a road can run.

We are making a torpedo roadster—the latest type of a racy car—as low as $850.

The 25-horsepower Overlands, with 102-inch wheel base, sell this year for $1,000. That's nine per cent less than last year. Touring car body, delivery body, roadster or rumble seats.

The 30-horsepower Overlands sell for $1,250. The wheel base is 110 inches. A wide choice of bodies, including the newest fore-door models.

We are making a 4-passenger inside-drive coupé—the ideal car for Winter driving for $1,250.

The 35-horsepower Overlands, with 118-inch wheel bases, sell for $1,600 and $1 675 And all of these prices include magneto and full lamp equipment.

Classy Designs

We have employed on our 1911 models some of the ablest designers in the automobile line. For many months their whole effort has been devoted to creating artistic designs.

Last year we reached near to the limit in perfection of mechanism. So our efforts this year have been almost solely devoted to designing attractive cars.

Our 1911 models show what experts consider the highest attainment in motor car designing. Some of these new models, in some respects, excel the costliest cars on the market.

It is no longer necessary to pay an extravagant price to get the final touch in appearance.

About Fore Doors

The most conspicuous tendency of the times is toward the fore-door models. They are now being shown in 97 per cent of all foreign cars, and in the aristocrats of American makes. Others offer fore doors, but, because of their newness, add an extra price.

The open front models, in our estimation, will soon go the way of the rear-door tonneau.

We do not insist on fore doors, but on our leading models we offer the choice of fore doors or open fronts. You can have your option on an equal price. You pay no extra tax for the newest designs when you buy Overlands.

We make planetary transmission for those who like the utter simplicity of the pedal control. We make the sliding gears for those who prefer them.

On some new models we offer the Remy magneto, on some the Bosch. On all there is double ignition. On some the two ignition systems are entirely independent, requiring eight spark plugs

Whatever you prefer in design or in mechanism can be found this year in the Overland. And, value for value, the price is much lower than in any other make. This is easily proved by comparison.

Our 1911 Book Ready

Our 1911 book shows all the new styles and gives all specifications. You can pick out there the style that you like best, and compare it, detail by detail, with any other make.

The book is free. Simply send us this coupon or write us a postal. We shall also tell you where you can see the cars—at the nearest of our 800 dealers.

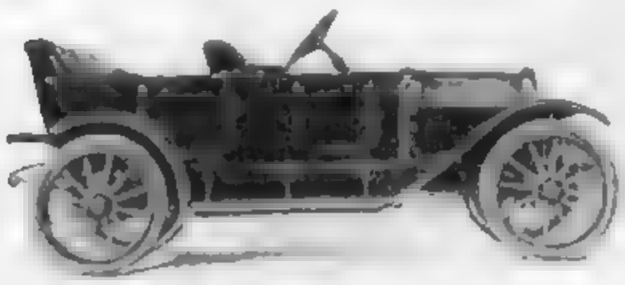
916

The Willys-Overland Company
(Licensed under Selden patent)
Toledo, Ohio

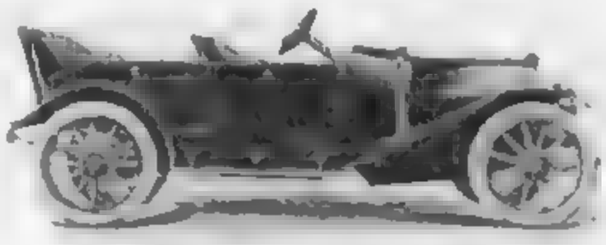
Please mail the 1911 Book to

The Overland for 1911

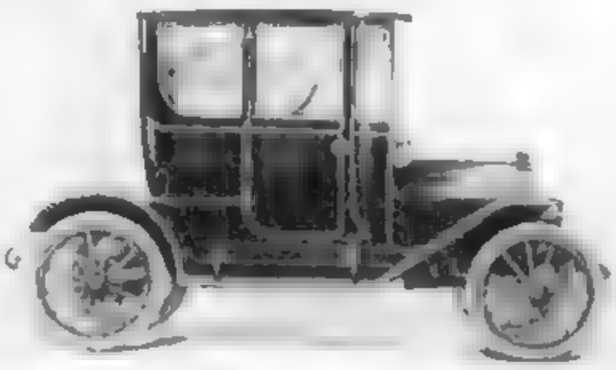
Licensed under Selden patent



Model 51. 30 h. p.—110-inch wheel base. A 5-passenger car with fore doors or open front for $1,250.



Model 54. One of our 35 h. p. cars with 118-inch wheel bases. Prices, $1,600 to $1,675.



Inside-drive Coupé. An ideal car for winter driving or for ladies. Carries four passengers. Price, $1,250.

All prices include gas lamps and magneto

MICKEY MEHARRITY AMERICAN CITIZEN

By WAYNE WHIPPLE

The School Republic and What It Has Done

MICKEY MEHARRITY was conceded by those whoever caught sight of his elusive personality to be "the dhirtiest little divil in the howl Forthy-sickend War-r-d." This was saying a good deal but not too much, for Mickey was a veritable little vagabond. No one knew where he lived, and because of the uncertainty of his domicile he was brought to school on one occasion by two truant officers belonging to adjoining school districts. As he was found oftenest in the precincts of School 199 he was taken there when caught. Mickey never went to school except when personally conducted by at least one agent of law and order.

The only American institution for which Mickey had the slightest respect was the city "copper." It was a distinct humiliation to him that he had to be accompanied by an ununiformed man, but one dull day in April the truant officer for School 195 managed to lay his hands on Mickey as the boy was being shadowed by the man of District 199. The two officers started with their charge toward School 199. The neighboring patrolmen had chaffed the probation men about the boy and nicknamed him "Convict 199."

As Mickey and his double escort drew near the school two policemen in blue happened to be passing in the same direction. With a quick eye for effect Mickey suddenly became violent and nearly broke away. The patrolmen good-naturedly stepped up to render assistance. This was exactly what Mickey intended. Escorted by four officers of the law, Mickey marched proudly into the schoolyard and on up into the great building with the triumphant bearing of one for whom the band is playing See, the Conquering Hero Comes!

Keen satisfaction was written upon Mickey's pinched and dirty face, for the children were now moving in lines toward their respective schoolrooms. For this once he thought it worth while to go to school for a whole session. He strutted to his seat as if in the midst of applause. Mickey was a small anarchist. He was against authority of all kinds. He looked upon school as a kind of penitentiary which no boy of spirit would enter except when compelled by superior force.

Mickey Runs for Mayor

That afternoon a stranger was sitting on the platform. Miss Scott, the teacher, explained that their visitor was about to organize her room into a School City. Her pupils were to elect a Mayor, President of the City Council and so on, and the children should adopt their own laws and govern themselves. The class proceeded at once to elect officers. Chris Schultze seemed to be the popular candidate for Mayor. Two little girls, Sadie Shellhammer and Kattie Levinsky, had "got a mad on Chris"; so, to spite him and because they had a sense of humor, they wrote "Mickey for Mayor" on their ballots. Besides, they rather liked the picturesque little vagrant, with his bright red hair, many freckles, snub nose and twinkling blue eyes.

Mickey wasn't elected, but this "dark horse" vote gave Miss Scott an idea, for she was a true teacher after the order of the great-hearted Myra Kelly, of blessed memory, who used to be an instructor in this same region. As a desperate remedy the teacher suggested to the Boy-Mayor-Elect that he appoint Mickey Meharrity on the School City police force. The new Mayor felt that his administration could hardly stand the strain. "If Mickey doesn't behave well," Miss Scott hastened to urge, "you can easily discharge him and appoint another policeman in his place."

This sense of power and his real regard for his teacher induced Chris to risk the disgrace of having a ragamuffin for a policeman. When Mickey Meharrity was announced as patrolman for the north side of the schoolyard there was a small sensation. The girls who had voted for him for Mayor tittered at the very idea. As for the boy himself, his blushes could be seen through his freckles and dirt, but he paid close heed while the School City Man laid down the laws and explained in detail the duties of the various officials. They had assigned the little outlaw to a difficult beat, for the boys' side of the yard had been the scene of many a free fight in which Mickey himself had taken active part. More than once the boys had raised such a noisy row that several of the city police came running from different directions to quell the disorder.

When Mickey was called to the front to receive his badge, the School City Man himself pinned it on his ragged jacket, placed his hand on the boy's shoulder, and said something in an earnest undertone which no one heard but the little policeman. When school was over Mickey left the building in a quiet, orderly manner for the first time, pausing in the yard to inspect his beat.

A Swift Metamorphosis

The next morning a new boy came early to school and took up his station on the north side of the great building. On the breast of his seedy coat a policeman's badge glistened. In that erect little fellow no one recognized Mickey, the sulking, skulking boy vagabond. When he came to take his place in line to march into school the inseparable Sadie and Kattie snickered again. His face was so clean and shiny that it had the effect of a disguise. It had been rubbed nearly raw with sand soap, of which there were gritty particles still visible around the edges. His hair was so red, his eyes so bright, his freckled skin so pink that his little face, flanked by his grimy neck and ears, looked like a sardonyx set in oxidized silver.

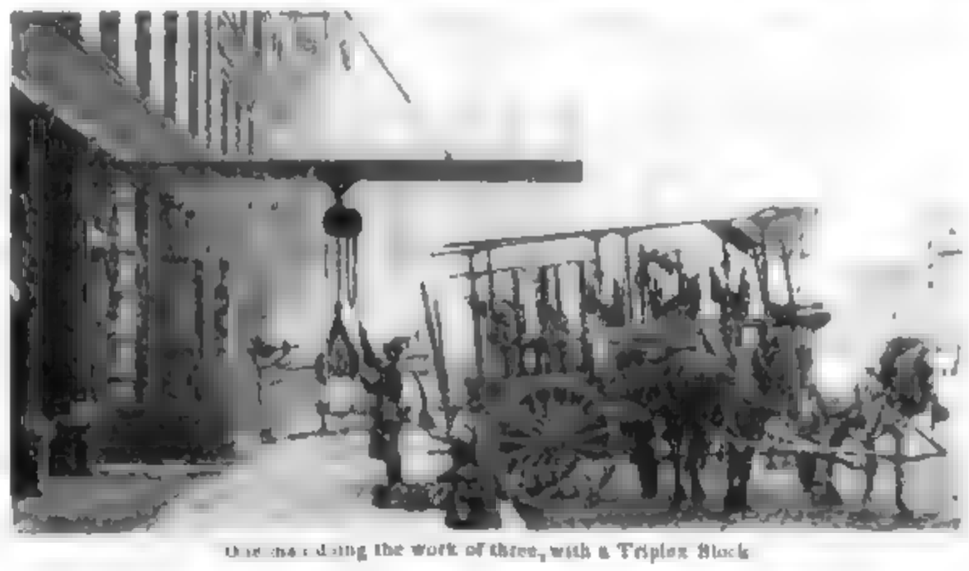
The two girls nudged each other and Sadie whispered, "Vy, it's Mickey that soon ulretty yet!"

It was indeed Mickey Meharrity—but none the less a new boy—going to his seat in school of his own free will for the first time in his life. Miss Scott saw him sitting there and it filled her with an exultant sense of power, as if she had suddenly found herself able to work miracles. By her timid experiment she had transformed that little demon into a docile pupil. She saw his clean-scoured face and would have kissed the piquant, sensitive features had she dared; but she only smiled at the boy—her boy in a deep and subtle sense.

The metamorphosis of Mickey Meharrity was so sudden that it seemed like magic—it was more, a miracle! In a few days his neck and ears came out as clean and white as his face. Even his fingernails lost their grimy edges. One day he came in a new blue suit, leather belt, celluloid collar and a cap with a peak "bee-front and bee-hind" like the helmet of a real policeman. Thus begirt with the panoply of a patrolman, Mickey was at his post early and late. No one seemed to know "the quips and cranks and wanton wiles" of unruly boys better than this selfsame Mickey. He had the eye of a lynx for infractions of the rules, in the Health and Street Cleaning Departments and everywhere else, and he gave offenders short shrift. But Mickey practiced what he preached. He kept the rules himself. In the schoolroom he was punctual, orderly and studious. The transformation was so complete that Miss Scott ventured, as the boy lingered a moment after school, to express her appreciation.

"Mickey," she said as she stood by his desk and laid her hand on his head "Mickey, you don't know how proud we all are of you. You are always so neat and attentive, doing everything that's right and nothing that's wrong. We have learned to trust our faithful policeman, Mickey Meharrity. What has made the change? You used to be so different."

The boy flushed until his face was nearly as red as his hair, and then he stammered: "Whoy, Miss Scott, whoy, I dunno; but yez knows it makes a moighty big differ



One man doing the work of three, with a Triplex Block

Aerial Transportation

One man with a Triplex Chain Block running on an overhead trolley, such as shown above, can load or unload goods in one-fifth the time required by the next best way.

Alone, he can both lift the load and push it,—wherever the trolley runs,—and it ought to run from one end of your building to the other,—with a switch wherever necessary. Then you can ship or receive goods with such ease and economy as you never dreamed possible.

The Triplex Chain Block is the simplest, strongest, smoothest-running and most efficient lifting device ever built. It will last the lifetime of the man who buys it. For every lifting and moving problem we have the solution. Write us today and tell us what *your* problem is.

Chain Blocks { **4 Styles:** Differential, Duplex, Triplex, Electric. **42 Sizes:** One-eighth of a ton to forty tons. **300 Active Stocks** ready for instant call all over the United States

The Yale & Towne Mfg. Company

Makers of Yale Products — Locks, Padlocks, Builders' Hardware, Door Checks and Chain Hoists. — YALE — 9 Murray St., New York — Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Boston, London, Paris, Hamburg.

The FULLER & JOHNSON

Ditch Pump Outfit

Saves Big Wages!

Will Raise 25,000 Gallons of Water or Sewage in 10 Hours on a Gallon of Gasoline—Cost, 15c!

Important Special Bulletins mailed on application, to Engineering Contractors, Railroads, Ship and Barge Owners, Superintendents of Public Works and all who have large quantities of water or sewage to handle.

A Fuller & Johnson Ditch Pump Outfit and 15 cents' worth of gasoline will save you from $5 to $7 a day per outfit on any trench pump job. The outfit consists of the celebrated Fuller & Johnson Farm Pump Engine connected by special lever to best type of Diaphragm Ditch or Bilge Pump.

The saving in **cost**, as compared with **manpower**, is an item of tremendous importance to every individual, firm or corporation having large quantities of water or sewage to handle.

Aside from its great advantage in keeping down the cost of pumping, there is the satisfaction of knowing that this power outfit will be on hand, ready for work when you want it—day shift, night shift, or **both**—in the open, good weather or bad. It does its work without argument or shirking—never loafs on the job.

A Portable Power Plant, Complete in Itself

The Fuller & Johnson Ditch Pump Outfit is a self-contained Portable Power Plant. Mounted on wooden base frame. Can be easily carried anywhere. The engine exerts a lift of **half a ton** on the lever at each stroke, giving a wide margin of surplus power. Runs at from 31 to 35 strokes per minute. The capacity is approximately 2,500 gallons per hour.

The pump handles water containing mud, sand, grit, gravel, coal, grain, chips or sewage—**any liquid that will flow.**

The outfit requires absolutely no attention while running. Start it, leave it, **forget it**, and you'll find it pumping when you get back.

The little engine is air-cooled without fans or cooling attachments. Sturdy, strong and simple.

Important working parts are enclosed in dust proof metal case. Self oiling. Runs anywhere a ditch pump can be placed and with practically no vibration. Starts instantly. No belts, arms, pump jacks, anchor posts or special platform required. Built and guaranteed by Fuller & Johnson, whose high-power Double-Efficiency Engines have attained a world-wide reputation.

WRITE FOR BOOKS AND BULLETINS! Our Catalog and special Bulletins give valuable information in regard to the use of the engine for all classes of pumping service. Send a postal today.

Sold Through Dealers Write for name of nearest dealer who has this amazing engine on exhibition. We invite correspondence from dealers and export houses.

Fuller & Johnson Mfg. Co., 110 Sanborn St., Madison, Wis., U. S. A.

(162) **(Established 1840) Cable Address, "Fullerjohn," A. B. C—5th Edition, or Lieber's Code**

whether ye're in or out—an' yez sees it's a big thing to be a citizen and a p'laceman."

Mickey's voice broke, he swallowed hard and rubbed his little snub nose while tears glistened in his eyes. In shame for this unmanly show of feeling he added, "There's a pain in the ind of me nose what makes me two eyes wather."

Miss Scott left him without more ado. She knew what it was to have a funny pain in the end of her nose that made her "two eyes wather." "True for you, dear little Mickey! It does make a mighty difference whether you are in or out, especially if you are left out in the cold," she whispered as she walked slowly back to her desk to await the arrival of the Principal and other teachers who were coming to meet the School City Man and confer about organizing the whole building into a School Republic.

Before the others came, Mickey disappeared. They all arrived before the School City Man, who, when he appeared, was introduced as Wilson L. Gill, the father of the Children's Commonwealth idea. Mr. Gill proceeded without preamble to explain the object and mode of organizing the great school of sixteen hundred pupils into a School Nation.

The eight grades, composed of children from six to fourteen, were to form a series of School States each room being a School City. The two grades of youngest children were to form one state, the next two grades another state, and so on, making four in all. These four states were to be made up of many School Cities. The children of each room elect their own Mayor, President of the City Council, and Judge. The police and health officers are appointed by the Mayor, and the whole class acts as a City Council. The officers of every School City operate, of course, in consultation with the teacher of their room. The police act in place of monitors and their beats are aisles, and certain parts of the halls and playgrounds. From each School City or schoolroom one boy and one girl are elected to the State Legislature, and the whole group of School Cities forming the School State combine to elect a Governor, a Lieutenant-Governor, one or more members of the State Court, a clerk of the State Court and a Secretary of State. Also, a State Constabulary is selected to bear the same relation to the School State as the police to the School City. The State Court has jurisdiction in matters between the School Cities as when a quarrel occurs between two pupils of different schools. As the School States govern the children of the same grades and ages, the questions arising as to halls, playgrounds and so forth are easily settled by the School States. Indeed the chief expression of the Child Citizenship idea is in the School City itself, where the children are "the sovereign people" in embryo.

Elastic and Adaptable

The School Republic idea is elastic and adaptable. It may have, at first, only a few officers, and as little machinery as will serve the purposes of the teacher. Other officers may be added as required by the necessities of any case.

School officials and teachers sometimes hesitate to adopt the Child Citizenship system because, at first glance, it seems to entail extra work upon them; but the children take hold of it with such eagerness that organization is an easy form of entertainment, and the aids and benefits to teachers in the government and discipline of the schools are almost unlimited. Teachers, who have complained of such fearful wear and tear upon their nerves that they expected to become candidates for the insane asylum, have found in this system their own salvation as well as the only hope of their difficult and unruly school children.

Mr. Gill declared that the Child Citizenship plan is highly beneficial in the following ways: In the order and discipline of the school. Its good influences are over the children when out of school. In its tendency to do away with friction and establish cordial relations between teachers and pupils. It familiarizes the children with the forms of government. It cultivates a fair, judicial attitude and prevents "snap" judgments. It develops the children's self-respect and obedience to laws of their own making and teaches them to honor all proper authority. It forms habits of good citizenship while the mind is plastic. It prepares for participation in public affairs a body of citizens who are informed as to their duties, trained in the practice of them, and imbued with the interests and purposes of a true public spirit. It furnishes "a new motive for discipline to the end that all the school's activities may be made educational."

"In fact," said Mr. Gill, "the Golden Rule is the motto placed at the head of the principles of American Citizenship as taught by the Patriotic League, which opens with this paragraph: 'We believe in the principles of the Declaration of Independence; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.'

"Instead of hearing of their right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness' only in some long-winded Fourth of July oration, which children avoid as if it were a plague or drown with firecrackers, they learn early that their friends also have the same right to 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness,' in their play and everywhere."

Mr. Gill then read aloud to teachers and pupils the laws of the School City:

CHAPTER I. THE GENERAL LAW

Do to others as you would have them do to you. This is the natural law, without which no popular government can succeed, and it is the general law to which all other laws and regulations must conform.

CHAPTER II. THINGS PROHIBITED

Art. 1. Do not to others that which you would not have them do to you.

ORDER

Art. 2. Anything which disturbs the order in halls, classrooms or in any place within the jurisdiction of this government is prohibited.

Art. 3. Anything which is impolite, profane, rude or intentionally unkind to any living creature is prohibited.

CLEANLINESS

Art. 4. Anything which detracts from the neat and orderly appearance of our community is prohibited.

HEALTH

Art. 5. Anything which detracts from the healthful conditions of our community is prohibited.

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE PROPERTY

Art. 6. Anything which mars or destroys property is prohibited.

CHAPTER III. DUTIES

Art. 1. Every citizen is in duty bound to call the attention of the authorities of this government to any violation of the laws.

CHAPTER IV. PUNISHMENTS

Art. 1. Any citizen violating any law of this government shall be subject to punishment not less than a reprimand, and not greater than a withdrawal of the rights of citizenship.

Art. 2. No punishment shall be carried into execution before it has been approved by the teacher or principal of the school, and then it must be put promptly into effect.

Here the speaker paused and the Principal of the School said politely: "We are deeply interested in your aims and theory, but cannot you give us from your wide experience, Mr. Gill, some actual illustrations of what Child Citizenship is doing? Would you mind telling us how you happened to go into this great enterprise?"

Mr. Gill paused a moment, then went on: "I studied law and engineering at Yale. After some years spent in charge of a large body of men and boys in Columbus, Ohio, my interest in engineering led me to prospect and make the original surveys for what is now the Steinway Tunnel, under East River, to Long Island; but I must have heard Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children, for I soon began to plan for them. Before the war with Spain, in 1898, I had begun to develop the Children's Commonwealth idea, and, on the invitation of General Leonard Wood, I went to train the children of Cuba in the science of citizenship. This raised some objection at the time, for the friends of the movement believed that it ought to be well established in the schools of the United States before giving foreigners the benefit of an institution so well adapted to the needs of America. Although we could not be just before being generous, I doubt if our generosity to weaker nations will ever be a detriment to us. In fact, the School Republic is being adopted all over the civilized world."

Peace and Plenty

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

POVERTY destroys a man's courage and weakens his natural inclination to look you in the eye and tell the truth. ¶Money is the counter in this game of life. And while we do not love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone. And earning power, for all of us will surely go some time—this we know. ¶Money stands between you and the fear of want. When you insure your life you insure your peace of mind. Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you. It is not want that eats out our hearts, and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. ¶Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself. Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also—the well meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class who know just how to double it in a month. ¶Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy, which instead of being paid in a lump sum, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live, payable for twenty years in any event. It works either way. It will provide an income for your own future if you live. It will provide an income for your wife (or your son, daughter, mother, father, sister or other dependent) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

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Without committing myself to any action, I would like to know what it would cost to provide a monthly life income of $ _____ payable at my death to a person now ____ years of age.

Name

Address *Age*

THE TEDDYSEE

(Continued from Page 14)

On absent Teddy's teeth and voice:
And Cæsar Burrows, once the choice
Of Michigan, until that state
Stabbed Cæsar in his consulate—
C. Burrows made some cutting crack
Anent "Ex-champs, who can't come back!"
Tedysses heard. His smile was black.
Then Woodruff, whom the gods call Tim,
And he whom men call "Sunny Jim,"
Indulged in sentimental chat
On Saratoga's splendid prime,
When Tweed passed down the robe to Platt
And votes meant money all the time.
Quoth Wickersham: "I pledge a toast
Unto the classic G. O. P.,
Which, like some mighty Hitching Post,
Moves not, yet holds its dignity."
The toast was drunk with piercing yell
By Tawney, Penrose and Dalzell;
At which a frenzy of affright
O'ercame the fair Penelope—
"If Ted should happen home tonight
My, what a clearing out there'd be!"

Tedysses, in his Glavis shape,
Rose and o'erlooked the ribald fun
As one who craves a shooting scrape,
Yet lacks the necessary gun.
The crowd beheld him with a screech
Of "Get the hook!" and "Get the prong!"
Some scoffers shouted, "Dick, a speech!"
Yet others, "Say it in a song!"
Our Hero cleared his golden throat,
His speechful throat to song unused,
Then, as of yore, the Lyre he smote
And tuned this melody enthused:

CONSERVATION VERSUS DEVASTATION

"A tree stood alone
On a high, high hill.
If they'd let it alone
It would be there still.
But the tree was shipped
To the old sawmill,
Where its heart was ripped
With a sawyer's skill.
And now on the place
Where the chipmunks jump
There's a Land Fraud Case
And a blackened stump."

CHORUS

"It's too late to lock the stable when the mare's skipped spry;
If you throw away the apples, then you can't have pie;
But the wisest affirmation
In the Law of Conservation
Is: You cannot draw the water when the well runs dry."

"In the primal soil
Lay a ton of coal,
Prize for the toil
Of some needy sout.
But it fell in the snitch
Of a greedy Trust
Which was in with the Rich
And out for the dust.
Oh, that Trust was deep
As the midnight's dye.
It could buy things cheap,
It could sell 'em high:
Now that coal doth smoke
Over Pittsburgh sere,
Where it adds to the choke
Of the atmosphere."

CHORUS

"When the kerosene has vanished, then the well won't spout;
It's too late to talk of dancing when you've grown too stout—
But the brightest aphorism
Of the Brand-new Nationalism
Is: You cannot fill the scuttle when the coal runs out."

Achilles rose with frenzied nerve,
Fear quavering through his pallid brain:
"This clownish Glavis chaunts a dirge—
Can't some one pipe a livelier strain?"
Sereno Payne, devoted man,
Worked in the background wild with zeal,
Weaving a Tariff as he ran
Penelope's own spinning-wheel.
"Oh, list!" he cried, "friends of mine own,
This tripping threnode I'll intone:

HIGH TARIFF SPINNING-SONG

"If Uplift is good—and they say that it is—
It's bully in any direction;
It's fine in Religion, it's better in Biz,
But in Tariff it's simply perfection.
So we'll hike up the schedules on stockings and breeks,
On rice, cotton, flour—can you beat 'em?
But we'll let down the bars on Italian Antiques,
Because folks can't wear 'em or eat 'em."

CHORUS

"Spin 'er out fine
All down the line;
Boost all the prices a wee little shade.
So we'll sit our high horse
And serenely indorse
The Corkingest Tariff that Ever was Made."

"If kindness is good—and they say it is sich—
Then the poor should not lack our protection;
But it's kindlier still to be kind to the Rich
Who reciprocate love and affection.
So we'll aid the directors of Bethlehem Steel
And the billionaire barons of rubber,
Till the campaign bonanzas resound to our ▬!
And the Pork Barrels blossom with blubber."

CHORUS

"Let us be just
To the Shoemaking Trust—
Wee Infant Industry needing our aid;
And our Party we thank
As we stand on the plank
Of the Helpfulest Tariff that Ever was Made."

IV. TEDYSSES TURNETH LOOSE

The luncheon now was drawing to a close,
And, dallying dankly with the fingerbowl,
The wolf Aldrichas rose and thus addressed
Penelope:
"Great Queen, alas, too long
You've kept your suitors on the anxious seat!
Teddy, you see, is coming back no more:
So, say, for good and all, which one of us
You choose to fill the strenuous place beside thee."
A shy, sly twink shot from the mystic orb
Of smooth Penelope as thus she spake:
"Sweet suitors, as I love ye equally,
I'll choose to fill Tedysses' vacant throne
The one among your train who this can do:
Up in the garret lies a Weapon stout,
Covered with cobwebs, deep in mothy dust—
'Twas called 'the Big Stick' when by Ted 'twas swung."—
A deathsome shudder thrills along the line—
"Now him among ye who can swing this bludgeon
Thrice round his head and say 'Dee-lighted!' thrice,
To him the chair of Teddy I surrender."

Then upward seven colored porters ran
And, groaning gruffly like piano-movers,
The big, black, brutal bludgeon down they bore.
The wolf Aldrichas was the first to try.
Baring his elbows, spitting on his hands,
With biceps bent and shoulders firmly squared,
He seized the weapon by its handle-end
And tugged as might some little, busy ant,
Trying to drag an auto up a hill.
Next old Josephus of Cannonic fame
Strained at the Stick and raised it far enough
To drop it on his homespun Danville sock.
Achilles tried in vain, then sunstruck Jim,
Then twenty stern, standpattish Senators.
"What!" cried Penelope. "Can no one lift
The Stick which once my Ted with one hand swung
While writing notes to Congress with the other?"
Then did Tedysses, still in Glavis form,
Step forth. "O Queen, a timid boon I crave:
Though I may be not strong as Aldrichas,
Or like Josephus wiry, grant me leave
To try my puny wrists upon the Stick."
With comic jeers the boon he asked was granted.
And then . . .
Ye Furies! How shall I describe
The marvel that immejut did befall?
For, the thin mask of Glavis shaking off,
Tedysses reared his well-remembered bulk,
His knobby, knotty, super-bulldog shape
Within his gumptious grasp the Stick he clutched;

"The Sweetest Story Ever Told"

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One tug, the mighty timber reared in air—
Then through that charnel hall there shrilled the shriek
Of "Ouch!" and "Spare us, Ted—we didn't do it!"
Wretches! Why plead where pity there is none?
Josephus and Aldrichas fell together,
Squashed on the floor in one conglomerate blob
Skulls popped amain and on the marble walls
Pattered the splatter of standpattish gore.
Did one escape? Nay! On the lawn without
Gathered the stout Progressives, fully armed,
Bristow and Murdock, Cummins, La Follette,
Holding their choppers right across the doors.
So, when the screeching fugitives poured out,
Bang went another deader on the sward!
So, all that wild avenging afternoon,
"Thud! Thud!" the Stick descended. Heaven, assisting,
Poured deadly lightning from the blackening sky.
The screams grew less. At length the Hall was still.

Upon the scene Penelope did flit,
Observed her Lord, then had a fainting fit.
At last she raised her head,
Smiled affably and said:
"Good gracious me, you haven't changed a bit!"

Editor's Note—The Fourth Book of The Teddyssee will appear in an early number.

The Vacationist

I asked, when summer skies were burning,
When to the seas my eyes were turning,
When for green fields my soul was yearning:
"Oh, dweller in this wilderness of stone,
Stranger to fields that lie without your walls,
How long must Nature be to you unknown?
How long will you refuse to hear her calls?"
And whisp'ring winds that came at close of day,
Od'rous of pines and moist with salt sea spray,
Cooled my hot brow and softly seemed to say:
"Come where the woods and fields are calling,
Come where the ripened fruits are falling,
Come where the joyous brooks are brawling;
Come with me to the far blue hills."
Then to my heart came deep, dark discontent.
I tapped my bank account, packed up and—went.

I walked amid the fields day-dreaming,
'Neath skies with white cloud-banners streaming,
Far from the City's toiling, scheming.
I found it all—the marsh, the meadow green,
The od'rous woods, the music of the brook,
The blue hills tow'ring, dominant, serene,
The orchard and the bosky, sheltered nook;
And the dark well, whose cooling, freshening draught
In torrid hours so gratefully I quaffed—
A new, sweet world, guiltless of greed and craft.
Brief were the days of my abiding,
Sweet were the hours so swiftly gliding
Until the voice of duty, chiding,
Called me back to the City's ills.
Forth from the hills I went with discontent,
Sunburned and sad—and stripped of my last cent.

POST SCRIPTUM

October days have come; I'm still abed,
As thin and weak as some abandoned cat;
Still on spoon victuals by a nurse I'm fed;
My doctor still is talking through his hat.

As here I lie I make a solemn vow
Nature's green goods forever to eschew;
For I am sore, dead sore, on Nature now.
On farms and fields and woods and hills of blue,

The City, with its wickedness and wealth,
Its meter'd mains and milk from microbes free,
Its parks and squares, its comfort, peace and health,
However hot—is good enough for me.

— Joseph Smith

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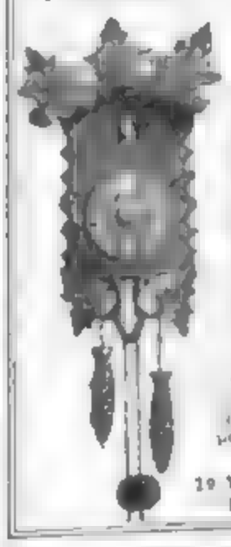

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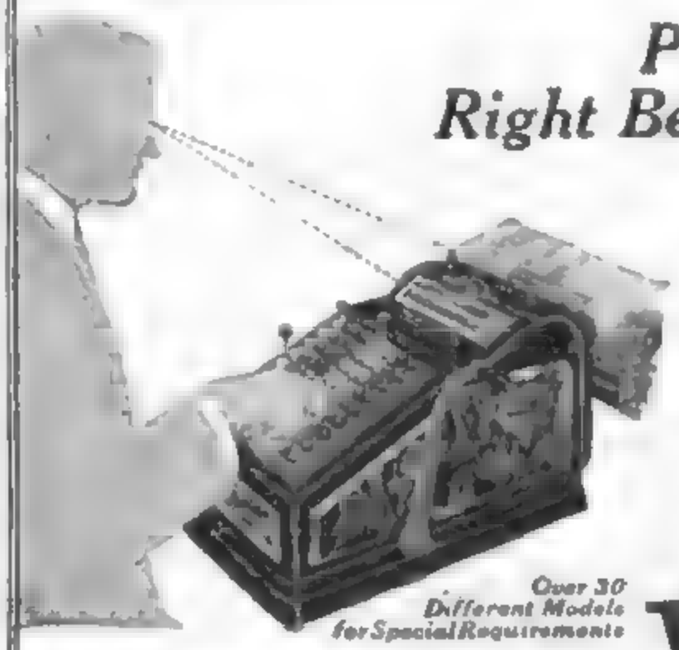

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The Career of Farthest North

(Continued from Page 5)

excitedly. The man appeared to be urging the girl, who seemed to be crying. The good landlady supposed he was trying to get her to go home. Not long afterward, being at work in the dining room, she saw the girl run upstairs. A few minutes elapsed, then Minnie came down veiled and carrying the small brown bag that she had brought to the house. The man snatched the bag rudely from her hand and opened the front door. The girl leaned weakly against the wall and put a handkerchief to her eyes. Whereupon the man seized her arm and thrust her forth.

Somewhat disturbed by this exit—although it wasn't any of her business, as the girl had paid a week in advance—Mrs. Larsen went to the front window and saw the pair going rapidly down the street, the man with his hand under the girl's arm, hurrying her along. They turned the corner toward Milwaukee Avenue and that was the last Mrs. Larsen had seen of them. About twenty minutes later Mr. Allen drove up in a cab and was nearly distracted when he found his daughter had been taken away.

Such, in brief, was Farthest's story. By the time it was in type the City Press Association began sending in the regular police report on the case, which in every substantial particular confirmed Farthest's account. Mr. Allen, it added, had driven at once to the police station and reported his daughter's second disappearance to Inspector Mullaney. The inspector had detailed two detectives to find the girl. Detective Swanson had visited the boarding-house and verified Mr. Allen's report.

The morning papers took up the mystery and were able to add the following particulars: Mrs. Allen had taken to her bed in a nervous collapse. The detectives discovered a Milwaukee Avenue street-car conductor who remembered that a couple answering the description of Minnie and the Italian boarded his car, but he couldn't remember how far they had ridden. Mrs. Larsen, removing the spread that covered the washstand in Minnie's room, found a note which the girl had hastily written and tucked there. It was not dated or addressed and said: "Must go; the risk is for me to take; all will be explained." The writing showed haste and high nervous tension; but Mr. Allen identified it as his daughter's. A general police alarm had been sent out, and the chief had detailed his best Italian detective on the case.

The evening newspapers had no fresh intelligence of any importance. But that afternoon's mail brought Mr. Allen a large, plain envelope, addressed in an illiterate hand, containing one of Minnie's handkerchiefs and the following message scrawled on a sheet of wrapping-paper:

"You no thes handsheef. me, petro, no girl she belongs to. she girl nos to mutch. if i tel pollisse and blakhan cattched mee i git throt kutt. for 1000$ i bring her to you. if you wanted it, put notis in transkipt of evenin say 'petro—all rite.' Then i rite agin."

By Inspector Mullaney's advice Mr. Allen put the required notice to Petro in next day's Transcript, as a personal advertisement. The inspector pointed out that Petro was evidently a servant or retainer of the abductor, and that "blakhan" meant that sinister league of assassins, the Black Hand, to which, no doubt, the abductor belonged. The statement that the girl knew too much seemed to mean that she knew some secret of the league.

The inspector cautioned Mr. Allen that, if they expected to trap Petro, the matter must be kept from the newspapers; so the only news development of the next day consisted of young North's lucky discovery that Minnie Allen had purchased a small revolver at a West Side pawnshop only three days before her disappearance. The pawnbroker recognized the girl's picture, but he hadn't thought it necessary to inform the police.

Mr. Allen's "personal" to Petro appeared in all the editions of the Transcript on Thursday, beginning with the ten o'clock one. The last mail that afternoon brought a response as follows:

"To nite, one Oclok, in front La Rabida, jakson park. you bring 1000$ gold. i bring girl. you be alone. no polisse. you try trika i shoot her dead."

Inspector Mullaney, to whom Mr. Allen at once carried the note, was highly pleased with the proposal, which showed a degree of innocence on Petro's part that he had hardly hoped for. La Rabida evidently meant the duplicate of a Spanish convent which had been erected in Jackson Park for the World's Fair of 1893. To plant detectives about the approaches to the convent and pounce upon Petro the moment he appeared would be comparatively easy. The inspector instructed Mr. Allen to stuff a small canvas bag with paper or any other convenient substance and to appear in front of the convent, not later than a quarter to one, holding the bag in his hand.

Anticipating considerable glory from the capture, Inspector Mullaney personally took the matter in hand. Not long after dark six police officers in plain clothes, besides the inspector, coming up one by one at considerable intervals and from different directions, slipped into convenient ambuscades about the convent. As early as twenty minutes past twelve Mr. Allen appeared, carrying his bag full of paper. That portion of the park seemed absolutely deserted. The night was moonless and rather cloudy. A chill wind blew in from the lake, and Mr. Allen could hear the mournful lapping of the waves against the stone esplanade. It seemed a most dismal place. He wondered apprehensively whether his police allies were really on hand. The thought that there might have been some mistake on that side, leaving him alone and defenseless, made his heart swell up in his throat as he peered anxiously toward each leafy shadow. At half past twelve—for the park commission was economizing that year—all the electric lights went out. At the sudden darkness Mr. Allen started, nearly dropping the bag from his outstretched hand.

It was by no means pleasant for the police either. Stout Inspector Mullaney, kneeling on the cold grass behind a shrub, with the chill wind blowing on the back of his head, feared he was taking cold. One by one the tedious minutes dragged by. Mr. Allen, softly rubbing his tired, outstretched arm, thought it must be near sunrise. Presently the inspector ventured to strike his repeater, and found that it was a quarter past one. He had scarcely replaced the watch in his pocket when he heard what seemed like the echo of a pistol shot far over in the park. He waited perhaps ten minutes, listening intently for a sequel to the sound. Then he crept cautiously to a near-by shrub and whispered to Detective O'Brien to take the next man, make a careful détour and try to discover what the sound meant. The detective crawled away to where his mate was lying prone on his stomach behind a tree, and the two set out cautiously so as not to alarm Petro if the latter should be tardily on his way to the convent.

They were gone nearly an hour and returned empty-handed. As thoroughly as possible in the dark they had beaten over the ground where the sound seemed to come from, and had found nothing. By that time it was half past two. Heartily cursing the Italians in general and particular, Inspector Mullaney led his tired, stiff and half-frozen forces homeward, enjoining secrecy upon them all.

The morning newspapers, of course, had nothing of this adventure; but the morning light brought developments. In the southern part of the park, some distance from where the pistol shot had seemed to come, was a freshly-spaded flower bed nearly inclosed by two semicircles of lilacs. Passing this spot in the morning a park policeman noticed a place where the lilac bushes were rudely broken and trampled down. In the gap thus formed lay a man's tattered felt hat. Going over to investigate, the policeman saw, inside the semicircle, a woman's hat and veil. Both had been stepped on repeatedly and were half buried in the soft dirt. All around were confused footprints, indicating a struggle. Beneath a bush something gleamed. It proved to be a small, pearl-handled, nickel-plated revolver.

The hat and veil were soon identified as Minnie Allen's. The pawnbroker recognized the revolver as the same that he had sold the girl. In several places among the confused footprints those made by a woman's shoe were clearly distinguishable.

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A pair of Minnie's shoes, brought in haste from her home, exactly fitted these prints. Detectives made out also the long, slender prints of a man's shoes, blended with prints made by coarse, broad boots.

To Inspector Mullaney it was clear that the battered hat was Petro's. Evidently he had spirited the girl away intending to get his reward. But he had been detected. At the point where the struggle took place the abductor and his henchmen had fallen upon him, overpowered him and regained the girl. She had managed to fire her revolver once before it was knocked from her hand. So far the riddle solved itself. But what had become of the actors in this midnight drama? The ground seemed to have swallowed them.

The evening papers naturally made much of the mystery; but only the Transcript discovered that a squad of detectives commanded by Inspector Mullaney was actually in the park when the struggle took place. Young North found that out. His story, replete with dramatic details, was doubled-leaded and occupied three columns in the five o'clock edition. Before leaving the office City Editor Hackett patted the young man paternally on the shoulder and said confidentially: "Good stuff, Farthest. I've fixed it up with the boss. You get eighteen dollars a week hereafter."

When City Editor Hackett entered the office at eight o'clock next morning—an agreeable consciousness that he had scooped the town still lingering in his mind—he noticed, first of all, standing beside his desk, a large blue figure surmounted by a bullet head, brick-red in front and scantily thatched with dust-colored hair.

"Good morning, Inspector," said the city editor, much surprised. Then he noticed that the veteran officer looked worn and anxious.

Inspector Mullaney merely nodded, slipped a hand under Mr. Hackett's arm and led him into the corner. "Minnie Allen's come home," he said hurriedly under his breath. Before the city editor could express surprise he hastened on, his brows contracting. "She drove up to the house before seven o'clock this morning in a cab, without any hat. She told her mother she hadn't been mistreated and had got away, and she went into hysterics and has been in bed under a doctor's care ever since. The doctor won't let me see her. Her folks telephoned me at my house; got me out of bed. Of course they're all up in the air. I've been over there, but I can't see her." The inspector laid his hand on the city editor's arm, the flesh puckering painfully about his eyes. "Her shoes was all mud, and she told her mother Petro and Francis North of the Transcript was both dead. She said they was both buried in one grave."

City Editor Hackett opened his mouth ineffectually and stood transfixed with horror. Mechanically he turned and looked over the room. The staff was assembled there—for punctuality in the morning was rigidly insisted upon—except Francis North.

The inspector's large left hand had remained closed. He now opened it, disclosing a small gold watch with a long black silk cord to go around the wearer's neck. "She brought this with her," he said. "She told her mother it was North's."

Hackett remembered having seen a silk cord across North's vest. He turned to the staff and called, in an agitated voice, "Tobin! Come here!" Young Tobin and Farthest were quite chummy. Tobin instantly identified the watch as his friend's property. There could be no doubt about it.

"Get his address in my book there," the city editor instructed. "Go right down to his room, find out when he was there last, if anybody's called for him; all you can. He's—disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Hurry, now, and telephone."

The reporter hastened away.

Inspector Mullaney drew a hand across his brow. "We've got a clew," he said firmly, with a reassuring intention. "We've got a good description of the cab the girl came home in, and three men are hunting for it. That ought to lead to something. I'll wait here until we hear from your man. He may find something at the room."

The city editor, pulling himself together as well as he could, gave instructions to get out an extra announcing that Minnie Allen had come home and was under a doctor's care. Half mechanically he gave his staff their assignments, and one by one

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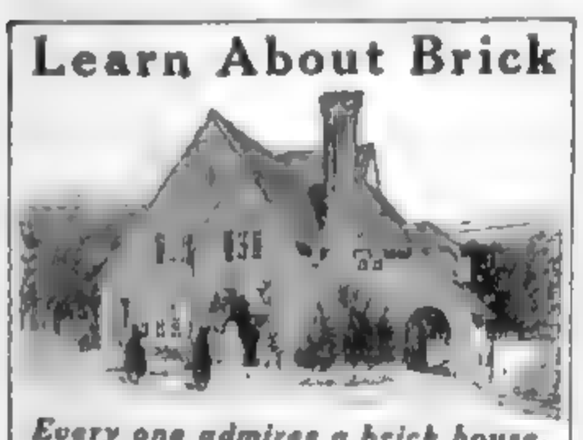
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the reporters left. With nerves on edge, both he and Inspector Mullaney kept glancing at the clock, anxiously waiting for what word young Tobin might send.

When the telephone rang, Mr. Hackett started and snatched it up as a drowning man clutches at a straw.

"Hello! Hello! Who is it?" he asked breathlessly; then, with a dejected inflection, "Oh, all right!" and lifted the instrument toward his companion. "They want you," he explained disappointedly.

Inspector Mullaney took the 'phone and received a report of some length. When he put the instrument back on the desk a look of stern satisfaction had replaced his worried expression.

"We've got the man," he said; "we've got the man." He waited a moment under the city editor's look of startled inquiry, and resumed, so to speak, his rôle of triumphant sleuth. "Those guys'll find, Mr. Hackett," he pronounced with dignity, "that they can't monkey with the police."

"How did they get him?" the city editor demanded, as the officer seemed in no hurry to tell.

The inspector smoothed down the breast of his coat, squared his shoulders and laid his right hand on the edge of the desk as though he were having his picture taken. "Why," he explained complacently, "I told you we were on track of the cab. Detective Swanson located it on Cottage Grove Avenue. The cabby said he'd been called by a messenger boy to a lodging-house and had taken a bareheaded young lady to West Monroe Street. Swanson got the lodging-house address and was going over there. That is," the inspector corrected, "he was going over there later on. You see our Italian friend was out looking for that cab too—just as I expected he would be. Of course he'd got a description of it and wanted to know where it had taken the girl. So he comes bobbing up while Swanson was right there and begins questioning the cabby. Naturally Swanson pinched him. Fell right into our trap, d' y' see?" The city editor did not see, but judged it best not to say so. "Swanson," the inspector added, "drove the fellow over to Mrs. Larsen's—the widow woman that keeps the boarding-house, you know. She identifies the fellow right away as the man that had taken the girl off with him. So Swanson reports by 'phone, and drives the fellow over to Central station. He ought to be there by this time."

"At Central!" the city editor exclaimed, for the Central police station was barely two blocks from the Transcript office. "See here, Inspector," he added, in visible agitation, "if that fellow's done anything to my reporter—I want to know it." The city editor had a good heart.

"Come along with me," the inspector replied, for this capture had restored him to a warm, expansive frame of mind.

The two men left the office together. Hackett was silent, scarcely hearing the inspector's modest observations concerning the efficiency of the police. Naturally a murder followed by a brilliant capture of the culprit was viewed in different lights by the officer and by the friend of the victim. As they entered detective headquarters at the Central station their nerves were tingling, the one with agreeable, the other with gloomy, anticipations.

In the room to which they were admitted sat the chief of police; Inspector Schmidt, in charge of Central; and Detective Swanson—all wearing a worried expression. Also present, his slim legs curled in a big chair, gracefully smoking a cigarette, was Farthest North. He smiled rather sheepishly as the two stepped in, and said in a gentle, deprecatory manner: "Good morning, Mr. Hackett. How d' do, Inspector?"

Inspector Mullaney stared about him. "Where's the man?" he demanded.

The chief of police, whose gold-braided cap was pushed to the back of his head as though to give vent to conflicting thoughts, silently pointed at the slender figure in the chair. Inspector Schmidt looked rather foolishly at the floor and softly cleared his throat. Detective Swanson went over in the corner and sat down hopelessly. City Editor Hackett slowly opened his mouth and as slowly closed it.

"It can't be," said Inspector Mullaney pleadingly.

"Pshaw, now!" Farthest murmured, with sympathetic regret, "I'm awf'ly sorry you gentlemen are so miffed about it. Really, now, I supposed everybody was on and just helping the thing along. You

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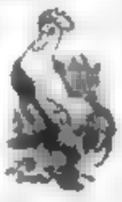

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know yourself, Inspector," he urged gently, "that you told me about Jack Consaine faking that Mafia stuff and that's what gave me the idea. The thing just happened of itself, anyway," he added, turning his soft dark eyes appealingly from one to the other. "You see, I went out there to Mrs. Larsen's boarding house and had a talk with Minnie. She's really a very nice girl, only without any sense. I found she was awf'ly sore against her stepmother, who'd been rubbing it into her pretty hard. Of course, stepmamma would rub it in harder then ever if Minnie went home. So I told her the best thing to do would be to scare stepmamma into a fit; then when she went home there'd be no questions asked. Besides, you see, the foolish girl sort of liked to have her picture in the paper and be described as beautiful, witty and so on. Well, we fixed up the little scene for Mrs. Larsen to look at, and Minnie went off to a boarding-house on Cottage Grove Avenue that I knew of, and that's all there is to it," he concluded ingenuously.

"But her shoes was all muddy!" Inspector Mullaney declared, grasping at a faint hope.

"Why, of course!" Farthest explained patiently. "We had to keep the thing going. Or I did. You see, Minnie, who's really a good girl but simple-minded, got to worrying about her father. She didn't want him scared. So I had to tell her I'd put him on. But, of course, that would have spoiled the story," he added candidly, turning to the city editor as though for confirmation. "So I wrote the Petro note and swiped her hat and veil and shoes and went down and tramped around the flower bed a while, wearing first one pair of shoes and then another. Say, Inspector," he exclaimed with a genial and companionable smile, "it was sort of rough on you, keeping you on your stomach in the grass half the night!"

Inspector Mullaney glared at the reporter speechlessly.

"Well, Minnie managed to get hold of an evening paper with my story in it. She pretty near scratched my eyes out," Farthest confessed with an amiable laugh. "You see, she got it into her head I was really trying to hold up the old man for a thousand dollars' reward. I thought I had it all smoothed over with her, but the first thing this morning she got a cab and lit out for home. When I dropped in at her boarding-house to call on her at half past seven I found she had gone. I was very glad to learn from Mr. Swanson here that the girl went straight home. I wouldn't have had anything happen to her for the world."

Silence reigned in the room. Nobody could think of anything adequate to say.

Farthest lighted a fresh cigarette and turned to the head of the department with his modest, friendly, deprecatory smile. "Just as I told you, Chief, I'll keep this strictly to myself. Honest Injun! Of course," he concluded earnestly, "I don't want to go and make your police department look like an ass from one end of the country to the other."

"I've a notion," Inspector Mullaney declared savagely, "to break every bone in your body."

"Pshaw, now, Inspector!" Farthest murmured soothingly; "I'll forget all about it if you will." That seemed, in fact, the only practicable basis of settlement.

Realizing it, City Editor Hackett unlocked his set jaw and turned gloomily to the door. He had already stepped out, but remembered something and thrust his head into the room again. "Of course you're fired," he said.

Next day's papers announced that Mr. and Mrs. Allen and Minnie had gone to the Fox Lake country place where, it was hoped, the young lady's nervous balance would soon be restored. Gradually among newspaper men the facts in the case became known, but the public received no solution of the Minnie Allen sensation. Of course there were so many other sensations that the public soon forgot it.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories by Mr. Payne relating the Adventures of Farthest North. The second story will appear in an early issue.

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ANOTHER STYLE NEXT WEEK

Elopement—Personally Conducted

(Continued from Page 9)

that. Nathan stepped in the middle of the floor. "Shet up dat blimbiammin' an' lissen to me real good. You-all is country niggers from Sumter County, Alabama. Lef' Uniontown yistiddy mornin' an' got here dis mornin'. You-all ain't s'posed to do no talkin', you's plumb wore out—set up all night on de train. Jes lie aroun' an' be half 'sleep. All couples stay together an' ack lovin'. Start 'em off, Dink."

Dink doled 'em out by different doors, two and two, each letting the others get well on their way. Ole Reliable peeped through the back gate before he stepped into the street; it was risky traveling in that rig with a huffy woman beside him. Jinsy jerked her sunbonnet to a belligerent angle, rattled her skillet against the coffee-pot and hoofed it to the depot.

Nathan had his genuine Alabama negroes jumbled together on the boarding-house gallery across from the depot. Men, women, baskets, boxes, skillets, jugs, children, dogs—piled up indiscriminately and overflowing into the street. Some merely sat and nodded; some had spread out their quilts and lain down—when a country nigger is sleepy he's plain sleepy.

The twelve new couples who were recruited in town mixed themselves into this mass so gently, nodded and slept with such tact and skill, that nobody remembered when they came. Having arrived they amalgamated. The most experienced planter could never have told t'other from which.

Hooter seated himself on the steps, twisting at the plaited spikes that he called a beard, and kept watch. Presently two farm wagons came creaking down the hill, their wheels locked, drivers shouting, and mules rearing back on their collars. They stopped in front of the boarding-house, two picturesque loads of plunder—bedsteads, chairs, tables, an old melodeon, jugs tied to the axles, and dogs tied underneath. Nathan glanced them over with artistic eye. Every illusion was perfect.

That was the psychological moment to coach his Alabama negroes. "Unc' Aaron, you an' Unc' Peter, look here. You-all is settled men an' got good judgment; I wants to tell you somethin'. I couldn't git enough han's at Uniontown, so I had to scrap aroun' town fer some mo'. Dat's deir plunder in dem waggins. You-all mus'n't let on to de boss dat dey didn't come from Alabama same as you-all did. Pass 'em off fer yo' neighbors." A couple of coins made the proposition clear. It wasn't necessary to tell the others. Information of this sort seeped through the crowd like water through a sandpile.

Nathan had his stage set and the curtain ready to go up before Bland and Wigmore came to the station. When they arrived Jared looked over the gang with a shrewd interest in his two-hundred-dollar investment. "Well, old man, how many have you got this time?"

Off came the hat and on came the antebellum manners. "Twenty families, ole Marster. I couldn't say nuthin' but twenty an' be right."

"None of them got away?"

"Dese niggers don't want to git away, ole Marster, 'cept from town. Dey ain't used to walkin' on dese brick roads, an' done got stiff in de legs."

Wigmore threw back his head and laughed. He was in high spirits at the idea of becoming a genuine Southern planter. He and his partner gazed upon their assembled people. They asked a few questions from idle curiosity and got semi-intelligent replies—Nathan, the prompter, being at their elbow to relieve his fillers of embarrassing conversation.

"There's a picturesque old man with that gun and dog." Nathan had given Ole Reliable a flop-eared hound to hold because it matched his musket. "I am going over to quiz him about the opossum hunting in Alabama."

"Quiz him?" thought Nathan; "what's dat?" He promptly sidetracked that dangerous proposition. "Ole Marster, what we gwine to do wid dese here waggins? It'd be cheaper to send dis plunder in de freight car—save lots o' money."

The thought of saving money switched Wigmore off from his designs on Old Reliable; Nathan led him toward the wagon. Their discussion ended in Nathan's ordering the drivers: "Go 'long to de freight depot an' wait fer me."

The drivers made a flourishing start, cracked the whips and shouted to their mules. Wigmore watched until the wagons passed behind the freight depot. If he could have seen farther he might have watched them travel on up the hill again and turn into Nathan's back yard. There the mules were unharnessed, the plunder taken off and rearranged. It was due for another performance at four o'clock.

"Git up, folks, git up—nigh traintime." Nathan passed among his people, shaking some with his hands and rousing others with his toe. "Git up an' git in line."

Dink and two or three others skilled in this business got them all in line without apparently having anything to do with it. They just naturally fell in. Nathan called his bosses aside and whispered: "Ole Marster, you mus' watch dese niggers mighty close. Labor agents will be tellin' 'em all manner o' lies to keep 'em from goin' wid you."

"What kind of lies?"

"Tell 'em you gwine to make a slave of 'em; tell 'em you got nigger dogs to ketch 'em ef dey try to git away. You won't hab no trouble atter you git 'em on de train."

Wigmore and Bland shook their heads indignantly and patrolled the line of negroes until the train came rolling in.

"Now, ole Marster, you stan' in dat coach do' an' count every one as dey goes in. Make 'em move up forward an' set down, so de conductor kin git de transportation right."

Jared Wigmore stationed himself in the back door and passed the negroes into the coach, two and two, as the animals entered the Ark, squeezing in with their baskets and bundles. "Forty grown people," he counted; "and twenty-two children."

"Jes like I said." Nathan spoke humbly but with a certain pride in his achievement.

As Mr. Jared Wigmore descended the car steps, jubilantly satisfied, he took a fat leather wallet from his inside pocket and was unstrapping the leather band. Nathan held his arm and whispered: "Come inside de waitin'-room, ole Marster. Dese country niggers is mighty 'spicious."

Both the partners, without understanding why, followed Hooter inside and counted out the bills. To be perfectly sure, Nathan remained behind and spelt over his money by himself. Suddenly a black face thrust itself into his, and Uncle Aaron demanded: "Wat he gin you dat money fer?"

"I'm gwine back to Georgy to git some mo' tenants—dis is to pay railroad fare an' grub."

Uncle Aaron shook his head vigorously. "'Tain't so; he's payin' you dat money fer we-all niggers."

Nathan slapped him jovially on the back. "'Tain't dat way no mo'. Slavery times is gone. Nobody can't pay no money fer you an' me."

Uncle Aaron kept shaking his head as Nathan shoved him across the platform and hoisted him up the car steps.

The conductor pulled his train out very slowly—on this run he had many tickets to take up. Those of Nathan's fillers who were scheduled to desert at the National Cemetery had moved to the forward end of the coach; some stood upon the front platform. "'Tain't no sense settin' down—it's jes a mile."

Before they came to the cemetery station negroes began dropping off, three couples in all, the women about as nimbly as the men. Ole Reliable stood with his arm across the front door. "Git back dere," he threatened a wizened yellow man; "Redwood is yo' stop. Brudder Hooter don't want us to make sech a thinnin' out—all at once."

The fillers slipped off quietly and mixed with the mass outside, indistinguishable as muddy drops falling into the Mississippi River. Two miles beyond, at King's Station, three more happy families let go the rail. Zack alone took notice of them. Two more dropped at Blakely and two couples disappeared at Redwood. This left Zack and Dink, with their official wives. Dink bent down and whispered: "Le's git off too; no sense goin' to Smedes. We kin save two bits apiece comin' back."

Ole Reliable sat steady in the seat. "I'm gwine to ride it out."

If Fightin' Jinsy had been sociable Ole Reliable would have enjoyed acting square

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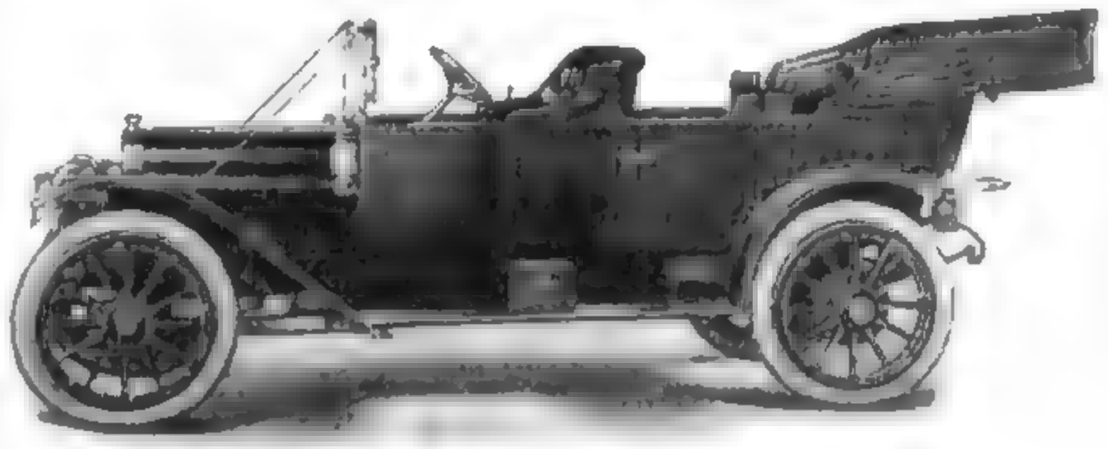

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with Nathan. But a man can't keep on being gallant to a woman who keeps on keeping her sunbonnet down over her face, and keeps on saying nothing. Zack forgot that Jinsy had a black eye and a grouch.

The Alabama immigrants were even less entertaining; they slept on each other's shoulders and hung their legs in the aisle. This broke up the fun of marching back and forth to the ice cooler.

At Smedes Station Zack and Dink, with their better halves, the rear guard of the fillers, stepped from one train to another and came whirling back to Vicksburg. At every station along the way they accumulated smiling and returning fillers.

Ole Reliable now had room to display himself in two seats and to enjoy the scenery. But he thought of Selina.

It's tough to know a big wife's savage bark
Is waitin' for us as we draw near home;
It's tough to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and flash brimstone when we come.

Zack sneaked off early to avoid the rush; he left the train two blocks above the station and maneuvered around to Nathan's by a devious way. The entire company had reassembled, with sausage, ginger-snaps and catfish delicatessen, discussing the first act and enthusiastic for an encore. As Ole Reliable entered the room he heard Nathan say: "Hurry up, you-all; swap dem clo'es all aroun'."

Then thirty-odd negroes swapped clothes with a next-door neighbor. Zack got into the general scramble and pulled out of it with a fragmentary coat and a derby to which part of the brim adhered. He was still clinging to his musket. For a moment he stood dazed, then began to ask if anybody had seen a pair of breeches—most any kind of breeches—Zack couldn't afford to be particular.

Straightway Nathan abused Dink. "What makes you throw dem pants in de corner whar nobody can't find 'em, an' us got to ketch a train? Brudder Foster, jes put dese on." The rents were not as deep as a well, nor the patches so wide as a church door; they would serve.

Nathan lifted his voice with the final instructions: "You-all lissen to me. Dis nex' white man is knowledgy; us got to be keerful." Nathan was about to slam the door behind him when Zack caught him. "Hole on, Brudder Hooter; I got to drap off at de cem'tery dis trip."

"Nuthin' to hinder you; you ain't gwine to be tied." That's where Nathan showed a weak head.

The second act would have been pulled off without a hitch if it hadn't been for Selina, and she wasn't down on the bills. Julian Gerard was a different type of planter from Wigmore and Bland. Gerard knew a few wrinkles in the labor game. Nathan had to walk chalk and talk straight. He cut out the piece of stage business with the wagons.

When Hooter got his crowd lined up to file into the coach Gerard stood a little way off, talking to a friend who was not known to Nathan. This friend was Watt Crabbe, Gerard's manager on Stillriver Plantation. If it hadn't been for Gerard's consultation with Crabbe the calamity might not have happened to Old Reliable, and Colonel Spottiswoode might not have missed his valuable services at dinner. But Gerard did whisper something to Watt Crabbe as Nathan began marching his negroes on to the train. Gerard counted them into their special coach, where they took seats with due dignity and decorum. No foolishness about that.

"Come here, Nathan," Gerard called to Hooter, and stopped in full sight of the train. "There's thirty families. I owe you a hundred and fifty dollars. Have you been tolerable honest?"

"Yas, suh, boss; I kin go to Gawd wid what I tole you."

"Well, if you haven't ——"

The conductor signaled the engineer; Nathan had reached for his money; Gerard had turned to catch the handrail—then something broke loose. The crowd outside rushed toward the center of the coach; two policemen caught hold of a fat woman with a bandage around her jaw. But they didn't catch hold of her jaw. Selina made fighting gestures toward the coach window. Zack ducked and left Selina a side view of Jinsy's sunbonnet.

"You Zack," she yelled, "come out o' dere! Traipsin' roun' wid dat Jinsy woman, callin' her yo' wife, all dressed up in country nigger clo'es! Git off dat train."

Gerard withdrew his handful of bills. "Nathan, what's that row?"

"Nuthin', boss; two women fightin' over a man. We can't hep dat wid country niggers."

Gerard had prepared for contingencies; he pulled out a check already written, payable to the order of Nathan Hooter for one hundred dollars. "Here's fifty dollars in cash and my check for one hundred. If this gang is crooked I'll stop payment of the check by telephone—and come back to see you."

The train gathered speed and pulled him out of hearing. Nathan didn't relish what Mr. Gerard said, nor the way Mr. Gerard looked. Dink caught his danger signal, but it was too late for him to lean out of the window and get details. Nathan Hooter stood and watched the disappearing train. Something awkward was going to happen to thirty-four of his best fillers when they attempted to get off

What thereupon took place was all the fault of Watt Crabbe. Instead of going to the back end of the sleeper and lighting a cigar Watt caught the front end of the extra coach, with a brakeman who weighed a hundred and seventy pounds. Crabbe was no bantam.

Having the engagement with Colonel Spottiswoode Old Reliable pushed his way to the front preparatory to dropping off at the cemetery. He stepped aside on the platform to let the two white men pass. But they did not pass. They shoved him back into the coach. "Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform," said the brakeman as he locked the door.

That's what gave Old Reliable the first symptoms of being sick. He started back through the crowded aisle. Julian Gerard and the conductor blocked the rear door. "Jule, how many hands have you got?"

"Sixty whole and twenty-one halves."

"Any one else in this coach beside your gang?"

"Nobody but my negroes in here."

"Then I'll come back after I get my train checked up and count 'em."

The brakeman passed through the coach, put down the windows and opened the ventilators.

Zack looked at Dink, and Dink looked at Zack; both of them looked at Jinsy. Fightin' Jinsy shrugged her shoulders. Which was about all that happened.

That coach went straight through to Stillriver Plantation with Old Reliable sitting beside Fightin' Jinsy—a seventeen-barreled elopement of mismatched couples, personally conducted by Julian Gerard, who sat in the back door and held the key!

Aunts and Ants

IN A RECENT test ten educated men were asked to pronounce twenty not uncommon English words. The judges said that only one of the ten pronounced as many as twelve of the words correctly. Whence arose renewed discussion of the common mispronunciation of English.

This discussion, of course, is absurdly wide of the mark. No doubt nine out of the ten men in the test pronounced nearly all of the words correctly. The simple fact is that the pronunciations in the dictionaries are wrong. Several men with a leaning to the recondite and the curious have compiled long lists of English words which, they say, are generally mispronounced. These words, however, are generally pronounced quite correctly, except in the dictionaries. Broadly speaking, it is only when people permit themselves to be confused by the absurd lexicographers that they go wrong in pronouncing common words. For example, from time to time it leaks out in certain segments of society that the dictionaries pronounce aunt "ahnt," vase, "vahz," and so on. It is very amusing then to witness the embarrassed efforts of the infected persons to maintain those dictionary pronunciations in face of the usage of their friends who prefer the flat sounds to the broad.

Possibly the lexicographers themselves, in human intercourse, call their mothers' sisters their "ants." In their studies, with the doors locked, they refer to some hoary old dictionary-maker without family ties who wasn't sure how to pronounce the word and guessed at it. But gradually, as lexicographers hear people talk, they correct their funny mistakes and put the right pronunciation in their dictionaries. In fact the dictionaries get more nearly correct every year.

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THE BEAUTY EDITOR

(Concluded from Page 11)

under the eyes may be removed, protruding ears made to lie flat and the contour of the nose slightly changed, each by a simple operation.

A beauty specialist has an incalculable advantage over his patient, and may be said to hold her in the hollow of his hand. This was proved not long ago when an unfortunate woman consented to have her face skinned. When the operation was half done the specialist demanded his money, which was refused. Meantime the other side of the face was still unskinned. The specialist was unmoved by tears and entreaties. "No money, no skinning," was his reply; and for some days the patient was an object of wonder to her friends and the court. One side of her face was covered with lines and wrinkles, while the other presented a strangely youthful aspect in contrast.

Many women spend twenty-five dollars quarterly to have their hair dyed; five hundred dollars more or less on beauty treatments, according to their needs; one hundred dollars at the Turkish bath, which is the Mecca of the fat woman—and it seems to me that most rich beauty seekers are fat—fifty dollars to the manicurist, to say nothing of dentist's bills.

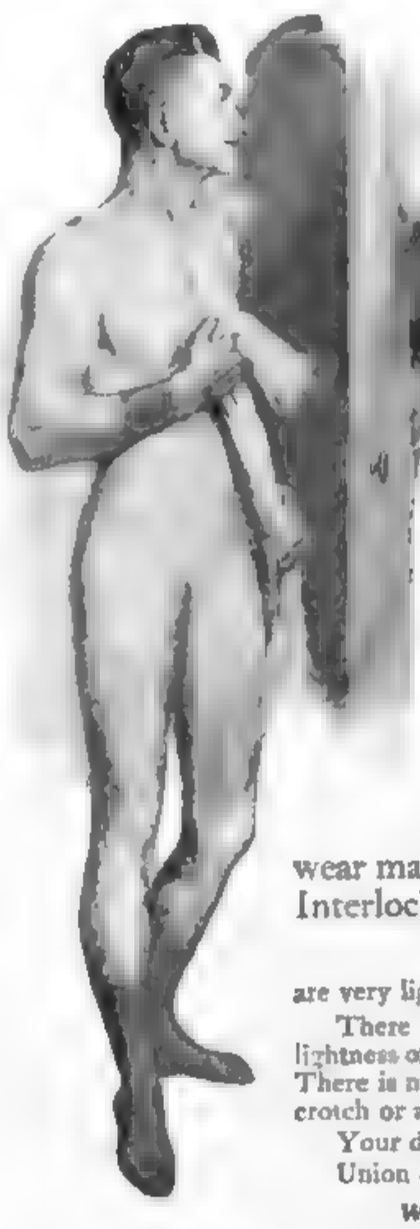
Fat, the Dread of the Rich

The "cosmetic dentist" is an artist who deserves mention, for he is also a first aid to beauty. His object is to conceal all defects. He does away as much as possible with the hideous gold tooth, the unsightly gold and silver fillings and obvious bridges and so on. His work is inconspicuous because it is in white, and the new process is certainly a vast improvement over the old, so far as general appearances are concerned.

When I told you just now that the rich beauty seekers were nearly all of them fat I did not exaggerate. Obesity might be called the disease of prosperity and high living, and the Turkish-bath establishments have their weekly procession of fat women who have yielded to the temptations of the fleshpots for a season and are paying the penalty. One sees them sitting about in the steam room in exhausted groups, their ample proportions shrouded in sheets, exchanging ideas on the everlasting topic of diet. Some of them go to Spartan lengths to regain their figures, starve themselves with only one meager meal a day, exhaust their strength by long walks and strenuous gymnastic exercise, and injure their digestions with obesity remedies. And at length, when they have trained down to a commendable slimness of figure, they are horrified to find their faces gaunt and lined, and on their necks a flabby bag of skin that was once a double chin. Then—back to the old régime once more. Plenty of good food is what they crave more than anything else in the world, and with the good food comes the old flesh, and the fight is on again. Better, I say, be happy and fat than enter this eternal and uncomfortable struggle.

Physical culture, too, has come to play an important part in the quest for beauty, and the physical culturist has many classes of young women who desire well-developed chests and athletic figures; for it might be said to be extremely unfashionable in these days to have narrow chests and stooped shoulders. The best physical culturists work with the doctors, who send them patients needing physical culture and not medicine.

In the endless procession of women who haunt the beauty editor in search of advice there is always one who goes away converted to the laws of health and hygiene. The profession of the beauty editor becomes in time one long sermon on right thinking and plain living; for these things, after all, are the best antidotes of the ravages of time. But, owing to the intricacies of the feminine nature, she must preach through the medium of face creams and skin lotions. She has found that a simple cold-cream formula will do more than a whole page of advice. Through bald spots, moth-patches, freckles and wrinkles she sometimes preaches common-sense; and when she has impressed a little of that upon the beauty pilgrim she feels she has not worked in vain.



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Union Suits, $2. Two piece suits, $1 a garment.

We are also the manufacturers of the famous High Rock Fleece Underwear—50 cents a garment.

If your dealer does not carry Duo-Lastic Interlock Rib, write to us. We will see that you are quickly and conveniently supplied.

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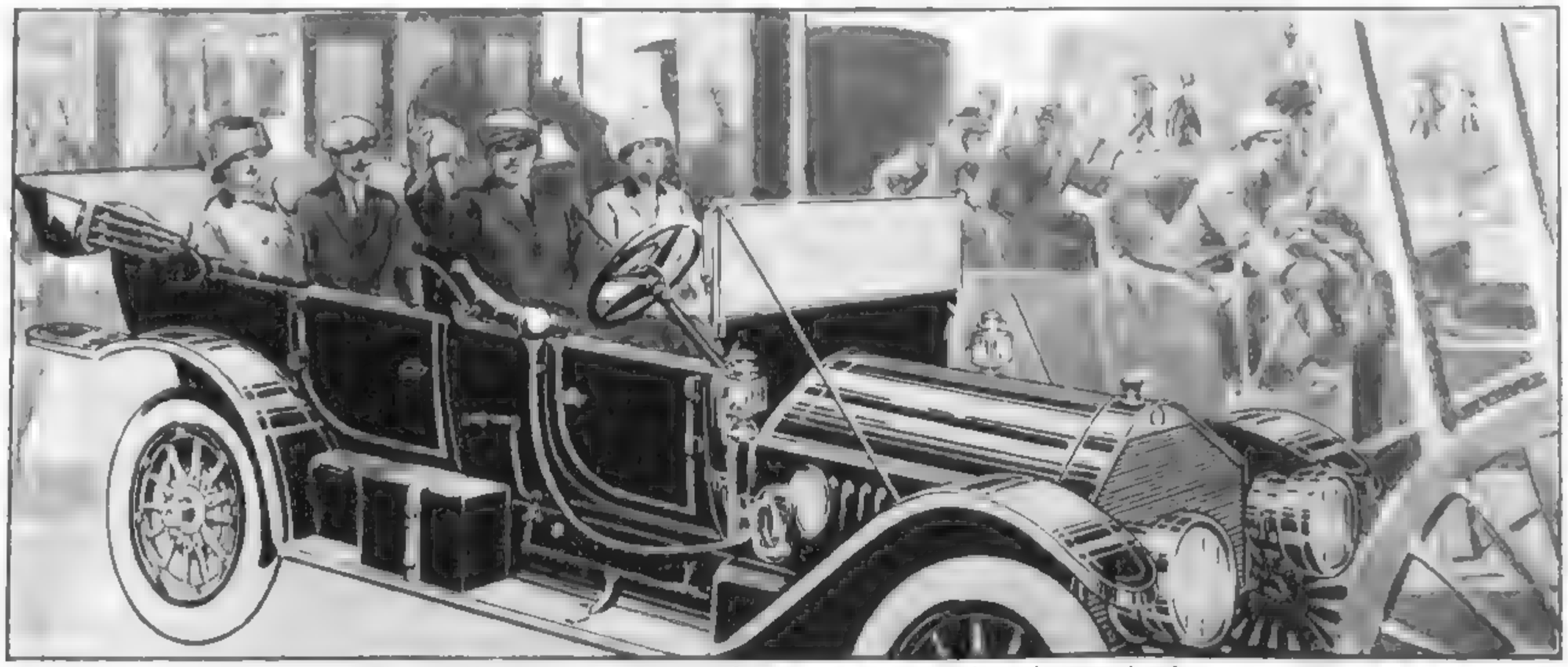

Thomas 6-40 Flyer running at 2 miles an hour on never-changing high gear in congested traffic

Two or Sixty Miles an Hour on High Gear

THIS SOUNDS EXTRAVAGANT to the experienced motorist, no doubt. It would have sounded so to us two years ago. Yet the Thomas 6-40 Flyer will do it without any trouble. We demonstrated it convincingly by a public test over a 2,000 mile run the other day. Thousands saw this demonstration and marvelled at it.

We ran from Buffalo to Pittsburg, to Philadelphia, to New York, to Boston, to Albany and back to Buffalo over the New York to Paris race route.

Any one who has ridden from Pittsburg to Philadelphia in a motor car knows it is the hardest stretch of road to be found in the East, while the road from Boston to Albany crosses the arduous Green and White Mountains.

Not only are the ascents precipitous—notably Mt. Washington, Jacob's Ladder, Cove and Meadville Mountains—but the roads are full of waterbreaks, so that driving at high speed is almost impossible over them.

Many a well-made car which has been driven at speed over them has been racked as severely as it would be by a year of normal use.

We covered these stretches of road—and the rest of the 2,000 mile route as well—**on high gear alone.**

We even took the other gears out of the car and sealed the gear-box, so there could be no possible doubt in the mind of any one that we used high gear only, while A. A. A. racing officials certified to the performance at various points en route.

THIS MEANS WE STARTED THE CAR ON HIGH GEAR

ran it through congested traffic, climbed the steepest hills with it, turned abrupt corners to enter these ascents, so that we could not rush at them to get a start.

It means that we accomplished other feats that the average motorist would say were impossible. *And so it would be with most cars.* In fact we do not know of another car which could equal this showing.

It is due to no special ingenuity on our part, but to the fact that we were far-sighted enough to realize that the long-stroke, large-valve motor, used *practically exclusively abroad*, is the most efficient, most powerful motor made, and, combined with six cylinders, is as near perfection as the science of man has yet attained.

TO MEN WHO KNOW MOTOR VALUES it is scarcely necessary to point the moral. The elimination of the necessity for gear shifting removes the one barrier to the complete enjoyment of motoring. It avoids the jerks and jars that distress every one when running in congested traffic. It avoids the rasping noise incident to gear shifting, so trying to one's nerves. It makes smooth, steady, comfortable riding possible under all conditions of travel if your car is equipped with proper springs.

REMEMBER: **These features are found exclusively in THOMAS CARS, which alone have the great motor improvements that all high-grade cars must eventually adopt.**

6-40 Touring Car (5-pass.), Flyabout or Tourabout, $3750; Touring Car (7-pass.), $3850; Fore-door Touring Car (5-pass.) or Torpedo Flyabout, $3900; Fore-door (7-pass.), $4000; Limousine (7-pass.), $5000; 6-40 Landaulet (7-pass.), $5100 All prices include complete equipment.

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4-28 Town Car (the most suitable car for city and suburban service): Brougham, $4000; Limousine $4100; Landaulet $4250

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Licensed under Selden Patent

I have proved that the best salesman in the cigar business is the cigar itself.

I am sending out thousands of such salesmen every day, and here is how they succeed: Nine out of every ten boxes of Shivers' Panatelas that leave my factory go to men who have smoked them before.

Now think. These men don't know me; they have no interest in my business. If they could get anything like the same cigar, at anything like the same price, at their corner cigar store, don't you suppose they would do it?

They can't. You can't; there's a reason why you can't. That reason may be given in two words—selling expense.

Then let's take a broad view of this problem of smoking economy and come together on a trial box of my Panatelas—in every way as good as your ten cent cigar, but sold to you at the wholesale price, $5 per hundred.

Shivers' Panatelas have a long, clean, pure Havana filler, grown in Cuba, and nothing else—no shorts, no cuttings, no doctoring. The wrapper is genuine Sumatra, grown in Sumatra. They are strictly hand-made by skilled workmen in a clean factory.

You get them under this unconditional offer:

I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas, on approval, to any reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them. If he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela — EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

When ordering, please enclose business card or give reference, and state whether you prefer light, medium or dark cigars.

I have a new cigar at $5.00 per hundred—my Shivers Club Special, four and a quarter inches long and about half as thick again as the Panatela and nicely shaped. It is for smokers who desire a richer cigar than the thin shapes give. I [illegible] cigar that is a [illegible] size of cigar [illegible] a cigar [illegible] to [illegible] return the ten [illegible] you don't like them.

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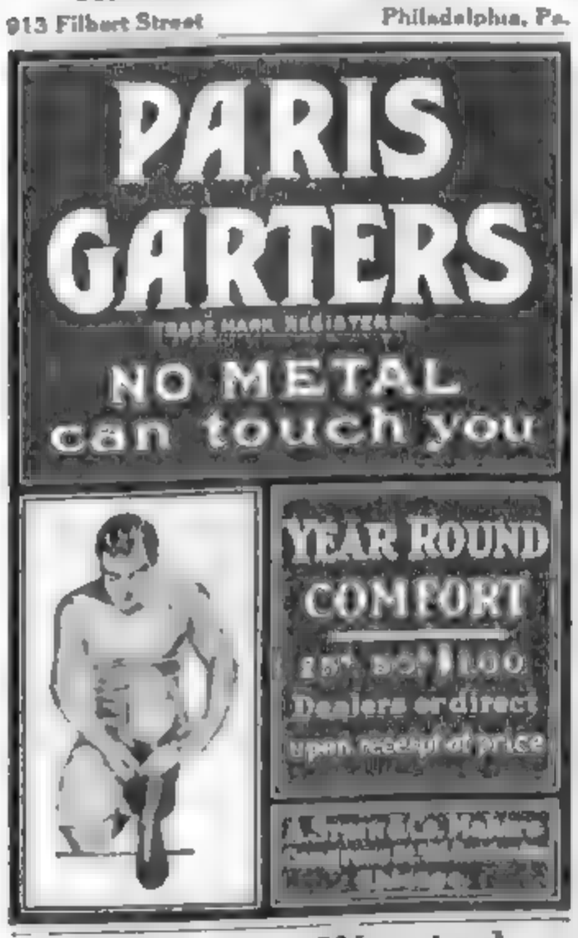

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3000 GUMMED LABELS, Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for Catalog. $1.00

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In the Days of the Old Lyceum

(Continued from Page 7)

Held by the Enemy, Secret Service and Sherlock Holmes.

I have referred to Robert Mantell, John Mason and Viola Allen. Mr. Mantell, a young Scotch actor, came to this country in 1878, but made his first conspicuous success with Fanny Davenport as Loris Ippanhoff in Fedora at the Fourteenth Street Theater in 1883. I engaged him at what was regarded a very large salary—ten thousand dollars for the season—to appear in my production of Called Back at the Fifth Avenue Theater.

John Mason had been for some years the juvenile man of the Boston Museum, and, with the exception of the veteran actor, William Warren, and the leading man, Charles Barron, no man had been more popular than young Mason. The Boston Museum Company was splendidly equipped for giving not only old comedies and modern dramas but operas as well, and Mason lays to his credit a distinct success as Bunthorne, in Gilbert and Sullivan's opera of Patience. His only appearance at the old Lyceum was in the play mentioned, Dakolar. He appeared as the leading man of my stock company when I had transferred the organization from the Lyceum to Daly's. Viola Allen came to me in the earlier days at the Madison Square Theater, fresh from school; but, her parents being actors, she came well equipped by study. She succeeded Annie Russell at the Madison Square Theater in Mrs. Burnett's Esmeralda. Miss Russell herself had just escaped from a juvenile opera company and wore long dresses the first time she called on us—trying to look old enough for the juvenile part. She was immediately engaged, and when she and the company went on tour was succeeded in her rôle by Viola Allen.

Before the beginning of Mr. Sothern's tour as a star I had made arrangements for assembling a permanent stock company. Belasco was the stage manager of the house and the late Henry C. De Mille was associated with me in a literary way. I asked them to collaborate and to prepare a modern society comedy for the opening of the first regular stock season. Thus began one of the most famous of dramatic collaborations. Their method of work was unique. De Mille was the literary man. Belasco was the dramatist, though De Mille had been successful with previous dramatic work, and this experience gave him the quality to fit in with his dramatic associate. Their plays were first constructed without dialogue. This was the most difficult part of their labors. When the framework was decided upon the dialogue of the acting scenes began. Frequently the work was done on a silent stage, De Mille writing dialogue, Belasco acting each part and fitting the words appropriately to the scene, virtually stage-managing the literary into the dramatic form, timing the length of the scenes, entrances and exits into dramatic proportion.

A Rewritten Success

On one occasion, when they had constructed the third act of their third Lyceum play—The Charity Ball—they came to me with the result. It was an effective act, only the leading lady was not in it. "But," I said, "I can't afford to leave the leading woman of my company out of the principal act of your play!" They saw this too. It meant a serious reconstruction of the entire scheme. But in a few days they had fixed upon a satisfactory solution. The story of David Copperfield's love for Dora and afterward for Agnes gave them the clew. So that, though the hero of the play was in love with the lady they had fixed upon, it was easy to bring the character analogous to Agnes into the ethical scheme and corresponding limelight.

When we first began at the Lyceum I gave them a list of my company, and they started to work enthusiastically. The Wife was the first result. It was produced on November 1, 1887, and inaugurated the beginning of the Lyceum Theater's career as a home for the stock company. The members of the first company were Herbert Kelcey, Henry Miller, Nelson Wheatcroft, W. J. Le Moyne, Charles S. Dickson, Charles Walcot, Walter C. Bellows, Georgia Cayvan, Grace Henderson, Louise Dillon, Vida Croly, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Mrs. Charles Walcot and William Faversham. Faversham was understudy for Henry Miller, but he was so young and boyish, despite his earnestness, that on one occasion, when he played Miller's part in The Wife for a week, the situation of the two actresses in the play, who were striving for his affections, was made rather incredulous in their contest by his youth.

Later, other additions to my company included Effie Shannon, Henrietta Crosman, Cyril Scott, Edward J. Morgan, Felix Morris, Elizabeth Tyree, Katherine Florence, Grace Elliston, and afterward, through shifting conditions, came Mary Mannering, Hilda Spong, Julie Opp, James K. Hackett—who succeeded Kelcey as leading man—and May Robson. Mr. Kelcey has starred in various plays. Henry Miller became not only a star but what is called an "actor manager." Nelson Wheatcroft, an admirable actor, was a star in one of his own plays; he died, however, before he reached the full zenith of his career. Mr. Le Moyne, though never a star technically, was the best actor of this period in eccentric old men. Charles S. Dickson has starred as an actor and author of plays and operas. Miss Georgia Cayvan became established as a star after she withdrew from the company, but illness, succeeded by death, came untimely in her progress upward. "Dear Mrs. Whiffen," as she has been known in the profession, was with me when I began as a manager, and at this writing is playing in my theater. Mr. Faversham, after leaving my company, became the second and then the first actor of the Empire Theater Company, from which he has emerged as a star in conjunction with a former member of my company, June Opp, whom he married. Mary Mannering, Hilda Spong, James K. Hackett, Henrietta Crosman, Cyril Scott and May Robson have established their orbits also in the theatrical planetary system.

Using Chauncey Depew

Our first play, The Wife, was not the success on the first night that we had expected. The press, though it lauded the company, found the play good only in parts. The authors, however, set to work and by excisions and revisions got the work into more attractive shape. The first two acts were condensed into one. Mr. Le Moyne, who had the part of a lame war veteran who limped slowly through the play, was deprived of his wound, and was thus accelerated into more physical animation. His scenes, like his "game" leg, ceased to drag; so the play got a fresh start and ran through my first season.

This play, being my first with my new stock company, was carefully nursed and worked by every legitimate process. My old friend, the late S. S. Packard, bought three hundred seats as a Christmas present to his pupils. The effect of their attendance and their genuine and undisguised enthusiasm was a great help in mending the fortunes of the improved work and in drawing attention to its renewed merits. The play ran a year at the Lyceum.

On another occasion I took advantage of a speech made by Chauncey Depew, utilizing in my own behalf his observations on another play. It was on the occasion of the one hundredth performance of Bronson Howard's The Henrietta, with Robson and Crane. These actors celebrated the event by a banquet. One of the speakers was Mr. Depew who, with characteristic good will and eloquence, lauded The Henrietta and its success. He extolled the splendid work of the author and indulged in some pregnant remarks about the great American drama and its dominance. I selected an impersonal paragraph from his patriotic speech which referred to the American drama and quoted him liberally in all my advertisements of The Wife, to the humorous amazement of Messrs. Robson and Crane, who had made nothing of the opportunity. A few nights after this I met Mr. Depew, for the first time, at a supper given by the late Bronson Howard to Sir—then Mr.—Charles Wyndham. When I was introduced to the distinguished publicist and orator he said:

"Oh, Frohman; you're the manager of the Lyceum Theater, are you?"

I assented to the impeachment. Then he told the guests the story of his hypothecated speech—that Robson and Crane, at a very great expense, had given a great

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Faster and faster come the orders for Oliver Typewriters at Seventeen Cents a Day.

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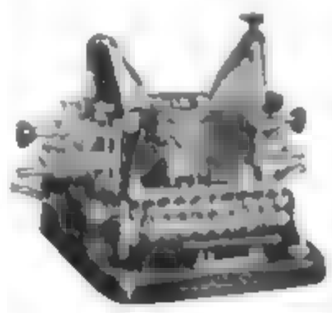

It extends the benefits of the *perfect* typewriter service enjoyed by corporations and business firms *to every individual who is ambitious to own the Oliver Typewriter.*

The same machine that you see in *offices* everywhere—the latest model Oliver, with its marvelous speed and capacity—is now within easy reach of *every home in the land!*

For even the children can easily save Seventeen Cents a Day!

No need to tell you here the details of design and construction that have made the Oliver Typewriter supreme in sales and service.

Any Oliver owner or operator will be delighted to show you, point by point, all these amazing advantages.

No mere *machine* has ever before created for itself such a big place in popular favor. The business man favors the Oliver because its high efficiency and startling speed mean each day's work done *completely*—no "left-over" letters—no delays in the correspondence.

The Stenographer is an Oliver enthusiast for the simple reason that the Oliver lends wings to her fingers, adds to the quality and quantity of her work, and thus *helps her to a better salary.*

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Your check is good—or send draft or money order. The typewriter will be delivered promptly, for use while you pay the balance at the rate of Seventeen Cents a Day.

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Gentlemen: I accept your offer. Ship me Oliver Typewriter, model No. 5, for which I agree to pay Seventeen Cents a Day. Enclosed please find $15 as evidence of my good faith. I agree to save 17 cents every day and remit the balance, $65, in monthly installments. Title to remain in your name until the machine is fully paid for.

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A palate tickler of such delicious flavor and real worth to teeth you'll fall in love with it, whether you've ever used chewing gum or not.

And it's good for you, too! It will keep your teeth clean and sweet your gums healthy

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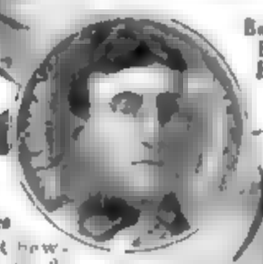

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Unusual chewing gum delicacy, flavor, shape, freshness and purity. Ten round dainty chips in each box.

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Flavored like good old-fashioned peppermint stick candy

Violet Chips
Like the perfume wafted from sweet violet meadows.

By all means enjoy these delightful confections today. They're [illegible] Have a box with you wherever you go. If your dealer should be sold out send us his name and 5c for a full box of either or both flavors.

Colgan Gum Co., Inc.
Louisville, Ky.

5c

COLGAN'S VIOLET CHIPS
GUM THAT'S RIGHT

Save the Price of a New Suit

There's many a good day's wear in that last season's suit of yours. Buy a NAP-ARISA and remove the objectionable grease. Makes an old garment look new.

The rocking motion of the Nap-Arisa causes hundreds of tiny hooks to pick up dirt, grit and dust that's the nap.

Anyone can remove the worst shiny spots with it. Nearly gets out of order. Send 50c for dollars or stamps today — try it yourself.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. *Agents wanted.*

THE NAP-ARISA CO.
115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

SHOULD BE IN *Every House, Office and Public Building*

Egyptian Deodorizer

A wonderful preparation which destroys disagreeable odors, from whatever source, and perfumes the entire house

Sixteen Pastilles in Box, 25 cents

Ask your dealer. If he cannot supply you send his name with 25 cents in stamps, and we will mail you a box.

PAUL MANUFACTURING CO.
60 Fulton Street, Boston
Makers of Candle-the celebrated Silver Peach

Well Dressed Men

Should send a postal immediately for the

BLUE BOOK OF NEW YORK HABERDASHERY

which tells where to get the best of everything in men's wear at lowest prices. Sent free on request. Send for it today.

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banquet to celebrate their play; that he delivered an appropriate speech on this occasion, and that I had feloniously arrogated and appropriated for my play, in my advertisements of The Wife, remarks he had made on the American drama, which had been maliciously diverted from their object.

"And," continued Mr. Depew, "when some of my relatives came to town in search of theatrical entertainment and read these advertisements, they naturally went to the Lyceum play that I had apparently commended. The next day," added Mr. Depew, with a twinkle in his eye, "they said: 'Uncle Chauncey, we saw The Wife, and you know you ought to be very careful what you commend!'"

Bronson Howard's play, *One of Our Girls*, was produced with Helen Dauvray as a star in the old Lyceum Theater in 1885. Mr. Howard later wrote a second play for this star at the Lyceum, entitled Met by Chance. The play was a failure, and no one realized this more quickly than the amiable author himself.

Shortly after the failure of Met by Chance Mr. Howard told of a visit to him by Robson and Crane. When their cards were brought up he felt they had come to abrogate their contract with him, discouraged possibly by the failure of Met by Chance; but when they came elated into his presence they said, if Met by Chance had been a success they would not have been so enthusiastic about his forthcoming work; but since it had failed they came to assure him of their faith in his next play, because they felt that an author so expert and capable could not, by the law of chance, write two failures in succession! This proved to be the case. The next play was The Henrietta. It was one of the greatest successes for Robson and Crane, and for Mr. Howard, the author.

Mackay's Artificial Blush

In One of Our Girls, Mr. F. F. Mackay enacted the rôle of a suave French swell who, having deliberately insulted the American girl with whom an English officer—played by Mr. Sothern—was in love, thus brings forward one of the chief situations of the play. In this situation the English officer steps forward deliberately and, looking the Frenchman in the eye, takes off his glove and slaps him viciously in the face. Mr. Mackay has told me how faithful a study he had made of the character of the Frenchman. In this scene Mr. Howard wished him to become violent and furious, in accordance with the popular notion of an excitable Frenchman's character. Mr. Mackay argued that the French count, having been shown, in the play, to be an expert duellist both with the rapier and the pistol, and having faced danger frequently, was not liable to lose control of himself. Mr. Howard readily saw the point. The result was one of the most striking situations we have in the American drama; for the Frenchman received the insult without the movement of a muscle. He stood rigid. Only a flash of the eye for an instant revealed his emotion. Then the audience saw his face grow red, and then pale. This was followed by the quiet announcement from the count that he would send his seconds to the Englishman. This exhibition of facial emotion betrayed by the visible rush of blood to the actor's face was frequently noted at the time. It was a muscular trick, Mr. Mackay told me. He put on a tight collar for that scene and strained his neck against it until the blood came, and when he released the pressure, and the blood receded, the effect was reached. It was a splendid moment, and it is one of the many effects that have been studied out during the progress and development of a play during rehearsals.

In many of the plays that I produced at the old Lyceum Theater many significant bits of business and many important situations were brought about purely by accident. Sometimes the actor or actress would apologize for what appeared to be a bit of stupidity or neglect, but it was generally found that just such episodes might naturally take place in real life, and so they were incorporated in the structure of the plays. That is one reason why many managers rehearse their companies in new plays with the necessary properties and furniture as well as scenery, as soon as these can be provided for them.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Mr. Daniel Frohman giving his Reminiscences of the Old Lyceum Theater. The second will appear in an early number

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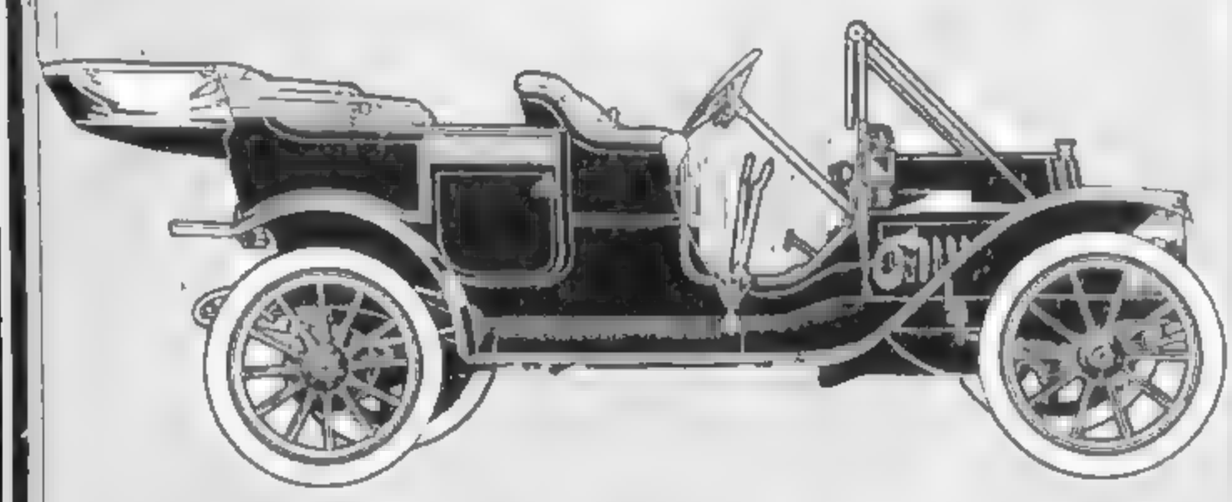

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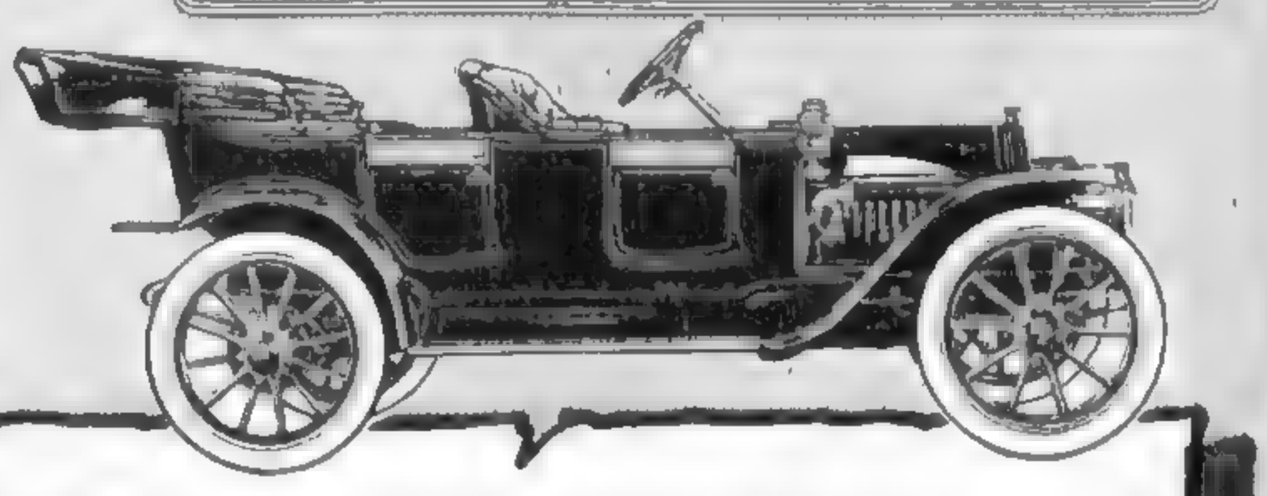

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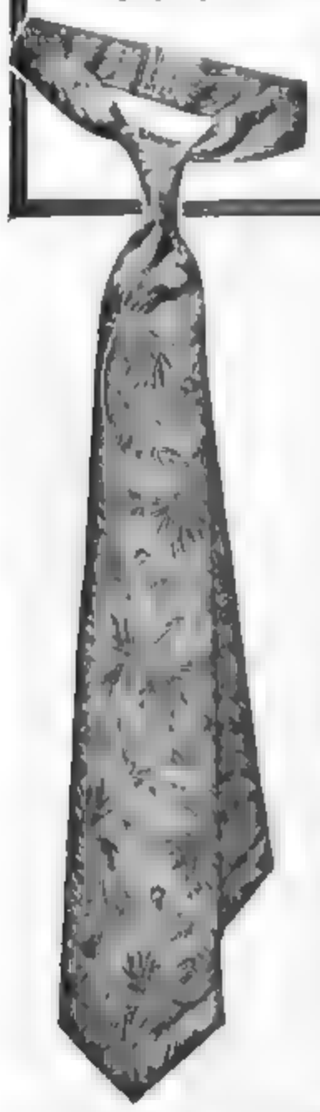

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Lord Stranleigh, Philanthropist

(Continued from Page 17)

"Yes; that is news, but surely the money amounts to more than a hundred thousand? Didn't you allow me any interest?"

"Interest? Of course."

"At what rate, Mackeller?"

"At three per cent."

"I understand that Selwyn's can allow me four, which I am told means a thousand pounds extra in a year on the sum I deposited, an increase of income which a hard-hearted commercial person like myself cannot afford to ignore. Being a shrewd business man you must commend my frugality. Take care of the thousand pounds, and the millions will look after themselves."

"You are, of course, within your rights to exact the utmost interest you could obtain safely, but I think you should have permitted me the opportunity of meeting Corbitt's offer before giving notice of withdrawal."

"I think so too, Peter, but Corbitt is the man dealing with the affair; so if anything strenuous has been done he is the person to blame, and to whom you should complain."

"Nevertheless, you gave him the power to act."

"Oh, I always make bad bargains! People seem delighted to take advantage of my innocence. Corbitt being, like yourself, an excellent man of business, will see that I get justice."

"Have you ever found me take advantage of you? Have you ever lost even a penny piece on my account?"

"I can't say that I have."

"Then, why don't you play fair?"

Stranleigh raised his eyebrows slightly.

"That charge has never before been made against me."

"Well, it's made against you now."

"Ah, in that case, do sit down. I haven't quite finished my breakfast yet, and I hate standing up so early in the morning without adequate sustenance."

"Oh, curse this foolish, frivolous talk of yours! Sit down and finish your breakfast. You have my permission. Why don't you speak out like a man, and say you're determined to ruin me?"

"One reason is that I'm not determined on any such thing," said Stranleigh, stepping back a pace or two, but taking no advantage of the permission he had received. "Would you have given me the extra one per cent if I had asked for it?"

"Certainly I would."

"Could you have afforded to do it?"

"Yes."

"Then why didn't you do it? I gave you the money unconditionally and without any haggling. To quote yourself, why didn't you play fair?"

"Three per cent is a fair bank interest."

"Do any of your depositors get six and a half?"

An added pallor spread over Mackeller's anxious face. He staggered back as if he had received the blow which Stranleigh professed to fear, and now, without invitation, he sank into the nearest chair.

Stranleigh seated himself more nonchalantly and, selecting a ripe peach, picked up a silver knife

"Sure you won't have a peach? Some grapes, then?"

Mackeller made no reply.

"You see, I hope, how easily I might charge you with unfairness, but of course there's nothing unfair about the transaction. I told you, when I gave you the money, that it was philanthropy and not business, so there could be no unfairness if you never paid me a penny for it."

"Then why, without notice to me, do you suddenly transform philanthropy into business?"

"Don't you see why? In the first place, I wished to bring you here, which I've done. In the second place, I desire you shall make friends with Alexander Corbitt."

Mackeller sprang to his feet and a red flush of anger chased the pallor from his countenance.

"Before asking a favor of Alexander Corbitt, I'll see him cast into the lowest and hottest corner of ——"

Stranleigh raised his hand.

"Tut-tut!" he cried. "Such an example of hatred and such language before an innocent youth like myself are not permissible. Sit down again, and if you don't behave yourself I'll cause the stalwart Ponderby to tie you to your chair. You'd look rather ridiculous springing up in your disturbing fashion with a chair attached to you."

"I'll have nothing to do with that man Corbitt," cried Mackeller, his fists clenched.

"Yes. I gathered that from your previous profane remark, and we will take your determination as fixed; therefore, sit down quietly and enlighten me as to what you expect from your fellowmen. You make a quite unprovoked attack on Corbitt and his bank. You jeopard his own position, for if he cannot successfully combat you he must go under. Now, for the first time, Corbitt, with a club in his hands, is prepared to smash you. What else can you look for? You asked for a fight, and you've got it. Now, if you'll excuse me, I shall send for Corbitt, and should he be imbued with your uncompromising spirit, I shall then stand aside and let the best man win."

Stranleigh touched the bell, and when Ponderby appeared, asked:

"Is the motor car at the door?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then just put on your hat, Ponderby. Ride down to Selwyn's Bank as quick as the police will allow, and bring Corbitt back with you."

"Yes, my lord," replied the faithful Ponderby, without even the faintest suggestion of a smile.

Once more Mackeller rose.

"I am sorry I troubled you, Lord Stranleigh," he said

"Won't you wait until Corbitt comes?"

"No."

"It is essentially a case for compromise," said Stranleigh very quietly.

"There can be no compromise between Alexander Corbitt and me."

"Very well, Mr. Mackeller; I am sorry to bid you good morning"

He struck again the little silver bell and Ponderby entered, with his hat in hand

"Ponderby, I find I shall not need Mr. Corbitt after all. The next time Mr. Mackeller comes to this house I am not at home."

"Very good, my lord."

Mackeller stood there, hesitating; clearing his throat several times, he said huskily:

"I will wait for Corbitt if that is your wish."

"Bring Mr. Alexander Corbitt here, Ponderby."

"Very good, my lord," reiterated Ponderby, fading from the room.

Nothing more was said until the door opened.

"Mr. Alexander Corbitt," announced the footman.

The bank manager stepped inside, then paused abruptly as he saw Mackeller, while a frown ruffled his brow.

"You sent for me?" he said.

"Yes, Corbitt. I think you and Mr Mackeller are acquainted?"

"I have met him." Corbitt's strong jaws snapped like a steel trap.

"I have brought you together to suggest a compromise."

"To speak quite frankly, my lord ——"

"Sit down, Alexander, and drop the 'my lord'; then speak as frankly as you like."

"I expected this gentleman would make an appeal to you," continued Corbitt. "That is why I asked that my option should run for a month. Even you cannot interfere with it until twenty-eight days are past. A writ has already been issued. The Surrey and Southern Counties Bank is insolvent."

"You are determined to smash it?" inquired Stranleigh.

"Quite."

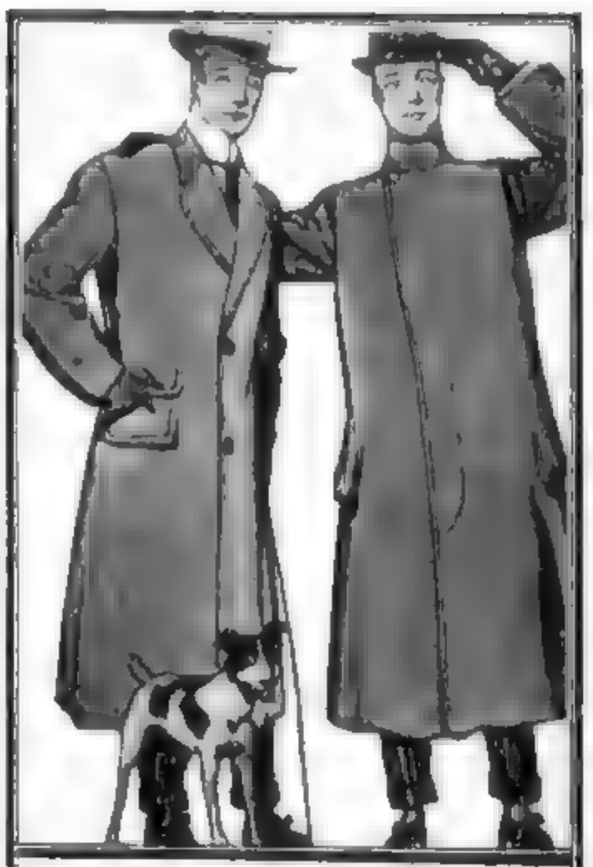
"Help yourself to a peach, Corbitt."

Corbitt took one. Mackeller had risen in spite of his lordship's look of protest.

"Lord Stranleigh, I beg you to do me the justice of acknowledging that I made no appeal to you."

"Quite right, Peter; you didn't. Sit down, please. How the deuce can we carry on a sober business conference if you insist on acting like a jack-in-the-box? I am the one forced to make appeals, and I appeal to you now, Alexander, as I have already appealed to Peter here, for a settlement between you two."

"I cherish no rancor in this matter, Stranleigh," said Corbitt, "and, furthermore, am under no illusion regarding my own position. I quite realize that you can dismiss me at any moment, but while I am



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manager of Selwyn's Bank I shall act entirely in the interests of Selwyn's Bank."

"Good man," murmured Stranleigh gently. "This is but another phase, Alexander, of your threat to resign that terrified our mutual friend, Sir George Selwyn, into granting your request. Now Sir George is a notable business man, and doubtless his surrender to you was wise. I am not a business man and, wise or unwise, I'm not going to surrender. Now I wish to ask you a question, and if you do not answer it in the affirmative I shall be anxious to learn what is the reason for your reply. My question is this: Have I a right to dispose of my own property as best pleases me? Now do not answer rashly, because, if you answer in the negative, I had no right to give you that power of attorney."

"I answer in the affirmative, of course."

"Now, Peter, I put the same question to you, and I caution you as I did Corbitt; for, if you also do not answer in the affirmative, I had no right to give you that hundred and fifty thousand pounds last July."

"I say, yes," replied Peter promptly.

"Let us thank the gods of peace that we have discovered one small platform on which you two men can stand together. Now I want a little more information about your bank, Peter. Do you own the majority of its stock?"

"No."

"Who does?"

"No one person. It has been taken up by various capitalists in the city."

"They must have felt rather a supreme confidence in your business qualities. Did you never set afoot any inquiries regarding the ownership of your bank?"

"I didn't need to. I got the cash, and that was the main thing."

"H-m! Perhaps. Still, if you'd taken the trouble to trace those sales of stock the tracing would have led you to my door in every instance. I am the owner of the Surrey and Southern Counties Bank, Mr. Mackeller. Corbitt, tell your competitor who owns Selwyn's Bank."

"Selwyn's Bank is owned by Earl Stranleigh of Wychwood."

"Now, gentlemen, don't you see how easy the solution is? We will amalgamate these two banks and call the result, say, Selwyn's and Southern Counties. Selwyn's has a splendid array of customers engaged in business. The Southern Counties has a conservative body of patrons from the landed aristocracy. The amalgamated company will boast of both respectability and energy. Now, Alexander Corbitt, I offer you the choice of being president of the new combination or its business manager. Sir George Selwyn has written to me that he wishes to retire."

"I would rather be business manager," said Corbitt promptly, "so long as I am not interfered with too much by my nominal superior."

"You shall be untrammeled. I guarantee that."

"Then I suppose you take the presidency yourself, Stranleigh?"

"No. I offer that to Mr. Mackeller."

Peter's head sank into his hands.

"You see, Peter," continued Stranleigh, taking no notice of Mackeller's evident emotion, "things have got in rather a tangle with the Surrey and Southern Counties. You can't pay six-and-a-half per cent to depositors. You're losing money every day, and the course is so shaped that the more customers you get the greater is your loss. Now, you and I will place the straightening out of that on the broad shoulders of this callous man, Corbitt. We shall have nothing to do but play. Meanwhile, to the business world, you score a great triumph; for it will appear that your new and energetic bank has swallowed the old-fogy concern, otherwise you never would be nominated president. Do you accept, Peter?"

"Yes, and thank you, Stranleigh," came from between Peter's hands.

"Now, gentlemen, see how easy it is so long as you act on the principle of never shoving a man against the wall, even if you have the power."

"Don't be a humbug, Stranleigh," Corbitt said. "You've shoved us both against the wall."

Stranleigh laughed.

"We all pose a bit, but there's one thing about which there is no humbug: it is evident that three of those delicious peaches are left in the dish. Let's have one each."

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by Robert Barr on the adventures of young Lord Stranleigh

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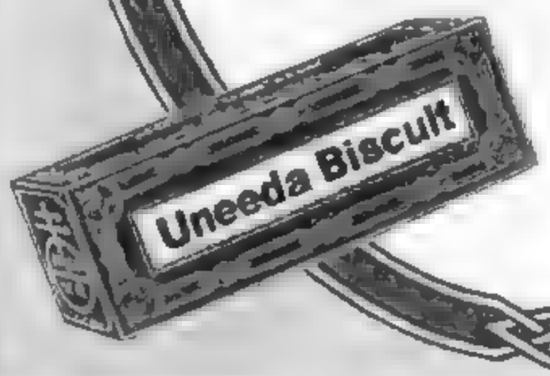

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which every owner, manager or accountant in any manufacturing or mercantile enterprise should read from cover to cover. It is the essence of the experience of many thousands of American business men. It tells a few of the things they have found out about the answer to the question: "What does it cost me to do business?"—the great question every American business man has to answer today. Entitled

"Cost-keeping Short Cuts"

5¼ x 7½ inches, ½-inch thick; 180 pages, substantially bound; fully illustrated with forms from cost systems in actual use by successful business houses. Chapter subjects are:

I. The Profits Made by Savages.
II. Putting in a Cost System.
III. Some Systems of Paying Workmen.
IV. The Day Rate or Day's Work Plan.
V. The Piece-Work Wage Plan.
VI. Differential Rate Wage Plan.
VII. The Bonus Wage Plan.
VIII. The Premium Wage Plan.
IX. Profit Sharing and Stock Distribution Plan.
X. Getting at Factory Cost-keeping.
XI. Handling Material—Perpetual Inventories.
XII. Handling the Labor Costs.
XIII. The Question of Indirect Costs or Burden.
XIV. How Burden is Distributed.
XV. Some Forms Used in Cost Systems.
XVI. Cutting the Cost of Cost-keeping.
XVII. How the Burroughs Helps the Cost-keeper.
XVIII. A Complete Cost System in Actual Use.

This book contains practical ideas and information that would be inaccessible to any private firm of publishers—facts and experiences of bookkeepers, cost accountants, managers and proprietors, gathered from more than 103,000 users of Burroughs Adding and Listing Machines, boiled down for handy use. Such a book, based upon its production cost, is worth $4 to $5 a copy.

The book covers a wide range, aiming to tell what cost-keeping means, what it can do for the business man, the way to start keeping costs, and how to keep them at a minimum of expense and labor. It shows how the very little concern, as well as the very big one, can handle its costs expeditiously and economically with

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(Nine out of every ten adding and listing machines sold are Burroughs)

Book-keeping Machines

What the science of Navigation is to a ship at sea, the science of cost-keeping is to a business enterprise.

Referees in bankruptcy say that five-sixths of the failures in business are due to not knowing what it costs to do business.

In the future more profits will be made by having adequate cost systems than by increasing the sales-making expense.

The Aims of Any Cost System Are:

First—To reduce costs.

Second—To increase production.

Third—The introduction of machines to do work hitherto done by hand.

Fourth—The equalization of the output in all departments.

Fifth—To serve as a guide to selling.

Sixth—To serve as a guide to pricing.

Seventh—To serve as a basis upon which to judge the product and efficiency and diligence of the workman.

Eighth—Places the employees in a position independent of the judgment of the foreman, and serves to intelligently reward the diligent and get rid of the lazy.

Ninth—To act as a moral stimulus to every workman, and to insure equitable distribution of reward to all.

It is the aim of this book, "Cost-keeping Short Cuts," to make plain to the average business man some of the simple ways by which these benefits can be obtained for *his* business.

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This book is a part of the great educational campaign to show the business man that the handling of figures is machine work—that when he handles them by the old hand method he is wasting time, energy and money.

It is a very simple principle—*If we had more time we could make more money.* The Burroughs, in some of its 71 styles, costing from a few pennies up to 12 cents a day, fits the work and pocketbook of any sized business, from the one-man retailer to the concerns employing hundreds of clerks.

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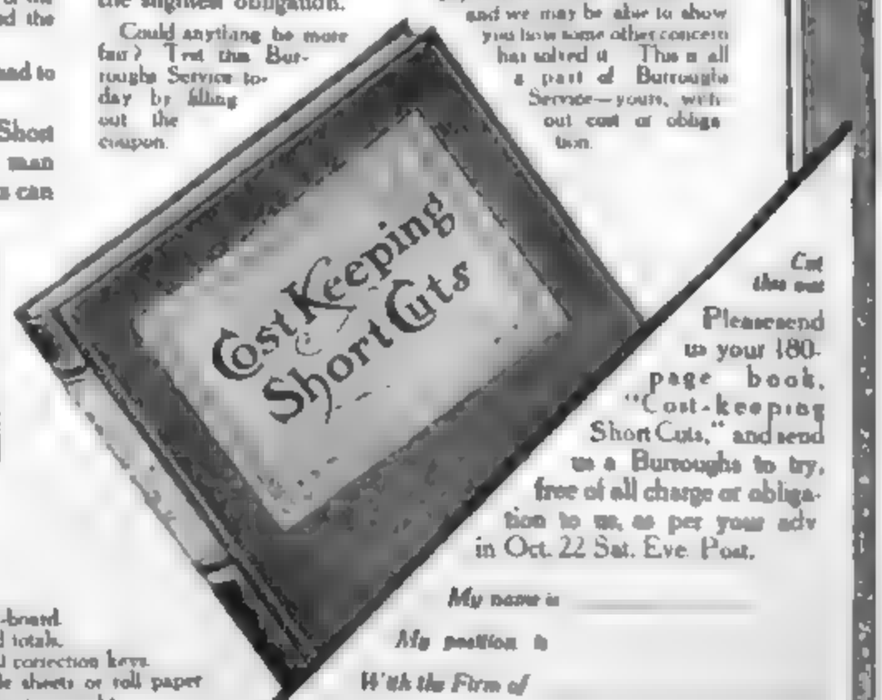

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21 different machines—hand or electricity
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Applied to over 400 kinds of business—over 100 000 users.
Users protected by the finest organization in the world.
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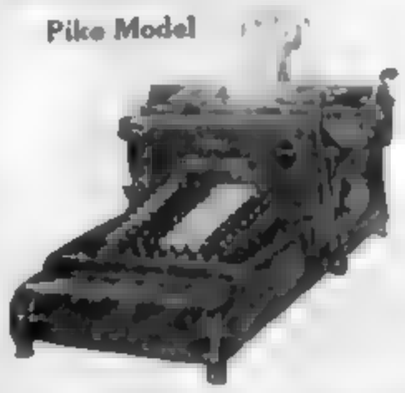

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Perfect visibility adding, listing
Total and sub-total.
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JACK afloat or ashore is neatly shaved; it's part of the U. S. Navy regulations.

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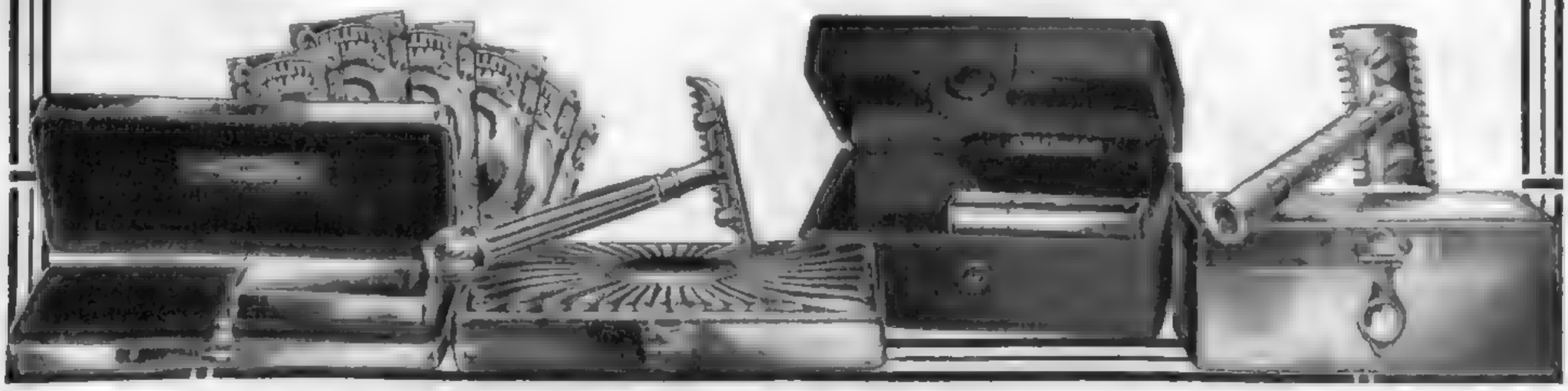


The CANTON
A New Barker Brand Collar

...that you will like because of the style and comfort in it. Has our ... and longer wearing ... Starting ... Wears longer than ... 2 for 25c everywhere.

The NEWARK ... another new style just ... only a little lower, ... and 1/4 larger ... Ask to see it.

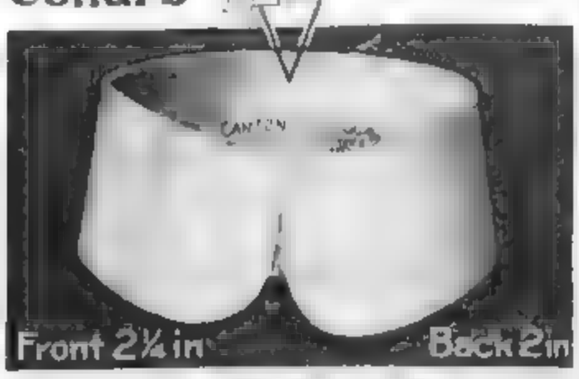
... collars ... send $1.00 for ... dollars ... to your ... dealers ... have ... ables ... We ... ady to ... will be able to ... you.

Wm. Barker Co.
Makers, Troy N.Y.

Look to this Trade Mark for Genuine LINEN Collars

1/4, 1/2, 3/4 sizes

2 for 25¢



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Send for catalog 1 of other photo specialties. Ask your dealer.

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direct from the publisher to you: That's ... for $1, ... of Whistler's ... Portrait of ... Mother ... size 18 x ... Taken from the original ... Luxembourg Museum, Paris. ... framed ... genuine oak ... matching ... etc. ...

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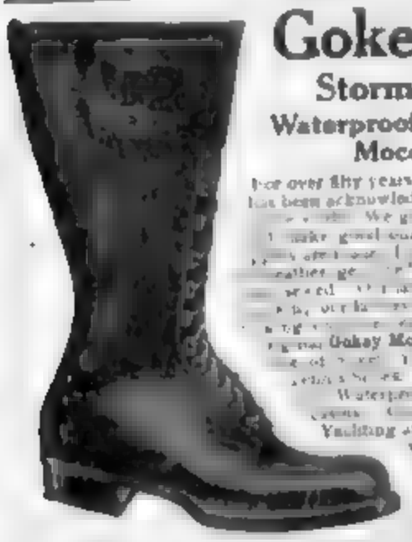

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Waterproof Boots and Moccasins

For over fifty years the GOKEY Boot ... been acknowledged to be the best ... We guarantee every pair ... make good our guarantee ... Moose ... "Rock Oak" ... Gokey Moccasin ... Send for Catalog ... Yachting and Tramping ...

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On account closing estate, am offering two attractive bargains—going manufacturing ... one to sell at $140,000, other $90,000, 25% cash. ... plants running full capacity, now making money. ... proposition. ...

T. N. SIMMONS, Factory Broker, 60 Wall St., New York

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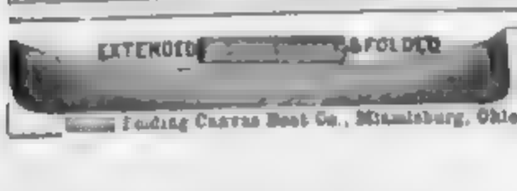

... Trading Cards Box Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

THE LONG ARM OF THE BOSS

(Concluded from Page 13)

"Get Washington on the wire," he ordered; "Congressman Blatt's office."

Now in Washington it happened there was a great man whose political career depended on the passage of two bills. Congress was near adjournment and a small minority of the great man's party had refused to vote for them. Without their votes he was helpless, unless, indeed, he could secure some aid from the opposition party, and that he had not been able to do. Congressman Blatt was the leader of a solid block of fifteen members of this opposition party. He and his fellows were also all cogs in the same machine to which Inspector O'Shanon and J. Sullivan, alias Quinn, belonged. They all took orders from the man at the New York end of the long-distance wire. For half an hour Blatt listened to the orders of his chief."

"It will raise an awful howl if we vote for those bills," objected the statesman.

"Jimmy Sullivan stood by us and we're going to stand by him," came the answer. "Now get busy. And keep me posted. It's got to be done."

Within an hour three important conferences were held. Then the powers that be began to get into action. A few minutes later a message went forward to Consul Anthony Barker demanding the instant discharge from prison of Thomas Quinn, a citizen of the United States of America.

That same afternoon, also, Congressman Blatt was recognized by the Speaker in the House and delivered a fiery speech attacking the atrocities that disgraced the Government of San Cristóbal. At any cost, even that of war, he declared, citizens of the United States, temporarily resident in that unhappy country, must be protected. He called the attention of the House to a case in point: An humble citizen of New York, by name Thomas Quinn, had been seized and thrown into prison in Caramba, the capital of San Cristóbal, and—Consul Barker reported—was to be shot to death on Friday morning. All this without trial or warrant of law. He was glad to say, however, that a demand had been made on the infamous presidente that Quinn be instantly released. He asked the approval of the House for this action.

In the ensuing excitement most of the occupants of the press gallery hurried away to get the big story on the wires. Later and just before adjournment the two much-desired bills were called up and, by the aid of Congressman Blatt and his colleagues, were passed; but the newspapers, swamped by the war scare, paid little attention to this action.

. . . . . .

On the following Thursday afternoon Consul Barker started to cruise down the harbor of Caramba on a tug. By his side on the deck sat a fat man with a broad, red face. Presently round the shoulder of Sangre de Cristo Mountain swept a great white warship, the Stars and Stripes flying at her peak. Barker sprang up, his youthful face flushing.

"Hurrah for the flag!" he cried.

"And for Dan O'Shanon," added Quinn solemnly, under his breath.

A Chinese Version

A LAUTOMOBLILE is a lorse and clarriage, with the lorse in the slable. It has four rheumatic wheels, which often swlell up and blust. When this happens, the bloss gets a new set of "shoes" so as he can walk. Lautomobliles like to stand in flont of houses and do nothing. The dliver is called a "loafer," and he likes to do nothing too. Sometimes he lives at home, but he is usually at the saloon buying gasoline. When he wants the lautomoblile to go he blores a hole in the flont and says "Dam!" Then, if he gets in beflore it stlarts the bloss gives him a qlauter. When the bloss is not looking the loafer luns away with his wife.

Some lautomobliles go stlaight ahead and some are lunabouts. Lautomobliles never blake down near home, but wait till they are 'way out in the clountry. Lautomobliles don't like ladies to dlive them—they lun all lover the load and thlow levlybody out.

Little lautomobliles are usually blorn lound Chlistmus and blirthdays.

Every woman should know

The New Richelieu Union Suit

WITH women, the waist is a sensitive point. Most women struggle to keep it slender; all women are striving to find some way to avoid the soreness caused by underwear seams forced into the flesh by tight corsets.

Glove Fitting Waist
Without Seams

The new Richelieu fine-ribbed union suit has no side seams to create corset soreness. It cannot wrinkle or bunch at the waist line, for it fits like a glove there, in gauze-like fineness. It wears well, feels well, and, unlike other underwear, lends itself readily to the fit of overgarments.

Leading department and dry goods stores sell it for a dollar and a dollar and a quarter. Should your dealer be unable to supply you, send us his name and address, together with your height, waist and bust measurements, and we will see that you are served.

FRISBIE & STANSFIELD KNITTING COMPANY
Department "S"—Utica, N.Y.
For ten years manufacturers of the famous Richelieu Underwear

DES MOINES DOES THINGS

Des Moines, Certainty Talk No. 7

CERTAINTY is yours because you are in the midst of prosperity. Opportunity knocks when the neighborhood is lonesome. Des Moines is the City of Certainties. It is the heart of the State of Success. Des Moines is the most-talked-about city of its size in the country. No other city in the world is located in the center of as rich and prosperous a trade territory, *with no competition.*

MEN are establishing branches of their business in Des Moines; they are moving their industries to Des Moines. Men are beginning their business careers in the City of Certainties. Why? The territory is developed agriculturally; this is not a new land. Iowa has grown fifty years and has really only commenced to find the riches of its soil.

Iowa is the richest State in the Union. The agricultural products alone of Iowa last year were worth $621,000,000. The Iowa hen can take her eggs to market and buy all the fruit (except oranges), grain and vegetables, raised in southern California, and have $50,000 left over.

* * *

DES MOINES does not supply over one-third of the things demanded by its trade territory. For instance 25,000 new farm wagons are required annually in Iowa. They might as well be made in and sold from Des Moines.

Nineteen railways center in Des Moines. They cover the state and reach all parts of the Mississippi Valley. The manufacturing industries of Des Moines last year showed a net profit of over 20 per cent.

THE Greater Des Moines Committee will help you to locate in Des Moines. It has nothing to sell—no irrigation scheme, waste land dream, or swamp drainage proposition. It is worth money to you to acquaint yourself with what the Committee is doing. "WEALTH" is a little magazine that omits hazy generalities and sticks to concrete facts about Des Moines and the Certainties.

Write and get WEALTH.

Fill out your Certainty Coupon. And write us what you want to know or tell us what you want to do. No charge for our services, ever.

THE GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Des Moines, Iowa

A Certainty Coupon for You

Certainty Coupon

GREATER DES MOINES COMMITTEE
Send me WEALTH
My business is

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Sealed Packages of White Hemstitched Handkerchiefs for Men and Women

When You Break the Seal,

you hold in your hand a snowy untarnished, ready to use handkerchief, folded to fit the pocket, soft finished and white looking, fresh from the board of an adept laundress.

Each handkerchief as dainty as laundering, retail proof, moisture proof, the packing makes it so.

Price and quality never vary. Ask for SEALPACKERCHIEF, the new name for a handkerchief

On sale where handkerchiefs are sold.

Men's Packages		Women's Packages (All Pure Linen)	
	Containing		Sheer Cont'g
Beginner	1 for	No. 7 No. 8	1 for
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Quality		No. 3 No. 4	2 for
Pure Linen	1 for 50c	No. 5 No. 6	3 for
Gold Edge	1 for	No. 9 No. 10	1 for

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send (prepaid), on receipt of price. Address Dept. B,

The International Handkerchief Mfg. Co.
136th & 137th Sts. and Willow Ave. New York

SEALPACKERCHIEF NY

Take none but the genuine
Mistake none for the genuine

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

HAND-SEWED PROCESS

MEN'S $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00 and $5.00
WOMEN'S $2.50, $3, $3.50, $4.
BOYS' $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00

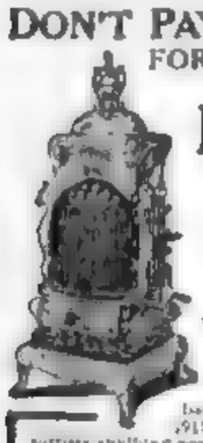
THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS

They are absolutely the most popular and best shoes for the price in America. They are the leaders everywhere because they hold their shape, fit better, look better and wear longer than other makes. They are positively the most economical shoes for you to buy. W. L. Douglas name and the retail price are stamped on the bottom — value guaranteed.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE! If your dealer cannot supply you write for Mail Order Catalog.
W. L. DOUGLAS, 179 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES FOR STOVES AND RANGES

You Save $8.00 to $22.00 on



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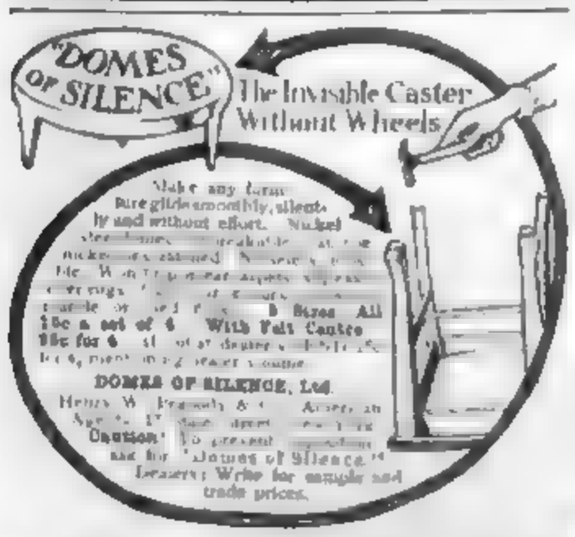
Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low, unheard-of Factory Prices? Hoosier stoves and Ranges are delivered F. O. B. cars to you in your own home 30 days free before you buy. A written guarantee with each stove is backed by a Million Dollars. Over one hundred and fifty styles and sizes to select from. Every Hoosier surpasses anything ever produced. Send postal today for free catalog.

HOOSIER STOVE FACTORY
917 State Street, Marion, Indiana

"DOMES OF SILENCE" The Invisible Caster Without Wheels



Make any furniture glide smoothly, silently and without effort. Nickel plated, ornamental, durable, attractive. Will not mar floors or rugs. Will support any weight. Sizes All 35c a set of 4 With Felt Centre 40c for 4 At most dealers, or sent direct, postpaid, on receipt of price. Send for booklet telling more about it.

DOMES OF SILENCE, Ltd.
Henry W. Peabody & Co., American Agents, 17 State Street, New York
Caution! To prevent substitution ask for "Domes of Silence." Dealers: Write for sample and trade prices.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3.50
9 x 7½ ft.	4.00
9 x 9 ft.	4.50
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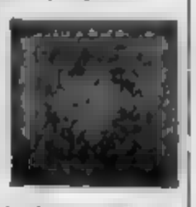
9 x 12 ft.	5.50
9 x 13 ft.	6.00

Beautiful Chinese and Persian designs in rich colorings. Both sides may be used. Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory



New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors sent free.
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 604 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

RETAIL RECONSTRUCTION

(Concluded from Page 19)

ago a house making writing-ink sent salesmen through the principal office districts in the city of New York, selling a trial order of goods for a dollar and giving a desk convenience to each customer. These orders are turned over to the nearest retailer to be filled at regular prices, and he makes new customers.

In one block the salesman was puzzled, for it had two stationery shops. After taking a dozen orders he entered the first, kept by a crusty old man, who saw that he was a salesman.

"Vell, vot do you vant?" snapped the stationer.

Instantly the salesman's problem was solved.

"Nothing of you!" he said, and went to the other merchant, who was a pleasant, diplomatic Irishman who soon had the salesman working that whole neighborhood for him.

To help the retailer's clerks, some manufacturers who train their own salesmen have compiled little manuals pertaining to their goods, giving selling information, technical points, and so forth. A large corporation making tools for the farm, for example, issues a clerk's manual that explains the construction and uses of some dozens of small tools and suggests ways of handling the general farmer, dairyman or market gardener, interesting him in special conveniences adapted to his particular work.

As manufacturers develop national trade by advertising and by building up the quality of their products, the retail outlets become more and more important to them. The impression that the individual retail merchant was doomed got abroad some years ago, when manufacturers in numerous lines began to find insufficient outlets for their improved products and went into retailing themselves.

Coöperation in the Shoe Trade

Despite the large number of chain stores now being operated in various lines, and the present activity in establishing more of them, the manufacturer's own retailing can never give an adequate national outlet. A chain of two hundred stores operated by a shoe manufacturer can dispose of many thousands of pairs of shoes in a year, but it is as nothing beside the thirty or forty thousand retail shoe dealers scattered over the country, the thousands of country general stores that sell shoes, and the hundreds of haberdashers and clothiers that have shoe departments. So it is now recognized that the best policy for everybody, from manufacturer to consumer, lies in coöperation between manufacturer and merchant.

About ten years ago, as an illustration, a shoe manufacturer, starting in a small way near a large city, adopted the method of selling exclusively through his own retail shops, beginning with a few outlets in the largest cities.

As his factory grew the chain of stores was extended until he had hundreds of them throughout the country. Within the past year or two, however, it has become clear that the best future development lies, not in establishing more stores, but in forming relations with the shoe merchants already in business. This is being done.

The manufacturer's stores have sold millions of pairs of shoes in ten years, and every detail of this great trade has been kept track of, so that the statistics as to sizes, styles, sales and seasons, the records of success and error at the manufacturer's home office, constitute a body of information that no individual retailer could gather, nor any association of retailers.

This information is being used to build business with the shoe dealers, and the new method is typical of present-day tendencies. For, with about a million retail merchants of one sort or another now established in the United States, it has become obvious to the multitude of manufacturers seeking better outlets to the consumer that the right way lies in improving the existing organization, not in trying to replace it.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by James H. Collins on Retailing. The fourth article will appear in an early issue.

Ever-Ready SAFETY RAZOR
The entire outfit is cleverly arranged in the most attractive case you could ask for; locks by a press button.
There are twelve EVER-READY blades in each Dollar outfit. Twelve blades, mind you, and each blade guaranteed the finest example of the blade maker's art
Ever-Ready Safety Razor $1 With 12 Blades
We know that the EVER-READY is worth many times its price. So do nearly 3,000,000 men who already use the EVER-READY Safety Razor. Try it for yourself—and if you think more of your Dollar than the EVER-READY—tell us and receive your money back
You never enjoyed a quicker, cleaner, easier self-shave.
The greatness of the EVER-READY is in the EVER-READY Blade. Twelve (12) of them in each set, every blade individually guaranteed and separately wrapped in dust-proof, rust-proof, edge-protecting package; every blade clean, keen and sanitary.
Sold by Druggists, Hardware Dealers and General Stores everywhere.
Remember the name—EVER-READY—and don't simply ask for a $1 safety razor. There's a heap of difference. If your dealer doesn't sell the EVER-READY don't accept a substitute, but send us $1.00, direct.
American Safety Razor Co., Inc.
Corner 35th Street and 6th Avenue, New York
International Distributing Co., Montreal, Canada
Extra Blades
10 for 50¢

$1.00 DOWN

BURROWES BILLIARD & POOL TABLE

$1 Down puts into your home any Table worth from $6 to $15. $2 a month pays balance. Higher priced tables on correspondingly easy terms. We supply all cues, balls, &c., free.

BECOME AN EXPERT AT HOME

The BURROWES HOME BILLIARD AND POOL TABLE is a scientifically built Combination Table, adapted for the most expert play. It may be set on your dining room or library table, or mounted on leg or stand. When not in use it may be set aside out of the way.

NO RED TAPE—On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and we will refund money. Write today for catalog

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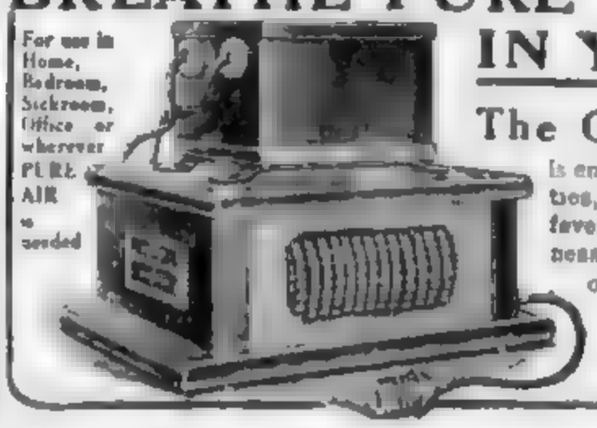

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Here is the watch which is making the most wonderful timekeeping records in the world.

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No movement ever before produced is standing up under the watch tests like this watch. You ought to have your dealer show it to you before you buy one of any other make.

250 Inspections

A "South Bend" Watch sells for a higher price than ordinary watches for the simple reason that it costs more to make.

When you buy a "South Bend" Watch you are getting a watch to be proud of—a businesslike, prompt, accurate, reliable watch of beautiful appearance and one that will last for years to be handed down—a perfect watch—to your grandchildren.

Any other kind of a watch isn't worth the money, no matter how little you pay for it.

Every "South Bend" Watch must achieve a standard of excellence that often has kept watches in our factory under adjustment and regulation a full year before they were equal to the final test. Six months, sometimes, are spent in this adjustment and regulation.

It takes six months just to *make* a "South Bend" Watch exclusive of all regulation, for there are more than fifteen thousand distinct operations in its manufacture.

In the course of construction the watch is given 250 inspections, mostly under a double magnifying glass, before we are satisfied with it.

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When you buy a watch—even a "South Bend," upon which maybe six months have been spent in adjustment and regulation—you must have it adjusted to your own person for the peculiarities of your movements—your very way of living—affect a good watch.

If you lean over a great deal or travel most of the time or own an automobile, your watch will run differently. A watch has a tendency to run faster when lying flat on a table than when upright in a watch pocket.

It runs differently when jolted than when carried smoothly.

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Another "South Bend" Watch

Price $75.00

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The price is $75. It is furnished in solid gold case of plain or beautifully chased design. It is all in appearance and quality that is possible to put into the highest grade, highest priced movement made. It is worth while to buy a good watch as a suitable article to be given as a present to a friend.

Other "South Bend" Watches can be had complete from $30 and up. Most jewelers can show you this perfect timepiece.

The Great "South Bend" Watch

In buying a "South Bend" Watch from an authorized "South Bend" dealer you can have your watch adjusted so that it will keep *perfect* time *for you*, while it might run steadily fast for another man and steadily slow for still another.

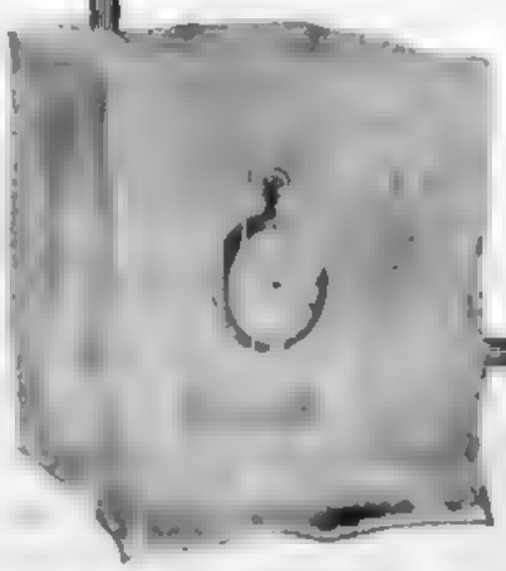
A *mail-order* watch, which probably has *not had* such sensitive and accurate *factory* adjustment, isn't even *capable* of the delicate *jeweler's* adjustment that a "South Bend" Watch gets, hence *never is* a really accurate watch.

These are a few reasons why the "South Bend" costs more to make than any other watch, but they are also the reasons why the "South Bend" is the most satisfactory watch.

Let an authorized "South Bend" dealer, of which there are 14,629, tell you more about this "personal adjustment" and show you this new railroad watch.

Write us for our highly interesting free book "How Good Watches Are Made." You'll read every word of this book

The South Bend Watch Co. *Dept. B* *South Bend, Indiana*



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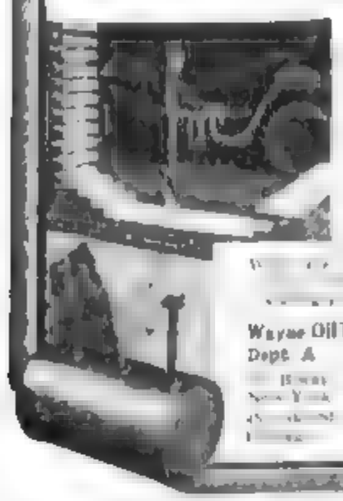

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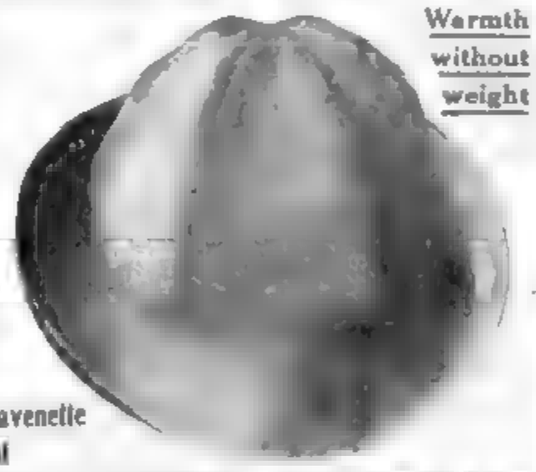

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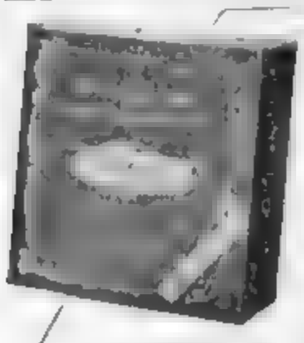

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THE PILOT-FISH

(Continued from Page 21)

lived there was no thought of leaving him. To try to move him, on the contrary, would be merely to kill him outright. No doubt it occurred to all three that the wreck might suddenly refuse to rise from one of her slow, heavy plunges, and in that case there would be no time for them to gain the yawl. Applebo had thought of this when he went aboard her, and had instructed the Finn to stand by to slip the hawser if he saw the hulk about to sink.

"You two go aboard the yawl," said Applebo. "I will stay until the end—or until she sinks."

Bell turned to Olesen.

"Get in the bowline," said he.

Olesen hesitated.

"Obey orders, my man!" snapped Bell. Olesen, trained to discipline, climbed sulkily into the apparatus and, scorning the life-preserver, was hauled aboard the Daffodil. Applebo hauled back the sling.

"You go, sir," said he.

"You go to the devil!" snapped Bell. 'Think I'm goin' to leave an old friend like that? Go yourself."

"He is my father," said Applebo.

Leaning on the windlass, with the fresh nor'wester roaring out of a sky like crystal, the spray flying over them and the water swashing about their feet, Applebo told his story to Bell while the two waited for Heldstrom to die. As he finished and Bell was staring at him with round goggle eyes, his fat face haggard and colorless, there came from somewhere in the watersoaked hulk an odd, jarring explosion, and a mass of froth welled up into the waist.

"There goes one o' the watertanks," said Bell. "I had 'em emptied and plugged, to buoy us. She may sink now."

The concussion seemed to have aroused Heldstrom. He opened his eyes.

"Go!" said he. "I t'ink she vas settling."

Neither man moved. And then it seemed as though Heldstrom for the first time understood.

"Ho!" he cried, and the strength came into his voice again and the brightness into his eyes. "So it vas because of me that you vait? Ha, that is fine! But you must not!" He looked at Bell. "You have dose little gir-rls." The blue eyes softened. "Go, my old friend. Gif me your hand und go."

Bell, the tears gushing from his eyes, took the bloodless hand in his, squeezed, then dropped it. Heldstrom looked at Applebo.

"Kiss me, my son," said he.

Applebo knelt and kissed him.

A sea broke in the waist and the wash boiled thigh-deep over the quarterdeck. It splashed over Heldstrom. The cold water seemed to rouse him. He hove himself upright and flung both arms aloft, then fell back dead.

Bell looked at Applebo.

"We've no time to lose," said he. "She's going."

"I'll take his body with me to the yawl," said Applebo. "I suppose you want to be the last to leave your ship."

"Of course," said Bell quietly.

XVIII

OUR saga closes far from the sea and the sad tales it has to tell. Here were fresh odors of moss and fern in place of the salt ones of brine and sedge. The murmur of the wind in the tall pines is sweeter far than wave-talk, but there were other murmurs of which we must take account.

At the foot of a big pine were Hermione and Applebo; behind them the late autumn woods, and at their feet a small expanse of crystal water, smooth as a mirror except where broken by the rush of some avid trout.

If Hermione and her lover were Nereid and Triton when we saw them down there by the sea, here they were of the forest. A Diana in hunter's green was the girl; a little green felt hat, green flannel blouse, short skirt, gaitered as to her shapely limbs, bright of cheek and eye, and the red ribbon in her glossy hair.

Applebo, for his part, smacked more of the Engadine than of the North Woods, being, as was usual with him, slightly overdressed. He had arrived at the camp but two hours before, driving a badly treated motor car of which the Finn was the inefficient mechanician. Nor did it appear to the occupants of the camp,

The Franklin Truck

Capacity 2000 Pounds

L-6 with Special Express Body

Road shocks are the greatest factors in the wear and tear of commercial motor vehicles. Rigidity of construction and excessive weight in a motor vehicle intensify road shocks, and the result is delays, repairs and rapid deterioration.

This condition, with a heavy, rigidly constructed truck, is only partially overcome by greatly reducing the speed at which the vehicle is driven. Since the efficiency of the motor truck depends upon the rapidity with which it can do its work, the conclusion is obvious, with the heavy, rigidly constructed truck either economy or efficiency must be sacrificed.

With the Franklin truck it is necessary to sacrifice neither efficiency nor economy. Because of its resilient construction, light weight and consequent freedom from trouble the highest degree of efficiency can be maintained. It shows greater economy, consistent with results, than can be shown by any other vehicle of similar or, in many instances, greater capacity.

The large pneumatic tires with which the Franklin truck is equipped, supplemented by good spring suspension and a wood chassis frame, give a maximum of resiliency. Road shocks which would otherwise be transmitted to the working parts of the vehicle are absorbed, and the reliability of the vehicle is greatly increased.

In Franklin construction high-grade material has been used to attain strength with light weight, with the result that the Franklin truck weighs less than any other truck of its carrying capacity.

Franklin light weight and resilient construction permit a high average speed, with correspondingly increased efficiency.

Franklin air cooling is the ideal system for a commercial car engine. It does not require any attention. It can not break down nor freeze. Excessive weight, as well as the troublesome delays, of other cooling systems are eliminated.

Air cooling, pneumatic tires, resiliency and light weight are large factors in motor truck construction and are essential to efficient, reliable and economical operation.

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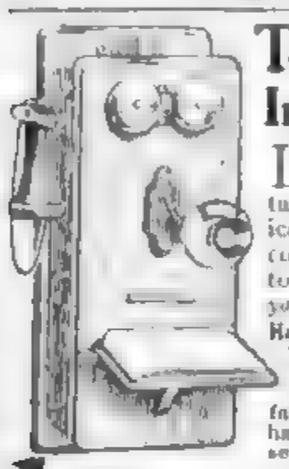

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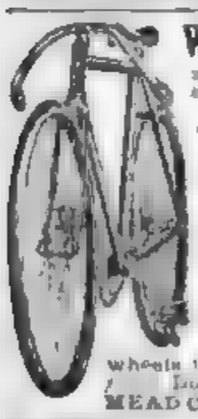

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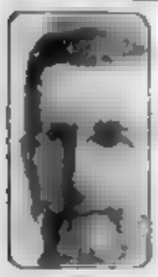

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watching them arrive, that there existed between the fabric and its crew that perfect sympathy to be found when they were aboard the Daffodil

"Just what did Papa say," inquired Hermione, "when you told him that you wanted to marry me?"

"He said, 'The h—l you do! Hand me the pepper; these trout are just *au point!*'"

"What did you say?"

"I did not say anything. I should have known better than to have tackled him when he was cooking; but, as he seems to do nothing but cook, that would mean to hang about indefinitely, and I've got to start back in two hours."

"Well, what did he say finally?" demanded Hermione with impatience.

Applebo gave her his laziest and most maddening look. Hermione reached for her stick and he proceeded more briskly.

"He said, after the trout were finished, 'Huh! h'm! so you want to marry Cécile, do you?'

"'No, sir,' said I; 'Hermione.'

"'Why,' said he, 'Hermione! What are you talkin' about? Why, you blame cradle-robber, Hermione's only a kid!'".

Hermione snorted.

"I told him," continued Applebo, with maddening languor, "that I quite agreed with him; that you were a simple, untutored child, quite too young to know your own mind, impulsive, undisciplined."

Thwack!

"Ouch!"

"What else?" demanded Hermione ominously.

"I explained to him that though, in the majority of cases, it was a very undesirable thing for a girl to be married as young as nineteen, yet, in our case, there might be certain advantages."

"Such as ——"

"Well"—Applebo regarded her warily, edging away a little—"I pointed out to him the fact that, if a man ever expected to live in peace with a lady of such violent disposition as his youngest daughter, it was of inestimable advantage to catch her young and then train her."

Thwack!

"Ouch! Do you think that is a nice way to treat your fiancé?"

"What did Papa say to that?"

"He heartily agreed with me. After that he gave his consent and we had a drink on it. He had several. Then he happened to think of a partridge that he'd left in the oven and bolted off. I had a feeling that if anything had gone wrong with the partridge he might blame me and withdraw his favor; so I escaped and came here to tell you the glad news. And you whack me with a stick!"

Thwack!!

But the lady who tames lions must not forget that, after all, they are far stronger than she, and the next second Hermione found herself in an embrace that left her not so much as the power to wriggle, while her breathing was momentarily suspended by certain processes which, though damaging to the respiration, are never fatal, owing to their stimulating effect upon the heart.

And no doubt this was precisely what she wanted.

(THE END)

The City Man

The turkey cost us more than it ever has before,
And the price of all the other food is double;
And the landlord raised the rent in a manner insolent,
For he needed extra flirtings on his "bubble."
What we eat and drink and wear keeps on soaring in the air
In a most effective sort of aviation;
Everything, in fact, has "riz," and the one exception is
My monthly rate of cash remuneration.

Still, we're thankful, in a sense, for the ways of Providence,
Though we're growling at the extra cost of living;
And we're very glad to raise voices in a song of praise
Just to show that we appreciate Thanksgiving.
We are truly thankful we, as a city family,
With a purse that will insist on getting thinner,
Still can raise the wherewithal for the festival of fall,
And enjoy a fairly satisfying dinner.

—*Berton Braley.*

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THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL is now issued twice a month—twenty-four complete numbers a year. THE JOURNAL is not merely a publication. In nearly a million and a half of homes it is an institution; a magazine that women buy, read, lend, borrow and believe in.

Imagine the combined seventy-six issues a year of these two publications. You can have both, a magazine every few days for a year, by sending us

Three Dollars

Consider the wisdom of accepting this offer not only for yourself, but also as a Christmas gift to your friends. Can you think of any other way in which your money would count so much? Here is a constant, continuous, gentle and satisfying remembrance of you in the mind of the recipient.

We suggest that you sit down now before something diverts your attention, and send the three dollars for this procession of seventy-six magazines.

The Curtis Publishing Company

Philadelphia, Penna.

$2000.00 For An Epigram

We want an original epigram of not more than six words—to be used as a permanent feature in our advertising. We will pay $2000 to get it.

Many of the gems among epigrams are found in advertisements. They are often called "slogans" or "catch phrases." They make people think and act—the purpose of all advertising.

We have already used two epigrams—"The Cleaner Without a Fault" and "Built to Last." Both are good but neither conveys exactly the right idea about our cleaners.

What we want is a snappy epigram—so full of meaning that wherever it is used or spoken it will remind people that they can not keep their homes thoroughly free from dust and its attendant dangers—contagious diseases—without a

S. E. P.
10-22-10
Keller Mnf'g Co.
Dept. 20P, Philadelphia.
Send copy of booklet, "The Dustless Home," also blanks and full particulars of Epigram Contest.
Name
Address
Elec. Lights (yes or no)
CUT OFF, FILL OUT AND MAIL
The Santo and Complete Equipment

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

Perfection — The Only Cleaner — Without a Fault

How To Compete

This contest will be the most interesting held in many years because of the number of prizes and the amounts offered. It is open to all and no obligation is imposed upon the contestants.

To facilitate handling and grading we have prepared a special form with blank spaces for your epigram. This circular contains some helpful suggestions and can be obtained free of cost from us or any of our local agents and dealers.

Your epigram should be written on this blank and mailed to us or deposited with our local agent on or before December 1, 1910—the closing date of this contest.

Epigrams bearing a later postmark than December 1st and those written on any paper other than our special blank will be ineligible.

Every Santo agent and dealer will have a voice in deciding the winners. The 85 best epigrams will be selected from the entire number submitted and voted on for place by all our sales agents throughout the United States. The result of this ballot will determine the commercial value of each epigram and enable us to place the awards with absolute fairness.

The prizes will be paid on December 15 and the names of the winners will be published in these columns as soon thereafter as possible.

You Have Five Weeks

You will find your inspiration in enthusiasm, but you can not be enthusiastic about a thing until you know something of it. Learn something about the Santo and the wonders it performs and you will get your inspiration.

We Will Award Prizes Amounting to $2000.00 as follows:

For the best epigram, a cash prize of	$500.00
For the second best, a cash prize of	250.00
For the third best, a cash prize of	150.00
For each of the two fourth best, one Santo Electric Cleaner and Equipment at $125.00	250.00
For each of the ten next best, a Santo Hand Power Cleaner and Equipment at $35.00	350.00
For each of the next thirty, a cash prize of $10.00	300.00
For each of the next forty, a cash prize of $5.00	200.00
85 Prizes	$2000.00

You have five weeks in which to become fully posted about the Santo and send in your epigram. Our booklet, "The Dustless Home," tells how it is made and why it is the most efficient and durable vacuum cleaner. Get a copy and read it—then have our agent show you the Santo.

A discussion of this subject with your friends will be helpful. "Epigram Socials" should give some one—perhaps YOU—the inspiration for an epigram that may earn the $500 prize.

In entering this fascinating contest you do not obligate yourself in the slightest. You are not required to purchase a cleaner or anything else. Booklets and epigram blanks will be sent you free of cost.

A Real Cleaner

The Santo is the most widely imitated portable vacuum cleaner in the world. But it can not be equalled because we as pioneers in this business developed and perfected important fundamental features which are fully protected by basic patents.

The necessity for vacuum cleaning is no longer disputed. The superiority of the Santo is everywhere admitted. It has won the approval of technical and electrical experts. It is used and endorsed by the United States and Foreign governments, The Vatican, Steamship and Railway companies, and thousands of business concerns and private families.

The Santo cleans quickly and thoroughly, eliminating the infectious disease germs brought in from the streets. It is truly portable, noiseless in operation and easy to use. Nothing but the light, aluminum nozzles to be moved over the furnishings.

Equipment consists of tools for over 20 different uses. Cost of operation less than 2 cents per hour. Built to last a lifetime and sold under a guaranty bond which agrees to replace defective parts without limit of time.

The Santo is a REAL vacuum cleaner. It more than saves its cost every year.

Our cleaners are made in three sizes—portable electric, hand power and stationary. They are sold by agents, dealers and electric light companies in the principal towns and cities and in our own stores in the larger cities.

Go to the nearest dealer and see the Santo. Get a copy of "The Dustless Home," Epigram blanks and full particulars of this contest. Read them carefully and send in your epigram before December 1st.

Our Retail Stores:

Philadelphia—Corner Broad and Walnut Streets.
New York— Fifth Avenue and 33d Street.
Chicago— No. 155 Wabash Ave.
Boston— No. 30-38 Summer Street.
Lincoln, Neb.—No. 138-140 North 12th Street.
Atlantic City— Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel.

If there is no dealer in your city fill out and mail the above coupon direct to us at once.

When mailing coupon direct to us address

Keller Manufacturing Co., Dept. 20P, Allegheny Ave. and 21st St., Philadelphia

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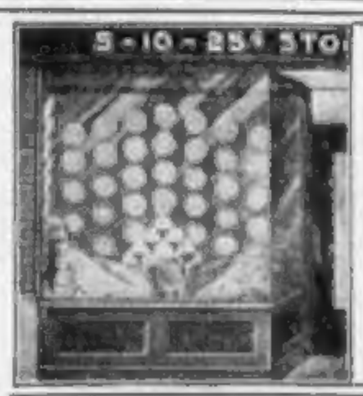
$1 English Knock-about Hat

A stylish, serviceable hat for dress or business. Genuine English Felt. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Broad outside band. Would sell for $2.00 in most hat stores. Colors: Black, Gray Mixture, Brown Mixture, Dark Blue and White. Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. State size and color wanted.

Genuine Fur Cap $3

For men and boys. Satin lined. Band and visor can be turned down or up. All sizes. Color, black. Prepaid on receipt of $3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed on all purchases.

PANAMA HAT CO.
Dept. A, 320 Broadway, N. Y.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

Put real life into your kodak pictures

Give the natural, living, breathing colors to the pictures of your friends and the places you visited this summer with

Set of 8 colors ($1.00) will tint 1000 photos

ARISTOTINT Color Wonder

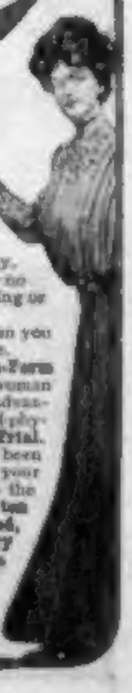
Money back if you are not more than satisfied

You can master this fascinating occupation in a few minutes. Get a set today. Tint the photos you took this summer. Send us $1.00 and get postpaid a full set of 8 colors with complete directions. Stamps accepted. Send for the set now.

L. M. PRINCE, 108 West 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Films developed and printed—all work guaranteed.

Fine-Form Maternity Skirt



of great interest to **Every Prospective Mother**

Something new—only scientific garment of the kind ever invented. Combines solid comfort and ease with "fine form" and elegant appearance in the home, on the street, and in society. **—Always drapes evenly in front and back**—no bulkiness—no draw-strings—no lacing—no ripping or basting—**Can be worn the year round.**

Made in several styles, and at prices lower than you can buy the material and have them made at home.

Free Send for our Free Illustrated Book—"Fine-Form Maternity Skirt"—It's FREE to every woman writing for it. Tells all about these skirts, their advantages, styles, material, and cost. Gives opinions of physicians, dressmakers and users. **Ten Days' Free Trial.** When you get our book if your dealer has not yet been supplied with Fine-Form Maternity Skirts, make your selection of material and style, and we will make the garment to your order. When you get it, **wear it ten days and if you don't find it exactly as represented,** send it back and we will cheerfully **refund every cent** paid. **Other Skirts**—If not in need of a maternity skirt, remember our famous B & W dress and walking skirts will positively please you—**same guarantee.**—Illustrated book free. Which book shall we send? Write today to

Beyer & Williams Co., Dept. 24, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Fall Showing of

Cluett SHIRTS

will be made in the windows of the leading haberdashers of your city during

Cluett Shirt Week, October 22d to 29th

This showing reveals the best product of the leading makers of fine shirts. You will be unable to find again this season such a large assortment of patterns, colorings, and fabrics as you can during this week.

$1.50 and up

Every Cluett Shirt bears a CLUETT label

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Makers, Troy, N. Y.

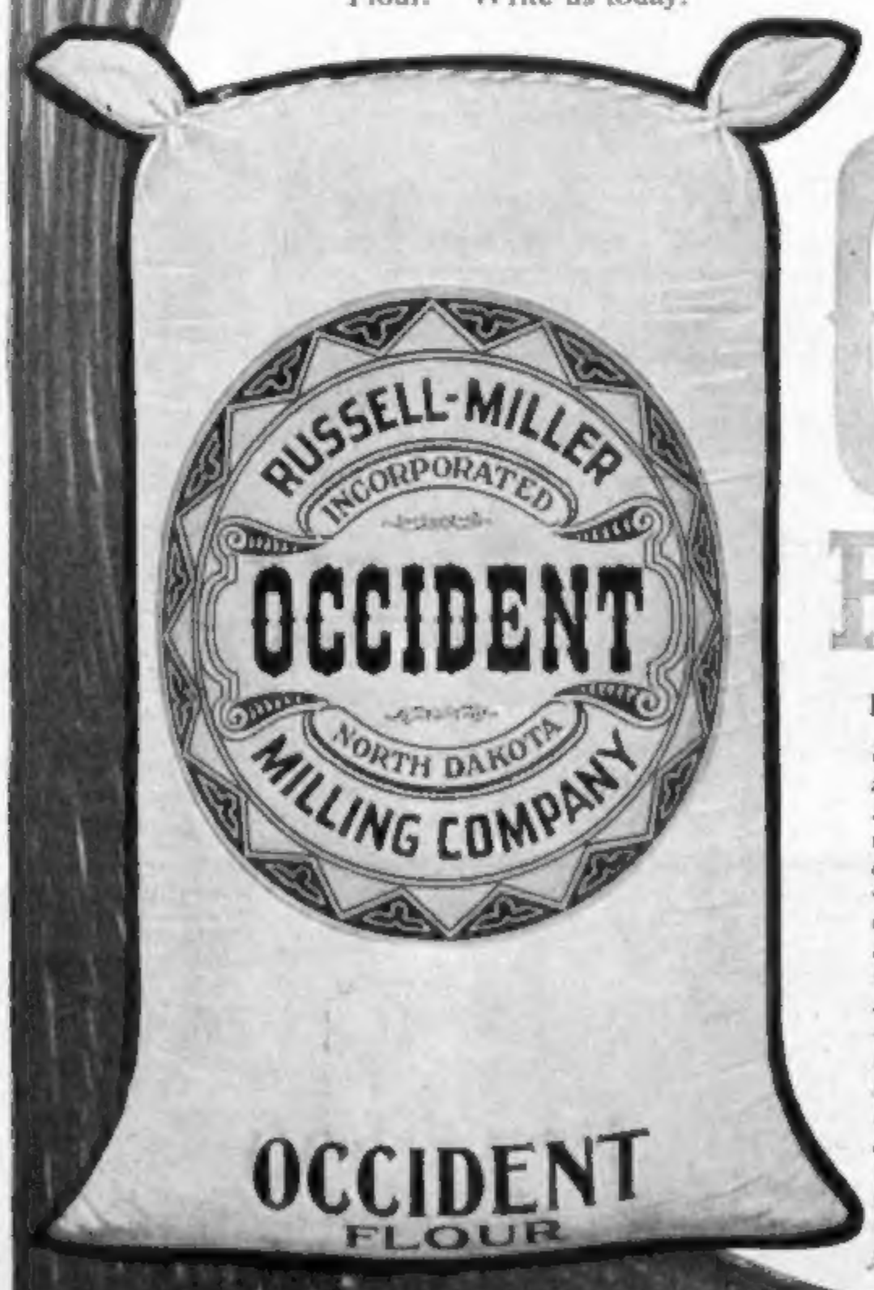
Follow Her Good Example

Tear Off the Coupon Now and Hand It to Your Grocer Today —

Occident Flour— Sold on Proof— Not Claims

A Word to Dealers

Occident Flour is far superior to other flours. If you want to sell goods that give your customers absolute satisfaction, you must carry Occident Flour. Write us today.



If you do *not* find Occident Flour all that we say it is, you will have your money back—you will have lost nothing. If you *do* find Occident Flour to be more economical—much superior in quality to any other flour—then you can't know it any too soon. We might argue in advertising—just as other advertisers do—that our product is "best."

But Occident Flour really *has* the superior quality—which enables us to permit Occident Flour *itself* to convince you of its own superior quality, right in your home.

Occident Flour *is* different. That is why it can be advertised differently. Occident Flour *is* better.

That is why we can afford to put the burden of the proof on the flour—instead of on the advertising.

OCCIDENT FLOUR

—Made So Much Better It Must Cost More

The price enables us to hold your trade by the improvement in your baking.

Explanatory Note:

Usually reasons for extra quality are given in advertisements. It would take a book to give the reasons for Occident quality—to explain about the hard, glutinous wheats used—our unique methods of cleaning, washing and drying these wheats—the many intricate processes of separating and purifying the flour particles—our laboratories where chemists and bakers study, test and safeguard the Occident product. We give you far greater assurance of better satisfaction with Occident Flour than mere reasons in advertising. We give you the very best reason—proof in the flour itself by trial at our risk.

Our Offer

Try a sack of Occident Flour, making as many bakings as you wish. If you are not satisfied that it is better than any other flour you can buy, your money will be returned *without argument.*

All we ask is that you tear off the coupon and hand it to your grocer. Tear it off now and you won't forget. If your grocer does not sell Occident Flour, he can easily get it for you. If he won't, send us the coupon or a postal giving your own and your grocer's name and address.

Russell-Miller Milling Co.
Minneapolis
U. S. A.

Special Offer Coupon

Mr. Grocer: I want to accept the Russell-Miller Milling Co.'s trial offer on Occident Flour, at their risk, as they advertise in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. It is understood that if I do not find Occident Flour to be all that its millers claim it to be, my money will be refunded—no charge for flour used in the test.

Name _____

Address _____

Grocer's Name _____

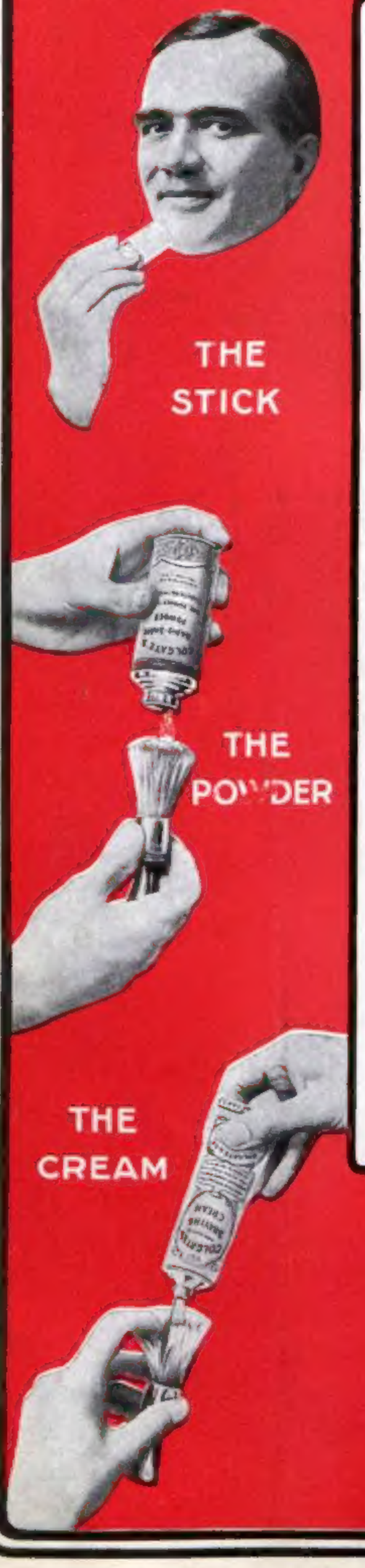
Grocer's Address _____

(Grocer's name and address must be filled in.)

Special Notice to Grocers:—We will protect you fully in this guarantee. If any Occident sacks are returned through dissatisfaction with the flour, you are authorized to refund the full purchase price and we will reimburse you for same.

RUSSELL-MILLER MILLING CO.

COLGATE'S SHAVING LATHER



Stick—Powder—Cream

Your choice of three methods with the certainty of one result—a perfect lather.

Colgate's Shaving Lather—whichever way you make it—is softening, soothing, sanitary. It is best in its lasting abundance. Best in its antiseptic qualities and in freedom from uncombined alkali. (See chemist's report below.) And best in its skin-refreshing effect that leaves your face so delightfully cool and comfortable. Do not ill-treat your face and handicap your razor by using an inferior lather.

"I have made careful examinations of Colgate's Shaving Stick, Rapid Shave Powder and Shaving Cream. I found that all of these Shaving Preparations are notably free from uncombined alkali and in the form of shaving lather, all are germicidal."

(Signed) FRANK B. GALLIVAN, Ph.D.

August 25, 1910. *Hathaway Bldg., Boston, Mass.*

THREE METHODS—ONE RESULT

Colgate's Shaving Stick: In the original nickeled box.
Colgate's Rapid-Shave Powder: The powder that shortens the shave.
Colgate's Shaving Cream: The perfected Cream.

Trial Size of Stick, Powder or Cream sent for 4c.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 John St., New York (Established 1806)

Makers of the famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap, Talc Powder and Perfume

3 KINDS OF BEST